The Tribune.

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THE TRIBUNE.

Published every Friday Morning.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO.

(LIMITED.)

ublishers and Proprietors.

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Communications should be addressed to

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO., (LIMITED),
Deseronto Ont.

DESERONTO POST OFFICE.

Office open daily (Sundays excepted) from 7:30 a.m. o 7 p.m.

Mails for despatch are closed at the office as follows:—

For Napanee and Kingston and all points East at 10:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

For Belleville and Toronto and all points West at 4:20 p.m. and 8:00 p.m.

For Picton at 10:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

Mails arriving are due as follows:—

From Kingston, Napanee, and all points East at 7:20 a.m. and 5:40 p.m.

From Belleville, Toronto and all points West at 7:20 a.m. and 12:00 noon.

From Picton at 11:30 a.m., and 5.00 p.m.

Registered letters must be posted half an hour before the close of each mail.

N.B.—A mail is made up for all points at 6 p.m. on Sundays.

F. S. RATHBUN, *Postmaster.*

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

T. G. PILE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES, Deseronto Ontario 8

JOHN A. FORIN.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. OFFICE, ASHLEY BLOCK, Front Street, Belleville, Ont.

COAL.

FOR HOUSE USE OR BLACKSMITH SHOPS, AT lowest market rates. Write for prices

THE RATHBUN CO.

WATER LIME.

WATER LIME, PORTLAND CEMENT, AND Plaster Paris for sale, cheap, and full directions given how to use successfully. Write for prices.

THE RATHBUN CO.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto; Fellow of Trinity Medical School; Late Clinical assistant in Toronto General Hospital

OFFICE:—Malley's Drug Store, Deseronto.

RESIDENCE—Next house north of Cameron's Store

A. R. WEESE, L.D.S.,

DENTIST, Honor Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.

Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty.

Artificial teeth inserted on all the leading bases.

Operations made as painless as possible.

OFFICE:—TRIBUNE BLOCK, Main Street, Deseronto

NOTICE.

INSURANCE ON FARM OR VILLAGE PROPERTY at low rates in standard Stock Companies—the Royal Insurance Company and Commercial Union of England, Western and British American of Toronto.

THE RATHBUN CO., Agents

REVERE HOUSE,

CORNER KING AND YORK STREETS, TORONTO, ONT.

ROBERT MCDONALD, PROPRIETOR. Parties from this section visiting Toronto will find this house most convenient to stop at, and will be sure of a very cordial welcome. A call solicited.

O'CONNOR HOUSE.

THIS HOTEL IS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED throughout, in the latest styles. Large and convenient Sample Rooms; and every accommodation and comfort for guests. The Bar is supplied with best imported and domestic Liquors and Cigars. Charges moderate First-class Livery in connection Good Yard and Stables attached.

P. O'CONNOR, Prop'r
*3-1 Deseronto, Ont.

ORIENTAL HOTEL.

W. J. HUNT, Proprietor (formerly of Napanee) As I have leased this fine Hotel for a term of years I have refurnished and refitted it throughout, making it one of the best hotels in Deseronto. The bar will always be supplied with the finest liquors and Cigars. Good stabling in connection.

W. J. HUNT, Proprietor

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,

DESERONTO

—o—

SAVING, BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits received and Interest allowed at rate of

FIVE PER CENT PER ANNUM.

DESERONTO :-: AGENCY

—OF THE—

KINGSTON & PEMBROKE AND CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

TICKETS may be obtained from the undersigned for all points in

MANITOBA, NORTHWEST TERRITORIES, BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE WESTERN STATES.

If you wish to go to any point along the line of these Railways, secure your tickets in advance at this Agency and thus save time and expense.

For other information apply to

S. RUSSELL,
TRIBUNE Office, Deseronto.

LIME FOR SALE.

BY CAR LOADS, WAGON LOADS or by Bushel at low prices. Special terms given to parties building who require a quantity. Leave orders with Mr. F. C. WHITTON, or at the Rathbun Co's. office.

Wipe and Be Clean!

We hear reports of dark, shadowy water in the vicinity of certain camps down the bay. Has the phenomenon of dead fish littering the surface of the water and shores of our beautiful bay been accounted for at last?

A Big Towel Sale.

Our centre window is displaying Towels, and a table just behind the window and convenient to both doors, holds some of the biggest bargains in Towels you ever saw.

All linen Huck Towels, 8 cents a pair.
Large white Huck Towels, stripe border, for 10 cents a pair.
Large heavy unbleached Towels, fancy border, 10 cents a pair.
All linen, stripe border, Huck Towels, 15 cents a pair.
A handsome all linen Stripe Towel, 20 cents a pair.
A very large, heavy, linen Huck Towel, 20 cents a pair.
A nice Damask Linen Towel, fancy border, 20 cents a pair.
A very fine Bleached Damask Towel, fancy border, 50 cents a pair.
A check Glass Cloth Linen Towel, 20 cents a pair.
A elegant fine bleached Damask Towel, heavy fancywoven border, with deep knotted fringe, 90 cents a pair.

BATH TOWELS.

Soft white Terry Bath Towels, 20 cents each.
Extra large Honey Comb Terry Bath Towels, 25 cents each.
Brown linen Stripe Terry, 35 cents each.
Larger and heavier ones for 40 cents each.
Very large, extra heavy stripe linen Terry Bath Towels, 75 cents each.

COMMON TOWELS.

Brown Check "Royal Kitchen Towels," 18 cents a pair.
"The Old Scoth Towel," grey striped, 18 cents a pair.
SEE our western window for a display of Laces, prices of which are cut so low that the poorest can reach them during this sale.
Nice patterns of Beige and Coffee Laces, 3½ cents.
Wider ones for 8 to 9 1-2 cents.
9 and 10 inch, heavily worked laces 15, cents. 12 and 14 inch, very heavily worked laces, 19 cents. 37 to 40 inch Skirt Laces, 50 cents a yard. All over Oriental Laces, 50 cents a yard.
All the goods are worth from two to three times the price quoted.

War waged on all SUMMER GOODS.

40 cent Spot Swiss Muslins, 25 cents a yard. Extraordinary bargains in Hosiery.
A lovely 25c. fast Black Hose will be cleared at 20 cents. 25c. fine Balbriggan Hose, 20 cents. Bargains in Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose. Seal Brown, Navy and Black heavy cotton Hose, ladies' size, worth at least 20 cents a pair, will be sold 2 pairs for 25 cents. Children's hose from 5 cents a pair.
This may be called a great Towel, Lace and Hose Sale, and is well worthy your attention.

FALL GOODS.

We have already opened up New Dress Goods in Black and Colored, and Tapestry and Brussels Carpets, New Cottons, Looms, Flannels for fall, all grand value.

HINCH & CO.

NAPANEE.

HAMILTON is SHOWING

New Dress Goods,
New Prints,
New Seersuckers,

Shambrae in Pink, Blue and Grey,

extra value, with embroidery to match.

A Full line of Gents Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Ties, &c

Ready-Made Clothing in Boy's, Children's and Men's. A large line of light summer wear.

Prices Low. Quality the best. In fact everything to be found in a first-class Dry Goods Store.

M. C. HAMILTON'S, McCullough's Block.

Lardine Machine Oil.

FARMERS, THRESHERS AND MECHANICS

Will save money by using Lardine. No gum, no grit, and will wear out Lard or Castor Oil.

Manufactured by McCOLL BROS., Toronto.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the Village of Deseronto intend to pass a By-Law for stopping up and also a By-Law for selling to the Rathbun Co. that part of Third street in the said Village of Deseronto which lies between Water street and the Bay of Quinte and said by-law will be considered at the first meeting of the Council held next after the expiration of one month from the posting up and publication of the notices required by the statute.

The posting up and publication of the said Notices will take place on Friday, the 29th day of June, 1888.

R. N. IRVINE,
Village Clerk.

Deseronto, Ont.,
27th June, 1888.

C. H. OTTO,

BOOKBINDER,

over the TRIBUNE office,
DESERONTO.

MAGAZINES and MUSIC bound in any style.

BLANK BOOKS ruled and bound to any pattern desired.

June 7, 1888—37.

THE TRIBUNE

Will be sent to new subscribers from now till the 1st of January, 1889, for 25 cents in advance. No person should miss this opportunity.

MONOSYLLABLES.

Mine be the force of words that tax the tongue
But once, to speak them full and round and clear,
They suit the speech or song, and suit the ear,
Like bells that give one tone when they are rung;
Or bird notes on the air, like rain drops flung,
They pour their joy for all who pause to hear.
Their short, quick chords the dull sense charm and cheer,
That tires and shrinks from words to great length strung.
Strong words, of old, that shot right to the brain,
And hit the heart as soon, were brief and terse.
Who finds them now, and fits them to his sling,
Smooth stones from brooks of English are his gain,
Which shall make strong his thought, in prose or verse,
Wills he with scribes to write, of bards to sing.

William C. Richards in Harper's Magazine.

GIVING ADVICE.

Advice is good in its place, but it can degenerate into a very cheap commodity. Anybody who is so inclined can give it and very often the least qualified are the freest in tendering it. Its too free use may be gratifying to the giver, but is usually very provoking and annoying to the recipient. Even when good, it is not to be enforced upon one. To be serviceable among adults, it must be solicited. It must also come from the right source and be administered in the right spirit, under proper conditions and with laudable ends. It comes best from a person of experience, of mature mind and of sound judgment. It must not be repeated too often, and should always be employed with due regard to person, circumstance and need. No doubt it would be less given if each one were absorbed in his own affairs and not so mindful of those of his neighbor, or, if he concerned himself more with the things about which he is familiar, and dealt less with matters about which he knows little or nothing. At any rate, it will not hurt any one to study carefully and wisely when, where and how to give advice and to avoid being too lavish with it.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

A WORD ABOUT PIG PENS.

The farmer's pig pen should be located at a considerable distance from the house and in a direction from which the prevailing winds will not waft the odors toward it. Better still, the bad smells should be reduced to a minimum by cleanliness and deodorizing at the pen. This is easily done and profitably, too, by throwing in a few shovelfuls of dry earth on that portion where the pigs resort, so that their manure is mixed up with it in the pen, and still more thoroughly when the pen is cleaned out. Every pen should be constructed so it can be cleaned out from one of the sides without entering it at all. Enough space should be left between the floor and the siding for introducing a long handled scraper or hoe for the purpose of cleaning it out. If the pen has been liberally supplied with dry earth, bad odors will be prevented and the value of the manure increased.

EGYPTIAN.

Many years ago a lion-sphinx in black granite was exhumed by an excavation at Baghdad, which later in one of his expeditions to Nineveh, Mr. George Smith has secured for the British Museum. Its general character determined it to be one of the Hyksos sphinxes of ancient Egypt, and its transport to the valley of the Tigris was attributed to Nebuchadnezzar who, having made the conquest of Egypt in B. C. 568, might have carried off the monument as a trophy. It bears upon its breast a cartouch hitherto supposed to read, Ra-set-nub, the Hykson ruler upon the anniversary of whose four hundredth year Ramesses II set up at Zoan in the Delta of the Nile a tablet to acknowledge and honor their shepherd king as the father of his fathers. But now, Mr. F. Llewellyn Griffith, who has assisted M. Naville in the excavations at Bubastis during the past winter season finds a close resemblance between this cartouch upon the breast of the Lion of Baghdad and the strangerly written prenomen, User-en-ra, inscribed upon the front of the statue of Raian just discovered at Bubastis, showing that the two monuments pertain to the same shepherd king over Egypt not far from the time of Joseph. In this connection Mr. Griffith alludes to the presence to day of the name Raian distinguishing a Wadi in the Faiyum, and of the Yusif distinguishing the Bahr, or canal, which used to convey water from the Nile to this district, recalling also the fact that few Hyksos statues thus far recovered was found in this Fairun district—a positive proof of the residence and dominion of the shepherds there in ancient times.

EUROPEAN RAILWAY MILEAGE

Germany has the largest railway mileage in Europe, Great Britain and Ireland taking second place and France coming third. All these together, however, have but little more than half the railroad mileage existing in America. Relative to the area of the country, however, England has nearly half again as many miles of railway as Germany. In the United States there were at the end of 1880 about twenty-five miles of railway to every 10,000 inhabitants; in England about five; in Germany a fraction less; France still lower in scale.—Poultney Bigelow in New York Commercial Advertiser.

THAT distention of the stomach which many people feel after eating, may be due to improper mastication of the food, but, in most cases, it indicates a weakness of the digestive organs, the best remedy for which is one of Ayer's Pills, to be taken after dinner.

The Anglican church at Carleton Place was burglarized recently and a silver communion service valued at $160 taken.

TYENDINAGA RESERVE

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mrs. Dr. Oronhyatekha joined her husband on a trip with the press association to Port and.

Miss H. Maracle, a teacher in one of the schools on the Grand River Reserve, is spending a portion of her holidays with her relatives at Cornelius Maracle's.

The Reverend Mr. Anderson went to Port Hope on Wednesday to marry his niece, the eldest daughter of the matron of Trinity College School.

There is great mortality amongst children on this Reserve.

We are pleased to see the sidewalk extending westward.

Thomas Blanchard has already sold over one hundred dollars worth of vegeables and fruit from his garden.

Miss Susan Hardy, of Brantford, is at present visiting at Mr. C. Maricle's.

MELROSE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. S. Lennox, of Belleville, spent last Sunday with his father, Mr. Robert Lennox of this place

Miss Wheeler and the Misses Hampton, of Belleville, were the guests of Mrs. H. Hampton for a few days last week.

Mr. McGee, Principal of Uxbridge High school, and daughter are visiting at Mr. A. McLaren.

Miss Frankie Hudson, of Roslin, is spending her holidays with her grand parents Mr. & Mrs. S. Tripp.

Mr. Wm. Ward, who has been ill for several weeks, is now quite low and but slight hopes are entertained for his recovery.

The protracted drought has had a serious effect upon the crops in this section. Hay was very light but well saved, would average about one half a ton to the acre. Fall wheat though not much sown is a fair crop. Barley is very short in the straw, but the grain is a good quality. Peas and oats will be light, though much improved by the recent rain. On the whole the outlook is not any too promising for the farmers in this vicinity.

The other day one of our enterprising villagers, thinking his pigs were not as clean and tidy as might be, concluded to wash them. Whereupon a tub of water previously heated to the right temperature was procured and the squealers immersed. But alas for the result; before pig no. 2 was washed, pig no. 1 had expired, and upon being released no. 2 took its departure also. Our zealous friend is now considering the advisability of giving the rest of his pokers a dry shave.

NORTHPORT.

From Our Own Correspondent,

Seeing the last issues of your paper contained no news from this place owing to the absence of the correspondent and having paid a flying visit to his constituency will endeavor to give what few notes be gained at that time.

There is a rumor afloat and I think a very correct one that two of the bloods here are negotiating with the different railroads for a cheap excursion to Old Orchard Beach under the auspices of the A. O. U. Workmen, of Northport. We heartily wish they may succeed in their undertaking as your correspondent would like very much to accompany the party.

It is generally understood throughout the locality that there is to be a Quaker wedding soon here as our young friend, the Dusty Miller and Milkman, will be united to a young lady in Picton when after the ceremony is performed he will be entitled to free trips on the Quinte.

Since any news has been sent from this place the locality has been stirred up considerably by the appearance of the Provincial Milk inspectors who tested the milk on their arrival which was bottled in the morning of same day. These with the exception of two or three proved good and pure but unfortunately for the reputation of the factory the officials were too much inclined to let the affair drop. The President and salesman completed a sale of the last half of June cheese shipped last Monday for eight and five eights cents per lb.

Mr. Henry S. Cronk, of Solmesville, is taking a tour of western Canada accompanied by his mother, etc. We wish him a happy tour and safe return.

J. C. Y. Cornwell, of New York, is spending a few weeks rusticating in his old place here. He looks as hale and hearty as ever.

Rev. Seymore preached a very eloquent sermon on Sunday and we expect to hear a better one on next Sunday at the Quarterly service in the morning.

KINGSFORD.

From Our Own Correspondent

Mrs. George Gordon and family, of Napanee, are visiting Mr. Gordon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Adams, of Deseronto, have been visiting their relatives here this week.

Miss Minnie Gordon, who has been visiting friends in Napanee returned home on Saturday.

Miss Morrison, of Newburgh, has been visiting Mrs James McHenry.

Mrs. McKillen, of Napanee, has been visiting her relatives here.

Recently a surprise party took place at the Parsonage, Thomasburgh, to welcome the Rev. J. W. Foster, formerly Incumbent of the Church of England Mission here, from the congregations of Tweed, Thomasburgh and Roslin. After a sumptuous repast prepared by the willing hands of the ladies, an address of welcome was read to Mrs. Foster accompanied by a purse of money. The reception accorded the Reverend gentleman and his wife has been most cordial and answers well for his success in his new mission.

Owing to the continued dry weather fires are raging all around and the country for miles round is filled with smoke.

Many went to Napanee on Wednesday to see the great show.

The wells are all giving out in this section and the scarcity of water is becoming serious. The farmers for miles around have been obliged for sometime to drive their cattle and horses to the Salmon river. Fortunately for the village Mr. Gordon has a never failing spring on his property which supplies the villagers and many from a distance.

The farmers are selling off large numbers of cattle and reducing their stock as low as possible fearing the scarcity of fodder for the winter.

The harvest is being rapidly taken off. The straw is generally speaking very short and the prospects for the winter in Hastings and adjoining counties are poor indeed.

The prices of cattle being so low many are killing their own stock and selling the beef which finds ready sale at from 4 to 5 cents per lb.

During the past week the weather has been warm and dry and cattle are literally starving, the pastures being all burnt up.

Several persons are contemplating a trip to Manitoba taking advantage of the cheap trip next week, $28 for a return ticket.

The supply of milk to the cheese factories is rapidly falling off, owing to the poor pasture. The last sale at Empey Hill Factory was 10¼cents not 8¼ as reported.

The oldest inhabitants say that such a dry season as the present has not been experienced for thirty years.

READ.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. J. C. Hanley leaves next week on a visit to Dakota and the far west.

We regret to learn that Mr. Philip McEvoy is still in very poor health.

Mrs. Shannon and family, of Napanee, were visiting at Mr. P. O'Reas this week bidding farewell to their friends previous to their departure for Michigan their future home.

We beg to thank our friends in Leroy, Dakota, and Wyoming Territory, for papers duly received and are glad to learn that the TRIBUNE is such a welcome visitor in the west.

The fires caused on the 5th con. from Fairman's swamp have been very disastrous to many of the old settlers. Mr. Thomas Cullen's buildings were saved with great difficulty and had it not been for a continual supply of barrels of water they would have fallen a prey to the devouring element. If the dry weather should continue and the wind rise still further damage will occur. Mr. James Walsh's and Mr. David Walsh's wood are all consumed.

Mr. John Meagher, of Ottawa College, is enjoying his vacation at home and looks well and hearty.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

General Sheridan is rapidly gaining strength.

Two agrarian murders are reported from Ireland.

Italy is believed to be preparing to seize Tripoli.

Bad weather has severely damaged the crops in France.

The Cincinnati National Bank has gone into liquidation.

The Red River Valley Railroad is completed to Morris.

The Czar has refused to receive the Abyssinian mission.

Evictions on the Vandeleur estates were resumed on Tuesday.

Hon. Mr. Mowat intends to leave for home on the 16th of August.

Sixty-two amendments to the Parnell Commission Bill have been proposed.

Chapek and Chlebonn, the Chicago dynamiters, have disappeared.

Fire destroyed property at Bedford, N. S., to the amount of about $45,000.

Emperor William will visit the Pope immediately upon his arrival at Rome.

The Local Option High License Law has been held constitutional in New Jersey.

Italy has notified the Powers of her having definitely taken possession of Massowah.

Gen. Boulanger drove in the Bois de Boulogne on Saturday for the first time since his duel.

A serious fire of incendiary origin occurred at Palmerston, Ont., on Tuesday night.

The will of the late Mr. John Ogilvie, of Montreal, bequeaths property valued at $900,000.

The Cologne Gazette says Emperor Frederick's diary was not carried to England by Queen Victoria.

Mayor McHugh, of Sligo, has been sentenced to four months imprisonment under the Crimes Act.

The Local Government Bill has passed its third reading in the Commons and its first in the Lords.

Turkomans, in the Askabad district, have risen in rebellion, raided several villages and killed many of the inhabitants.

A volcanic eruption at Bandaisin, fifty leagues from Yokohama, destroyed several villages and killed one thousand people.

Rev. Mr. Sparling, of the First Methodist church, Kingston, has been offered the presidency of Wesley College, Winnipeg.

A party of 900 men, headed by Prof. Jameson, Major Bartelott and Tippoo Tib, will go from the Congo in search of Stanley.

The mills formerly owned by Senator Skead, near Ottawa, were burned yesterday. Two lives are reported to have been lost.

The Mitchelstown jury returned a verdict declaring that Mr. Mandeville's death was caused by harsh treatment in Tullamore gaol.

The incendiary fires in Port au Prince, the capital of Hayti, on July 4 and 7, destroyed property to the amount of $2,000,000.

A London civic deputation yesterday had an interview with General Manager Hickson regarding the car shops and the Port Stanley line.

Messrs. Greenway and Martin are said to have concluded an arrangment with the Northern Pacific for the running of the Red River Valley railway.

Mr. John Waldie has accepted the Liberal nomination in Halton. The Tory convention on Saturday again nominated Mr. Henderson, who accepted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The nightingale, it is said, has sixteen different beginnings and closes, with many intermediate notes, while other birds have but four or five changes.

City improvements in Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., have progressed so fast that the treasury is empty, and a special election will be held on the 23rd instant to bond the town for $50,000 to be spent in further needed improvements.

Ventura county, Cal., boasts that it contains brown stone enough to rebuild the great wall of China, oil enough to float the vessels needed for its transportation, and lime enough to make the mortar to build the wall. It says nothing about having gas enough to blow up the whole concern.

A silver crown piece, known as "the petition crown" of the reign of Charles II; fetched $1,775 at a recent sale in England. At the latest previous sale a similar coin had brought only $1,125. A sovereign of Edward VI's time brought $525, a fifty shilling piece of the Cromwell era $760, and an Oxford crown $585. A penny of Ethelbald brought $230, and other old pennies $90 and $80 each.

The black bass fishing among the Thousand Islands is a failure this summer. Even the fictitious catches that are used as hotel advertisements have an empty sound. Seth Green is said to attribute the total failure of the muskallonge and black bass fishing this season to the great quantity of alewives in the St. Lawrence and in Lake Ontario. Bait at Alexandria Bay, however, is as dear as ever, and as poor.

An English clogmaker named Greenwood made a bet that he would stay under water longer than anybody in Hereford. He swam out into the river and disappeared, while friends on the banks held their watches to time him. When he had beaten the record they became alarmed, went after him, and dragged out his lifeless body. He had won the wager, in one sense, for the doctors decided that he had not drowned, but that death had resulted from the sudden immersion after a heavy meal.

Several years ago a negro was run over on a Georgia railroad and his foot cut off. Some lawyers sued for damages for him, with the understanding that they were to have half the sum recovered. The negro became discouraged at the law's delays and went off looking for work. The case was carried from court to court, and recently the Supreme Court affirmed the decision of the lower court giving the negro $10,000 damages. Now the lawyers are looking for him anxious to turn over the $5,000 which belongs to him.

The new clock just placed in the tower of the Glasgow University is a tremendous affair. The main wheels of the striking and quarter trains are twenty inches in diameter. The weight of the hammer that strikes the hours is 120 pounds, and it is lifted ten inches. There is an automatic apparatus attached to the clock which stops the quarter peals at night and starts them in the morning. The pendulum is zink and iron to counteract influences of temperature. The bob of the pendulum is cylindrical, and weighs 200 pounds, and the beat is 1½ seconds.

It has been proposed to do away with the use of explosives in mines where their use is attended with danger, and substitute the lately invented cartridge—one portion of which is filled with mixture of finely divided zinc and zinc oxide, which collects in the condensers of the zinc retort, while the other part is filled with dilute sulphuric acid. According to the requirements in this case, the cartridge is put in its intended place, and then, by suitable mechanism, the acid is allowed to flow into the zinc. Hydrogen is then evolved, and, by its expansive force the rock is broken down, without combustion or violent explosion.

It has long been thought an excellent thing to mix silver with the other metal when a bell was to be cast, and many pious persons have rejoiced at the thought that the silvery chime of their church bell was in part due to their gifts. Now comes a writer in an English scientific paper with this paragraph: "I once asked a foreman in a well-known bell foundry whether putting silver in a melting pot was of advantage. He replied, of great advantage—to the founder, as the silver sinks to the bottom; the founder pours off the copper and tin, and when the silver has cooled puts it in his pocket."

It appears that so great has been the scarcity of suitable railway sleepers for some time past in many parts of Europe, that various expedients have had to be resorted to in order to meet the deficiency, and some of a realy novel nature. Among these expedients is one adopted in the Netherlands, of utilizing the old and discarded wooden railway sleepers. As is generally understood, the sleepers commonly fall at that part where the rail rests, leaving a sound length of about three feet in the centre. Two such pieces are therefore joined end to end, in a most thorough manner, by means of a piece of channel iron, which thus prevents it from wearing into the sleeper; and, as these compound sleepers have four end faces, they actually offer more resistance to lateral motion than do ordinary sleepers.

Several years ago a number of German workmen came to Connecticut by a preconcerted arrangement, and obtained employment in the clock factories in New Haven, Ansonia, Waterbury, Thomaston, and Winsted. They worked steadily for a long time, applied themselves diligently to mastering the science of clock making, and became proficient in the art of handling the fine tools necessary to work. They also purchased the tools and several of the complicated machines, and, returning to Germany, they began the manufacture of clocks for themselves. They set up a factory in the Black Forest region, and their business now amounts, according to letters recently received here, to nearly 50,000 clocks a month. This German factory has proved a close competitor with the Connecticut concerns. Materials and labor are so much cheaper in Germany than in this country that they can beat us in the foreign markets, and they are pushing their wares to the exclusion of the Yankees.

The Berlin Sensational Story.

LONDON, July 20.—The following is the *Pall Mall Gazette's* sensational story from Berlin, which, although it has been denied by other papers, appears to have some basis of truth:— Very hateful rumors are flying about in Berlin which I hesitate to send without confirmation, but which I equally hesitate to withhold lest they prove to be true. It is well known that, as I saw with my own eyes, the moment Emperor Frederick's breath was out of his body there was a rush of soldiery to all the exits from the castle at Friedrichskorn. No one was allowed to leave and no one to enter for hours after the death. What was the object of this headlong and indecent blockade. It was more than hinted at the time that the intention was to secure any papers which the dead Emperor had left behind him, and about all the sheets of the diary which he kept, recording his opinions on matters of state. Not a scrap of paper on which the deceased had written the commonest request or remarks (he was for a long time reduced to this means of communication) was allowed to remain in the possession of its recipients.

TREATMENT OF THE EX-EMPRESS.

But it would awaken very different feelings if it were true, as is not unsparingly asserted in Berlin, that a high personage, who is near and dear to England, and who was nearest and dearest to the illustrious dead, is weeping to-night at Friedrichskronin, a palace which is in all but name a prison. Of course every one must hope that the story is an abominable fiction, but whenever I go I hear on all sides that the Empress Victoria is virtually under arrest in her present residence, and I fear that there is little doubt that her Majesty is receiving very scant consideration at the hands of the men now in power.

PERSONAL.

President Cleveland continues to receive curious presents. Two small, live red foxes have reached him from Dr. Frost of Rolla, Mo. The animals are named respectively Cleveland and Thurman.

Thieves entered the apartments of the Crown Prince of Sweden at a hotel at Franzensbad, broke open his jewel case, and escaped with $100,000 worth of property, including some trinkets of great historical and artistic value.

It is noted that the famous White Lady of the house of Hohenzollern has failed to appear and give warning of the deaths of the two Emperors lately. It is suggested that a new ghost had better be secured unless the White Lady make some explanation for her neglect of duty.

Madame Christine Nilsson took what is supposed to be her farewell of the stage last month at Albert Hall, London. The hall was packed, and the receipts are said to have reached $10,000. Mr. Sims Reeves, who bade farewell to the stage some years aga, assisted Madame Nilsson.

A. W. Longfellow, a brother of the poet, is a resident of Portland, Maine. He is seventy years of age, and in appearance and manner is said to bear a striking resemblance to his distinguished brother. Mr. Longfellow is a student of literature and antiquities, and spends the most of his time in his study.

Mr. Charles Demachy, one of the great bankers of France, died on June 28. His name was on the bond given to Prince Bismarck in Rothschild's office, promising 200,000,000 francs indemnity to Germany as the price for not marching the whole German army through Paris. The money was to be paid in gold, and when Bismarck saw the signatures he postponed his demand for spot cash.

John Winchell, of Detroit, aged 91 years, a survivor of the war of 1812, called upon the President at Washington recently to look up some arrears of pensions. Mr. Winchell is only five feet tall and totally blind and deaf. His daughter, who accompanied him, is over 60 years old. The pension he is looking up was granted him for wounds received in 1814 at the battle of Lundy's Lane.

Mr. J. J. Van Alen, who is the son-in-law of William B. Astor. but who, being wealthy in his own right, has no need of the Astor money, has just completed a wall seven feet high and 3500 long around his grounds at Newport. Mr. Van Alen is a great admirer of English customs and his house is built in English style and furnished throughout with English furniture. The house and wall are said to have cost him $500,000,

Sir Terence O' Brien, Governor of Heligoland, in his annual report to the English Government, laments that, owing to an unfortunate break in the weather during the height of the bathing season last summer the revenues of his island fell off very seriously. He rejoices, however, that in spite of this disastrous event in the affairs of the province over which he rules, he was able to finish the year only $1,350 in debt, and hopes for a better bathing season and more revenue to make up the deficiency this year.

Mrs. Harrison, the wife of the Republican nominee for U. S. President, is a little woman, plump, fresh, and wonderfully young-looking for one who has been married so many years. Mrs. Harrison is said to have small, shapely hands, which she takes good care of, and while she is not a slave of fashion, she likes to wear becoming gowns, and is very particular to have them fit. By way of accomplishments, she has turned her attention to china-painting, and many pieces of her handiwork adorn the sideboard of her dining-room and the shelves of her parlor.

The highest classical honor in the London University has this year for the first time fallen to a lady, Miss Mary Lousie Worley, of the North London Collegiate School for Girls, and Girton College, Cambridge, who has gained the gold medal in classics at the annual examination for the M. A. degree. No other lady was successful in classics, but there were in all sixteen candidates in this branch, of whom ten have passed. Miss Worley matriculated in 1883, gaining an exhibition, In 1886, at the B. A. examination, she gained second-class honors in classics.

Among the men who have wielded the pick and shovel on the aqueduct building for New York is a new brother-in-law of the Duke of Marlborough. This young fellow, whose name is Renshaw, married Miss Price, a daughter of Commodore Price and sister to the Duchess of Marlborough. Renshaw was a civil engineer, but being unable to get a place in the engineering corps he took that of a common laborer, and after flourishing the pick all day would change his overalls for a dress suit and lead the german at Fifth Avenue balls in the evening. It was not long before he was promoted, however.

Flattering.

Every one likes to be appreciated, but there is a kind of praise which is only amusing to the man who receives it, and not very pleasant in the retrospect, to the man who confers it.

A very eminent London surgeon—one of the lights of the profession—the other day observed a gentleman fall in the street. He went to his aid, and found he had broken his leg. It was only a simple fracture, but the man was badly hurt. The surgeon used his umbrella as a splint, and with his own and borrowed handkerchiefs bandaged the limb tightly, put the patient in a cab, and drove to the nearest hospital. There they were received by the young surgeon in attendance.

"You've bandaged this very well," said the hospital surgeon.

"You flatter me," said the great man.

"Not at all," said the other. "I suppose you've been attending an ambulance class. They say a little learning is a dangerous thing but the little you've learnt you've put to good account. I can't give you your umbrella now, but if you leave your address it shall be sent home."

"I had better give you my card," said the eminent surgeon. And he did so.

KING JOHN AND VICTORIA.

The Affectionate and Pious Letters of the King of Abyssinia.

Last fall when war was apparently about to break out between Italy and Abyssinia, the British Government made an acceptable offer of mediation, and sent a young fellow named Portal, Second Secretary of Legation at Cairo, with two English assistants, on a special mission to King John. The official correspondence respecting this mission was issued as a Parliamentary paper lately, and it makes one of the most interesting blue books ever published. Mr. Portal had a rather exciting time, so exciting, indeed, as practically to spoil all the pleasure of the romantic trip. His guides and muleteers purposely misled the party and then deserted them. For twenty-seven hours they were without food or water. Their chief interpreter died of exhaustion and thirst. Their baggage was looted, and for ten days they were kept close prisoners in the camp of Ras Alu'u, King John's chief General, while that worthy discussed with his chiefs whether they should cut the throats of her Britannic Majesty's mission, or simply put them in chains.

The party were better treated when they at last managed to reach the camp of the Ethiopian potentate; but their reception was by no means effusively cordial, and they were glad enough to get back to Massowah with whole skins. The mission was a complete failure, as King John would listen to no proposals for peace which would not involve conditions precedent to the annihilation of the Italian army.

King John appears to be quite a model of a polite letter writer. The blue book contains several of his letters to Queen Victoria, of which the following gives a fair specimen of his Majesty's modest and deeply religious style:

"*In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to him be praise and glory, from Johannes, anointed by God, King of Zion and King of Kings of Ethopia, to the most glorious and famous Queen Victoria, by the grace of God Queen of England and Ireland, defender of the Christian faith, and Empress of Indi.*

"Since writing my last letter I hope your Majesty and your army have been well, and I pray to God that you may always continue so. I and my army, thank God, are very well, and may God, by the Holy Stones of Zion forgive me and preserve me from all evil in this world and in the next. Since I wrote to you, how are you? For myself, I and all my kingdom are well, by the grace of God and by the intercession of our Mother of Zion. May God exalt all the saints. I am well, and may the mercy of God endure forever.

"I have received your letters of the 12th Thekent and the 16th Hedar with reference to making peace with the Italians. To say truth, I have never done anything, and have never committed any offence against you or against the Egyptians. When the treaty was signed between me and England and Egypt, it was laid down that no arms were to pass Massowah except by my permission. But they have not complied with the treaty, but have passed weapons and sold them to the Hadowa, and these have made great disturbances in my country. As for the complaints the Italians made that they had been badly treated, the fault was on their side, and they began the quarrel by stopping the Abyssinian merchants and by occupying Saabi and Wia and taking possession of them.

"Why did they stop the trade and come into my country." I wrote to them, "If you have come with authority from the Queen, show me her signature, or if not leave the country," and they answered me, "No; we will not." On account of that they fought with Ras Alula and many were killed on both sides, though we had in no way injured them.

"How can you say that I shall hand over to them the country which Jesus Christ gave to me? That would be as a command to me unjust on your part. If your wish were to make peace between us, it should be when they are in their country and I in mine. But now on both sides the horses are bridled and the swords are drawn. My soldiers in number, like the sand, are ready with their spears. The Italians desire war, but the strength is in Jesus Christ. Let them do as they will, so long is I live I will not hide myself from them in a hole.

"I have received your letters of the 12th Thekent and the 16th Hedar by the hand of your honorable servant, Mr. Gerald Portal, and I have also received through him two goldmounted swords, one good gun, and one telescope, which you have sent to me as a sign of friendship. I have received these, and I thank you very much for them. May God reward you."

Summer Clothing

Black or dark attire is objectionable in Summer weather. It is an undisputed fact that all black clothing, whether worn by males or females, is heating, as the black or dark colors absorb the rays of light. Those women are sensible who wear white gowns and whose head-gear allows not only the face circulation of air but is of those shades of color which does not absorb the sunlight. Nor ought women to wear black hose or shoes in Summer time. Men sin more in the matter of out-of-door attire in the Summer time than the other sex. Business suits and hats are too often of dark colors. We take too many of our fashions from Europe where the climate is not so hot as with us. Indeed, our forefathers dressed more sensibly than we do, for white linen suits, especially pants, were very much in vogue fifty years ago. Tennis players, wheelmen and those who indulge in out of door sports are generally wise in their selection of costumes. The colors are light and fanciful, and if business people could follow their example it would add not only to their comfort but the picturesqueness of their attire. The habitual dress of our men is to sombre. It is curious that throughout the animal creation it is the male that has the most gorgeous coverings; but this is reversed with our artificial clothing, the men taking tamer colors and the women the more flamboyant.

African Periodicals.

There are now three periodicals in Europe which are wholly devoted to African news and comments upon the various enterprises developing there, while three-fourths of the space in another journal is given solely to affairs in the Congo State. One of these periodicals has a circulation of 6 000 copies. *L'Afrique*, which is published in Geneva, and the *African Times* of London have been in the field for several years, and now comes the *Afrika Post*, issued in Hamburg, which will be chiefly devoted to Germany's commercial interests in her new African colonies. Some surprising newspaper ventures also are springing up on African soil. The sun received the other day a copy of a twelve page blanket sheet full of news and advertisements, which is published semi-weekly at the lusty mining town of Johannisberg, in the Transvaal, a place that had no existence three years ago. When newspaper men finally start their presses on the shores of the great central lakes we may hope to get more reliable news and fewer silly rumors from Africa.

TWO STRANGE DREAMS.

How a Missing Horse was found—A Lost Hunter's Life Saved by a Dream.

A friend, not long ago, related to me the following:—"Ten years ago, I was residing in the town of S——in the north of Nova Scotia. I possessed a valuable horse which one night disappeared from his stable. My barn had been broken into and my horse stolen. The thief had left nothing whatever by which I could trace him, and there seemed to be but little hope of recovering my stolen property; yet I planned, and worked, and thought, and advertised. All seemed vain, however. After retiring one night about two weeks after my loss, I fell to thinking, more deeply perhaps than ever before, about my horse. I not only valued him for his worth, but I was much attached to the kind, noble creature. It seemed that I had tried every means without the least shadow of success. While thinking what I would give to know where he was, I fell asleep. I dreamed that I was in a small country settlement, which was entirely strange to me. I was standing by the roadside conversing with a tall gentleman, also a stranger. I asked him the name of the place which he told me was W——. The name was familiar to me, I knew it was a settlement of which I had often heard but had never visited. It was about 60 miles from my place of residence The tall gentleman seemed at once to take me into his confidene. He told me that he had an idea of buying a horse from a man who had recently purchased it in P. E Island. As his friend lived near, he wished me to go into the stable with him and see the horse, and pass my opinion upon him, adding that he was considered a very fine animal round there. He led me to the stable which was not far away, and, as we entered it, I beheld to my surprise, my own lost horse! My first impulse was to spring forward and claim him; but something held me back. I simply passed a few favorable remarks on the animal, and we left the stable. Just when I awoke. It was daybrake in early summer. My dream at once came to me with such a force that it seemed almost indeed a reality. I lay in deep thought a few moments, then arose and prepared to go to W——. I knew it was only a dream, and possibly I was starting on a "wild goose chase;" yet I

COULD NOT HELP THINKING

there was something in that dream to my advantage. By enquiry, I found that I could get to within twelve miles of my appointed destination by rail. Reaching that point, I hired a horse and buggy and drove the twelve miles over a rough road, and through forests with here and there a clearing and a few settlers. About the middle of the afternoon I reached W—, and stopped at one of the first houses to put up my horse and get some nourishment for myself. This done, I started on foot up the road. As yet, I saw nothing that seemed in the least familiar to me. While rounding a curve in the road, however, I suddenly met a man, whom I recognized at once as the tall man of my dream! The man stopped, addressed me, enquired my name, where I belonged, etc., and then began to talk about the horse. From the instant he mentioned "horse," I felt that I was sure of my favorite, for, although formerly never much of a believer in dreams, my faith in such just now was very strong indeed. The conversation which passed between us about the horse, corresponded exactly with that of my dream. When he turned to lead the way to the barn, I recognized the building in the distance. The place where we had been standing and other objects around, began to look familiar also. When we entered the stable, sure enough there stood my horse! What passed between us there corresponded very closely with that of my dream also. I quietly left, pretending business with a man in another part of the thinly-settled, bushy-looking district. I returned home as quickly as possible, got a constable and two of my neighbors who knew my horse well, and with them put back to W——with all speed. The horse was seized, the thief captured and brought to justice, and of course he had to pay the penalty of the law. The tall man was no longer the friend of him who had proved himself a thief, but became a very intimate friend of my own. Many times since have we talked and wondered over the strange dream by which we came to know each other; and often have I patted old 'Slick' on the neck and told him he was saved by a dream."

ANOTHER STRANGE DREAM

is related by George Blain of Ardtrea, Ontario, who writes as follows: I can vouch for the following dream as strictly true, being well acquainted with the person who dreamed it. In the autumn of 1870, a young Canadian who was employed to hunt up timber limits on the north shore of Lake Superior, lost himself. He made many attempts to reach the lake but failed. He at last came upon a river he knew not, and then exhausted he lay down to sleep, during which time he dreamed that a man stood by him and told him to remain where he was till the second day and a trapper would be coming down the river in a canoe and would rescue him. The Canadian was unable to proceed owing to weakness, and he lay by the fire he kindled till near noon by next day, when again he slept soundly and dreamed that a man stood by him and told him to arise and go down to the river and stir up the mud when he would get a white grub and if he boiled a handful of these insects they would make him a nourishing soup He got up, walked to the river, stirred the mud found the grub in large quantities. He boiled them as directed and they made a soup that tasted quite as good as oysters. He was much strengthened and lay down happy that night Again he dreamed that a man stood by him and told him not to leave there until the trapper would come along, which he said would be in the evening, and said the man, "Go out upon that fallen pine tree at the bend of the river and there wait upon the trapper."

The evening came, and the Canadian proceeded to the fallen pine. He had not long to wait, for without doubt along came the trapper who was intently gazing in the direction of the fallen log as if to discover something. With joy the Canadian hailed the trapper, and soon the wonderful dreams were related to him, but what was the Canadian's surprise when he learned from the trapper that he also dreamed that a man was lost in the forest and lay helpless at a certain bend of the river waiting upon him to come to his rescue, and that he would find the Canadian waiting upon the fallen log. The trapper had dreamed the same dream the night before and was so impressed with its truth that he came down the river to see after the lost man.

Neither of the parties had any previous knowledge of the other's presence in the country, which makes the dreams still more strange.

Hargrave, the English commentator, is credited with having said: "Any lawyer who writes so clearly as to be understood is an enemy to his profession."

He Goes to Colonize Palestine.

Rev. Dr. Sivertha, of Chicago, the originator of the movement for the rebuilding of Palestine, has sailed for Europe, and will at once begin active work to carry out his ambitious project. The movement for the rebuilding and resettlement of the Holy Land has excited deep interest not only in America, but thoughout England and Scotland. Dr. Sivertha expects that a large emigration from England and America will flow into the Holy Land early in the autumn. The pioneers are earnest, religious and practical, and do not expect that the restoration will be bought about by any miraculous intervention.

Dr. Sivertha has worked out careful plans for the rebuilding of Jerusalem, with its temples, public building, gates and walls, in harmony with the prophetic description of the Bible. The Hebrews proper will only form about one-sixth of the new population, the rest being English and American, and as soon as a sufficient number of people are there to form the nucleus of the new nation Dr. Sivertha expects that the powers of Europe will unite in declaring Palestine independent and neutral.

In speaking of his hopes and anticipations Dr. Sivertha said to a reporter: "The question is one that has already been discussed by European statesmen, and the disposal of Palestine so far has been a difficult problem, because the population there for 1880 years has not been accustomed to self government Ten years ago, just before the Berlin treaty statesmen expressed themselves freely that Palestine ought to be made a neutral nation like Switzerland or Belgium. A great many men and women of large wealth have been interested in this enterprise and the plans meet their approval."

Boys, Stay on the Farm.

Some of the boys seem to be anxious to get off the farm. If they would take the advice of old men who have made farming a life work, they would find that the weight of the advice would be: Stay on the farm. Here is what Col. W. W. Ross, of Texas, says:

I have been a farmer and watching farming for fifty years. I now see the cause of our failures; it was not the land or seasons, but the fault lay in us. If I were a young man again nothing could entice me from the farm.

Sometimes the words of one who is not on a farm have more weight than one who is farming. To such we would repeat the words of Hon. Thomas Corwin. When he was Secretary of the Treasury, a young man journeyed from Ohio to Washington in search of a clerkship. When he came to Mr. Corwin this is the advice he got:

My young friend, go to the Northwest, buy 160 acres of government land, or if you have not the money, squat on it; get you an ax and mattock, put up a log cabin for your habitation, and raise a little corn and potatoes; keep your conscience clear, and live like a freeman, your own master, with nobody to give you orders and without dependence upon anybody. Do that and you will be honored, respected, influential and rich. But accept a clerkship here, and you sink at once all independence, your energies become relaxed, and you are unfitted in a few years for any other and more independent position. I may give you a place to day and turn you out again to-morrow; and there's another man over there at the White House who can turn me out, and so we go. But if you own an acre of land it is your kingdom, and your cabin is your castle; you are a sovereign, and you will feel it in every throbbing of your pulse, and every day of your life you will assure me of your thanks for having thus advised you.

Boys, after you have read it, read it again, think it over, and stay on the farm.

The Ocean Steamer.

The average ocean steamer is, from certain points of view, a thing of beauty, but it is not by any means a joy forever. Moreover, on the Atlantic steamers, the convenience and comfort of the passengers are not very often consulted as they should be. Why, for instance, should a passenger be required to furnish his own "steamer-chair?" A recent daily paper has propounded this query, and we repeat it. A steamer-chair for deck use is not simply a luxury, it is almost a necessity, if any one would be in anywise comfortable. In fact, there is no place to sit down in the fresh air, unless one provides his own chair. Why should we not be furnished on the same principle with a bare platform on wheels when we take a railway journey, and be expected to take our own stools with us to sit on while we ride by rail? An expense of a very few hundred dollars would provide every passenger with a comfortable seat, even on the largest ocean steamers. Why should he not have a rug furnished to keep him warm instead of being obliged to transport half across the world perhaps, his own rug for the voyage? Why should the smoking room occupy the only decent position in the ship for a public room, as it often does, while the only saloon where the non-smoker can go is over the dining room, and contains the vile concentrated essence of four or five thousand old breakfasts and dinners and lunches, whose stale odors are enough to drive to despair the nauseated soul of the sea-sick passengers? These are a few of the questions which we would respectfully propound to the managers of our trans-Atlantic steamship companies.

Hanging in Africa.

Cape advices just received at Plymouth give horrible details of the execution of four Basutos in the Orange Free State. The sheriff's nominee performed his work so expeditiously that when the district surgeon examined the body of the last victim and intimated after the man had been hanging six minutes that he could feel no more pulsation the hangman immediately cut the rope and the body fell on the ground. When it was taken to the burial place and was about to be thrown into a hole with the others, people noticed with horror that the unfortunate man was not dead. The body was taken back to the place of execution and again hung up. When the body had been hanging upwards of ten minutes for the second time, the executioner hung on to the legs of the man to be certain that life was extinct.

Stung to Death by Bees.

Old Tim Williams, the Lebanon, Conn., hermit, who has lived alone upon a small farm, amid underbrush and thicket, his entire life, was recently found dead. His largest hive of bees swarmed upon a huge apple tree just back of his hut. Fearing that they would escape, the old man climbed the tree a distance of twenty-five feet. He fell to the ground, stirring up the bees in his descent. The bees followed him down and completely covered him, stinging him hundreds of times. With one leg broken, the cage torn from his face, and too weak to fight the insects, he was practically at their mercy, and they stung the old man to death.

The New Constitution of Japan.

In recent years the advance of Japanese has been very marked in various directions. They have abolished the feudal system and government abuses which had lasted seven hundred years, and have vested the entire royal power in the Mikado. They have admitted Europeans into their public offices, and have sent embassies and commissioners to the most enlightened countries, to look into and report on their political and social condition.

And now the Mikado has adopted a new constitution, which changes the whole structure of his government, and which will come into full operation throughout the island Empire within two years from the present time.

The constitution is remarkable, in that it adopts many Western ideas of practical government.

It is true that, under its conditions, the Mikado continues to wield vast powers. His person is declared sacred, and his authority supreme. He promulgates the laws, has the right of pardon, commands the military forces, creates nobles, may declare war and conclude peace, makes treaties, and regulates the rights of the members of the imperial family.

What is the most important novelty of the new consitution is, that it establishes a Parliament, one house of which is to be elected directly by the people of Japan.

The upper House of this Parlament is evidently modelled, to a large degree, upon the example of the British House of Lords. It is called the "Senate." It is to be composed of the imperial princes; the dukes, marquises, counts, viscounts, and barons of the Empire; certain persons, selected by the Mikado, for distinguished service, large fortune, or high descent; and land-owners and manufacturers, chosen by certain districts. These Senators hold their seats for life, and must be at least twenty years of age. The President of the Senate is appointed from the body by the Mikado.

The lower House, called "The Chamber of Deputies," is to be elected directly by the people Its members will hold their seats for three years. The qualification for voters is that all Japanese who are twenty-five years of age, and tax payers, may be electors. The session of the Chamber is to last three months, and the Chamber may at any time be dissolved by decree of the Mikado.

The sittings of both Houses are to be public, and the ministers are to be responsible to them.

Besides thus creating a legislative body very similar to those of the European monarchies the new Constitution goes on to declare the new rights and duties of the Mikado's subjects. "Imigration shall be free; the protection of the law extends to all; the right of property is inviolable; there is to be freedom for all professions, of religion of opinion, and of public meeting within certain specfied limits."

A complete judicial system is created, in which civil and criminal courts are established, the judges are appointed for life by the Mikado, and the sessions of the courts are to be held in public.

It is quite evident that Japanese statesmen have made not only a careful but a very intelligent study of modern institutions, and that the Mikado, in a liberal spirit, has resolved to confer upon his Empire the blessing of a certain degree of free government. It is worthy of note, too, that by this important step Japan assumes a progressive political position in advance of at least two European nations—Russia and Turkey.

Remarkable Intelligence of a Horse.

A novel story comes from Vanderburg county, Ind. A day or two ago a horse was standing tied to a fence in the yards of the Sunny Side Coal Company, in that county. A drunken man was staggering around that neighborhood, and in a moment of drunken frenzy took out his pocket knife, and, seeing no one around on whom to vent his spleen, he walked up to the horse and deliberately plunged the blade into the dumb brute's neck. The gash was a long one and quite severe, and the blood flowed from the wound profusely. The horse writhed in agony, and in its struggles broke the hitching rein and ran out of the lot.

The horse kept up its speed down the road until it came to a drug store. The animal stalked into the store deliberately, and went as far back as the prescription case and set up a most pitiful neighing. The clerk was alarmed, but spoke gently to the animal, and taking a sponge, bathed the ugly wound in cold water, much to the relief of the brute. The proprietor, Mr. Kyle, then sewed up the wound and tied a band around the animal's neck. The horse was then led back to the yards, seemingly happy and contented. Mr. Kyle is positive in the assertion that this is the neatest case of brute sagacity on record, and points to the blood spots on the floor of his store as proof.

Chinese for Africa.

The fact that Africa—or at least, the white men there—would welcome the Chinese with open arm to that moist and malarial country is rather noteworthy at a time when the people in so many parts of the world feel uncomfortably crowded if the Chinese come among them. EMIN PASHA wrote a while ago that it was "one of his dearest projects" to introduce a few hundred Chinese into his province, and he believed that the results of such an enterprise would repay its cost a thousand fold. He wanted them to build good roads between his settlements, which would give a great impetus, he thought, to the development of the province. The surveys for the Congo railroad have now entered upon the last stage, and the authorities are fostering the idea that John is just the sort of a man they want to build the road. It happens, however, that the Chinese Government has for some years manifested much interest in its sons who have gone abroad, has sent at least one Commission on a grand tour of the Pacific to inquire into their welfare, and it is doubtful if the authorities at Pekin have sufficient faith in Africa to encourage emigration. Marquis Tseng remarked on this question two years ago that he did not think his countrymen would care to incur the risks of the African climate.

A Horse's Instinct for Home.

Rapier, writing to The London Sporting and Dramatic News, gives the following account of the instinct or homing faculty in a horse. Some time ago a draught mare ten years old, belonging to Mr. G. Terrance, of Leetside, Berwickshire, was removed by him to Leetside from Langton Lees, another farm he occupies about ten miles distant from Leetside. The mare had never previously been at Leetside, and was kept there until last week, when it made away and returned to Langton Lees. It was seen in the courtyard at Leetside at 10 p. m. and next morning at 4 o'clock the shepherd at Langton Lees was awakened by the horse trying to get across to her former stable. He arose and stabled her and an hour later she foaled.

A YOUTH'S STRANGE SUICIDE.

Found in the Schuylkill River with Stones in His Pockets to Make Him Sink.

The shadow of a crime falls across the life of Frederick Craffen, of Toronto, the crime of involuntary manslaughter—for in a letter left by John Langstaff, of Ontario, who committed suicide the other morning, he is charged with being the cause of all Langstaff's troubles, ending in his death.

John Langstaff, a young business man of Toronto, came to this city about June 16 He stopped at the Continental Hotel, but only staid there a short time, as he could not afford the expense. He then took humble lodgings at the residence of Edward Phair, 1570 Wallace Street, engaging board for two weeks. During that time he went down town every day and returned to his meals at very irregular hours, sometimes not coming home until late at night. He told his landlady that he was a printer by trade and that he intended to buy enough stock to fit out a printing office in Toronto, where he expected to start a weekly paper.

TROUBLED AND ANXIOUS.

Toward the latter part of the two weeks he seemed troubled, and anxiously awaited letters from Toronto. He also sent telegrams, but received no answer for some time. On Saturday he told his friends he was tired of waiting for money, and was going to Toronto.

He went out, but came back that same afternoon, saying he had changed his mind and would not go to Canada, but would take a trip to Atlantic City. He told Mr. Phair not to give up his trunk to the expressman, but to keep it until he called for it. He went to Atlantic City, and later on he wrote to Mr. Phair enclosing a letter which he asked him to send to Toronto, if no letters had been received from there. Nothing was heard of him until last Wednesday, when he wrote back to his old boarding-house to get his trunk.

He seemed troubled and acted in a very strange manner. This time he said he was going to Ireland to meet his girl, and, after getting married, intended to come back here and settle down to business. He seemed troubled over money matters. He took his trunk away and that was the last heard of him by Mr. Phair until he heard that he jumped into the Schuylkill and drowned himself.

Among the papers left on the landing near his hat was a telegram from Frederick Creffan, Toronto, Ont., who is supposed to be his business partner. It reads: "Am going to Wesley Park to pay for settlement. Look for draft to-morrow.'

The money never came, and in despair Langstaff wrote his last letter: "Let nobody blame me for this. I am in debt which I would not have contracted, only that I depended on some rascally hounds to pay what they owe me. Fredrick Craffen caused the loss of all my money. God in his mercy forgive him and keep him from more sinful false dealings!"

This paper was also found: "Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association received of J. P. Langstaff $1 62 on pay of assessment No. 32 on certificate No. 43,249 of Central Bank, Toronto." Langstaff was an Orangeman and an acquaintance of Rev. Dr. Peddie, of the Fifth Baptist Church, Eighteenth and Spring Garden Streets. He did not owe any money at his boarding-house, and they speak of him as a young man of no bad habits and of gentlemanly demeanor, but acting as if he had a load on his mind.

A COOL SUICIDE.

The suicide was a remarkably cool one. Langstaff deliberately filled his pockets with stones and walked coolly off the East Park drive and entered at the steamboat landing. He looked around for a moment and saw a Park guard approaching him on a fast run. He did not wait longer, but threw off his hat and pulled from his pockets a bundle of papers and dropped them over the landing.

The Park guard was now almost on the wharf, and Langstaff stepped to the edge of the wharf, and plunged head first into the Schuylkill. The weight of the stones kept Langstaff's body under water. He did not even rise to the surface once. Guard Henderson at once notified Captain Chastead at the Sedgeley Guardhouse, who sent the upper river harbor guard in the steam launch Freddie to grapple for the body.

Coxwain Glenn and his two assistants fished for two hours, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Glenn felt a weight on the end of the hook, and when he pulled it to the surface saw the body of the suicide. He was towed to the shore and later taken to Sedgeley guardhouse where Sergeant Spears notified the Coroner, and sent the body to the morgue.

The guard on duty near the Columbia Bridge said that he noticed the queer actions of Langstaff, but as he wandered off toward Strawberry Mansion he paid no further attention to him until he reappeared about an hour later and threw himself into the Schuylkill—[Philadelphia Press.]

Some New Relics.

The British Museum has just received a new Diana of date about 100 A. D., which ranks as the most beautiful one of its kind It is fully draped, yet has a suspicion of natural charm in a contour somewhat foreign to the usual representation of that goddess. On the head is a coronet elaborately carved in imitation of a goldsmith's work. The right arm and hand are gone. The left hand rests on a fawn. Several parts of the drapery show traces of color in faint rose or pink and green.

The tomb of the family of Sophocles has just been discovered a mile and a half from Paleokastron, in Greece. It is mentioned by his biographer, and was built in the fifth century before Christ. It contained three funeral urns, the first holding the remains of a woman identified as such by a mirror found with them; the two others, from other evidence found in them, are supposed to be the burial places of two young men. There were no inscriptions.

The Personal Resurrection.

That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general soul.

Is faith as vague as all unsweet?
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside,
And I shall know Him when we meet.
—[Tennyson.

How shall I know thee in the sphere that keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread.
* * * * *
Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?
—[Bryant.

Robson's Choice.

What? Leave these cool breezes for a summer in Canada!"

"Well, my husband is there—and—"

"Goodness! The idea of his going there!"

"Well, he preferred Canada to Sing-Sing."

Explanations Unnecessary.

Colored Parson (dining with a parishioner) —Dis yere chicken, Uncle Rastus, I fin' am simply splendicious, 'Er-am it a dry picked chicken?

Uncle Rastus—Well, n-no, not 'zactly, pa'son. Yo' see it rained a little last night, an—

Parson (hastily)—Yes, we is havin' poo' weather fo' de craps. Jes' a small piece mo' off de breast, Uncle Rastus, wif a slight sprinklin' ob de stuffin'.

Thinking Caps.

"I cannot give you a definite answer tonight, Mr. Paperwate," said the girl softly; "you must give me a month to think it over."

"Very well," was the young man's response, "and in the meantime I can think it over myself."

Eternal Fitness.

A sailor for sea,
And a spinster for tea,
A laywer for talking, and a soldier for fighting;
A baby for noise,
And a circus for boys,
And a typewriter man to do autograph writing.
A banker for chink,
And a printer for ink,
A leopard for spots, and a wafer for sticking;
And a crack base-ball flinger,
An opera singer,
A shotgun, a mule, and a choir for kicking.

The Reason of it.

She (to her affianced)—Why do you stay in the cabin so much, George, looking on the wine when it is red?

George—Because I don't like to stay on deck, my dear, looking on the water when t's lumpy.

A Dire Threat.

"Vat," said the collector for a little German band to a citizen who sat in his front window, "You no gif noddings for dot moosic?'

"Not a cent!" replied the citizen, with hopeless emphasis.

"Den ve blay some more, dat's all!" threatened the collector, so the citizen hastily gave up a quarter.

Sure to Come Back.

Canadian Farmer—"I've just got a letter from John."

Wife—"What does he say?"

He arrived in New York safe."

"Is he well?"

"Feeling first-rate. I reckon you'd better put that parlor bedroom in order, 'cause I expect he'll be back most any day."

"What makes you think so?"

"He says he's just got a job as cashier in a big bank."

Encouraging Trade.

Uncle Rastus (to postmaster)—Has yo' got enny letters fo' me, boss?

Postmaster—Nothing to-day, Uncle Rastus.

Uncle Rastus—No postal kiards, or stamps, or nuthin'?

Postmaster—No; were you expecting to hear from somebody?

Uncle Rastus—No, I don' expec' ter hear from nobody, sah, but I was parsin' by, an I thought I wud jess step in an' patronize de 'stablishment.

Afraid of Daylight.

"Do you realize, young man," he said solemnly, "that when you lie down at night you may be called before the morning dawns?"

"No, sir," replied the young man, "I feel quite safe at night; but when I get up in the morning I realize that I may be called before the setting sun lights up the western sky."

"Just so."

"Just exactly so, sir; I'm a base ball umpire."

Smith's Baby Was to Blame.

"Young Spoony doesn't come to see you any more," said old man Logcoffin to his daughter Esmeralda.

"No, pa; the last two nights we were talking out at the gate Smith's colicky baby across the street screamed so that we couldn't hear ourselves talk, and somehow or other it seemed to sorter discourage him," replied Esmeralda.

"Where There's a Will," Etc.

Grieved Sister—"Oh, Harold, you don't know what I would give to see you go to work with a will."

Wayward Brother—"Go to work with a will, eh? Well, my dear sister, you just wait till uncle dies and you'll see me do it, if the will doesn't suit me."

Exhausted his Capital.

Citizen (to young Doctor)—Did that scheme of yours, Doctor, to pay half the funeral expenses of cases in which you were not successful work well?

Doctor—Well—er—it brought me lots of business.

Citizen—Then it was successful?

Young Doctor—Well—n—no; you see I hadn't capital enough to keep it up.

A Change in Luck.

Magistrate—You are charged with stealing chickens, Uncle Rastus.

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah: so I understan's.

Magistrate—Have you ever been arrested before?

Uncle Rastus—Only wonce befo', you Honah. I'se always ben bery lucky.

People in the North-west

Know from experience that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the only remedy to be relied upon for the extraction of corns. This is the case everywhere throughout the Dominion. Be sure to get Putnam's sure-pop corn cure. At dealers everywhere.

A small boy, required to write a sentence containing the word "hominy," produced the following: "Hominy marbles have you?"

Mount Kenia in Zanzibar is declared by its first ascendant, Count Teleki, to be higher than the neighboring mountain, Kilima-Njavo, which is rated at 18,700 feet high.

Odd Sea-Saws.

I saw a cow-hide in the grass,
A rush-light on the door;
I saw a candle-stick in the mud,
And a bell-pull on the door.

I saw a horse-fly up the creek,
A cat-nip at her food;
I saw a chestnut-burr, and heard
A shell bark in the wood.

I saw a jack-plane off a board,
A cart-spring off the track;
I saw a saw-dust off the floor,
And then a carpet-tack.

I saw a brandy-smash a glass,
I saw a shooting-star;
I heard the corn-stalk in the field,
A pig-iron crow-bar!

How to Cultivate Black Rot.

The question of how the rot *Phoma uvicola* lives over from year to year is often a puzzling one to the novice. Col. Pearson of Vineland discovered years ago that the spores retain their vitality in the decayed berries, and to prevent their escape, scraped off the berries and debris on the ground under the vines into furrows and covered them with the plow. The beneficial effect of this treatment was very apparent.

This season he sent some of the dry rotten grapes picked up in his vineyard to Prof Scribner of the Agricultural Department for examination. The Prof. writes under date May 24th as follows: "I put a few of the berries in a test tube with water, shaking them up occasionally. In a couple of hours I placed a drop of this water on a slide and examined it under the microscope. I found it swarming with spores of the bitter rot fungus. There were also present the phoma spores and ascospores of the fungus of black rot, besides the spores of a number of less important fungi. One could scarcely have a more striking demonstration of the infectious character of old berries in the vineyard. *There were enough spores in the drop of water to carry black rot and bitter rot to your entire vineyard.*

Moral: Destroy all affected berries as a sanitary measure.

A Fatal Mistake.

Mrs. Jacob S—, an estimable woman, living in a small town in the West, discovered early in her matrimonial career that she had not been fortunate in her choice of a husband. Jacob proved to be excessively lazy and shiftless, doing almost nothing for the support of his wife and the round faced children.

Several years after her marriage Mrs. S— heard of the approaching marriage of Jennie Krale, the daughter of a neighbor, and meeting the girl one day she said:

"Vell, Shennie, I hear you vas tinkin' 'bout getting married. Vas dot so?"

The girl, with becoming blushes, admitted the truth of the rumor.

"Vell, Shennie," said Mrs. S—, "it would be vell for you to dink dwice before marrys any body."

"Did you think twice about it when you were married?" asked Jennie, rather resenting the intimation that she had not made a wise choice.

"Vell, yes, I did," replied Mrs. S——, after some little hesitation. "I did dink dwice, Shennie, but I made von grade meestake—von grade meestake, Shennie I did not dink der second time undil after I vas married.

A Mistake as to Stays.

The fact is that we are getting rather too clothesy nowadays. Our fiction, street hoardings, railway stations and newspaper advertisement columns are all clothes now, and mostly underclothes. Take the matter of stays, for example. The use of these engines of deformity was formerly wont to be concealed, now it is avowed and paraded. It was in days gone by every woman's object to persuade people that she was naturally deformed; now her evident desire is to show that she has deformed herself wilfully and of set purpose. Practically speaking, she now wears her stays outside her other clothes, and in every pictorial representation of her which appears in the illustrated novel and paper the outline of the corset is distinctly insisted upon. The dress is so arranged as to show the modest observer exactly where the stays begin and where they end; there is no longer any concealment about the matter. Now, I think, this is a mistake.

The Halls of Dazzling Light.

Mr. Delancy (at summer hotel hop)—"May I not put my name on your card, Miss Realestate?"

Miss Realestate (of Toronto)—"You are very kind, I am sure, Mr. Delancy, but I am not feeling at all well to night, and my card is already so full that I fear I have undertaken really more than it is wise for me to attempt to tumble to."

Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Many no doubt will recollect the first announcement that in September, 1887, a Conservatory of Music was to be opened at Toronto, with a Board of Management, comprising men whose names were eminent throughout the entire country, and with Mr. Edward Fisher, the well-known Toronto musician, as Musical Director. The proposal met with marked encouragement, and the Conservatory opened under successful and most brilliant auspices.

The first season has found over 600 pupils in attendance, drawn from all quarters of Canada, as well Toronto itself. During the season a large number of Concerts, Recitals, Lectures, etc., have been given. These collateral and free advantages all aid in the formation of a broader musical education than can be obtained through the pursuit of the ordinary practical studies, and are to be valued accordingly.

The prospects for next season are said to be so very encourageing that negotiations are even now pending for the purchase of a site on which a large Conservatory building, Concert Hall, and Art Gallery may be erected.

Wasted Tares.

Lawyer (drawing will of sick client)—"Your estate is much smaller, sir, than has generally been supposed."

Sick client—"Yes; but that fact must be kept quiet until after the funeral. I want a good showing of grief-stricken mourners."

Prickly heat is ripe.

People who ar subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

Students of the earth's surface will be anxious to see the huge globe that is exhibited next year in the Champs de Mars, in Paris. It will rotate properly on an axis, and will be accurately constructed on a scale of one-millionth. Even at that it will be a tremendous thing, and give considerable of an idea of the appearance of the world we live on.

The Great Dismal Swamp.

of Virginia, is one enormous quagmire of decayed vegetation, a region of gloom and desolation; but not more so than the human system when blocked up by decayed animal matter, which poisons the blood and brings gloom to an otherwise happy household. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets remove all waste matter, and give Nature a chance to build up.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death.—Young.

There's a blessing in the bottle on whose label we can read
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the woman who has need
Of a remedy for troubles none but women ever know
'Tis her best and truest friend, and happy thousands call it so,
As they think of years of suff'ring that were theirs before it came,
Bringing them the balm of healing, and they bless the very name

of this wonderfully, and deservedly, popular remedy for the various ills woman is heir to. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee*, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

The income of Oxford University for 1887 was $326,000.

"Death has so many doors to let out life," sang an old time poet. In those days they had not discovered remedies that shut these doors. How different is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, from the old time doses. Consumption or lung-scrofula, is one *wide* door that it shuts, if taken in time. *Don't waste a moment* then, lest life slip through that open door.

The famous old estate, the Oaks at Epsom, formerly the property of the Earl of Derby, and from which the great racing events take their name, was offered at auction a short while ago. It was bid in by the owner for £25,000.

A Cure for Drunkenness

The opium habit, depsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobbaco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause *not mentioned above*, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M V. LUBON, 47 Wellington street East. Toronto, Ont

The world itself is too small for the covetous.—Seneca.

CARE OF FARM MACHINERY.—Neglect of care for their machinery keeps many farmers poor. They leave their reapers, &c., exposed to all kinds of weather and knock them around as though they were indestructible, and worse still, when running allow the bearings to go dry and wear out through use of interior oil. Only the very best lubricating oil should be used, one which is clear of grit, will not gum and adheres long to the bearing. It is on this account that careful farmers prefer ROGERS' PEERLESS machine oil. It is sold in every town by best dealers. See adv.

A man in Windsor, O., is raising skunks, to see if there's money in it.

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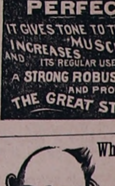

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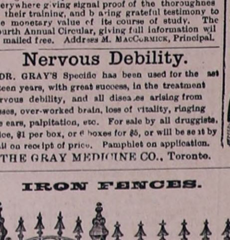

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The Tribune.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1888

LADIES and gentlemen will save time and money by coming direct to us for dry goods and gents' furnishings. Kerr & Wims.

HALTON election for the Commons on August 22nd.

QUARTERLY meeting at the Methodist Church next Sunday forenoon.

SUPT. BREAULT has been making sundry improvements on the Big Stables.

THE town has been filled with excursionists nearly every day during the past week.

ON Tuesday the Quinte carried a load of cattle from Deseronto to Cape Vincent, N. Y.

PICNICKERS and Campers will find everything they require for lunches at The Big Store.

ALL the Toronto dailies and Kingston and Montreal papers for sale at THE TRIBUNE office.

WHY was Noah like a hungry cat? He went forty days and forty nights without finding Ararat.

THE oldest church in Canada is said to be Notre Dame des Victoires, at Quebec, which was built in 1688.

A BAND of gipsies were encamped for a few days in Prospect Park trading horses and telling fortunes.

THE telegraph poles cannot be painted too soon. They will then be a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

SEE the remnant table at The Big Store, this will be an interesting department for economical buyers.

RESIDENTS on Dundas street rejoice in the disappearance of the unsightly telegraph poles from that avenue.

THE Oddfellows Band, of Belleville, have an excursion from Belleville to Deseronto this evening by the Quinte.

THAT is a good job which Marrigan's merry men have made of the boardwalk at Gracey's corner on Edmond street.

A small blaze started in some waste stuff in the shipyard on Sunday but was early extinguished by some strangers by whom it was fortunately noticed.

MR. G. D. SMITH has the foundation of Mr. Geo. Stewart's new house on Mill street very well forward. Work on Mr. Wm. Irvine's new house is also advancing very rapidly.

REMEMBER that by paying 25 cts in advance THE TRIBUNE will be sent to new subscribers for the balance of the year to any address in Canada and the United States.

THERE will be a service of song in the Methodist Church next Sunday evening. The public are very cordially invited to be present on the occasion. Strangers made welcome.

THE Sunday School of S. Mark's Church held their annual picnic and excursion the 16th inst. A time of unusual pleasure for young and old is guaranteed on this festive occasion.

DR. MAY, superintendent of Mechanic's Institutes, was in town last Friday and inspected the Deseronto Institute. The grant of one hundred dollars for the past year will be forthcoming.

SOME one has stood by and counted up and found that an average of 2,000 words is used between a clerk and a woman buying twelve yards of cotton. The last words she uses are "Please charge it."

Messrs. Hamilton, Malley, and Kerr & Wims, of McCullough's Block, have erected neat awnings in front of their business establishments which add to the comfort of their busy establishments in the hot afternoon.

REV. H. O. Tremayne, son of Canon Tremayne, of Mimico, arrives in town to day to enter on duties for some time as assistant to Rural Dean Stanton, of S. Mark's Church. He will probably conduct the service next Sunday evening.

TO-DAY the Quinte is carrying excursions from Belleville to the Cemetery above that city in connection with the Oddfellow's annual decoration of the graves of departed brethren. In the evening she carries a moonlight excursion out of Belleville.

MESSRS. Kerr & Wims, of McCullough's Block, are equal to the occasion. They are now offering all kinds of dress goods and gents' furnishings at prices suitable to the purses of all comers. The ladies of Deseronto will find it to their great advantage to give these dry goods men a call.

LORD ALBERMARLE, the Waterloo veteran, is a small, spare man, with bright eyes. He is eighty-nine years old, and is the sole survivor of the eighty-four officers who sat down to the Duke of Wellington's last Waterloo dinner. He gives a reception every year on the anniversary of that "world's earthquake."

HON. EDGAR DEWDNEY, late governor of the North West Territories, has been appointed Minister of the Interior, and Mr. John Haggart, M.P. for north Lanark, Postmaster General. The former appointment is not regarded very favourably, Mr. Dewdney and Sir David Mecpherson having been primarily responsible for the rebellion in the north west.

REMEMBER, Saturday August 11th is the date of Rev. D. O. Crossley's excursion to 1000 Island Park. Three day's outing for $1.00. A sail down the bay and river on Saturday, and a sail among the Islands on Monday morning. An hour at Kingston on the return trip. Two boats, the Hero and Quinte, carry the excursionists. Plenty of room and no overcrowding.

MESSRS. David Smith and Frank Claus have returned from their annual trip to the Bald mountains. They report a great scarcity of huckleberries this year; in fact it is impossible to get them in even small quantities, and residents in that section are asking high prices. If berries are scarce, not so with mosquitos which were simply terrible. David says he never experienced the like, and they made terrible havoc on his countenance even piercing through his clothes.

EGAR claims to have the best crop of sun' flowers in Deseronto.

BUY your School Books at THE TRIBUNE Office and thus save money.

VEGETABLES and all seasonable fruits are being sold at reasonable prices at The Big Store.

MALLEY'S egg shake is still the favorite drink during this hot weather. Pleasant and invigorating.

A LOT of first class hay for sale at Bay View Ranche. For prices and other information apply at the Ranche.

THERE is only the difference of an "s" between woman's weakness and man's weakness. One is gossip and the other is go sip.

HAMILTON, of McCullough's Block, has something very good, and cheap in boots and shoes, as well as in all kinds of dry goods.

THE stone foundation of the new Chemical Works building has been completed and the brick walls are also being rapidly pushed to completion.

THE atmosphere has been during the past few days thick with smoke from the forest fires which are at present prevailing in various sections of the back country.

Mr. Robt. Naylor is justly regarded as a benefactor of the race since he established his boat livery which is now generously patronized by the seekers of pleasure on the bay.

A SON of Mr. Taylor, of Taylor & James, Bridgewater, is working over the refuse of the Deloro gold mine, Marmora, and takes out $4.50 to the ton and handles six tons a day.

MR. J. E. FLEWELLING, editor of the *Ontario*, will sever his connection with that paper to take the position of assistant manager and editor of the *Canadian Lumberman*, Peterborough.

MESSRS. F. S. Hall and J. G. Hampton spent Wednesday at Grassy Point a favourite resort of fishermen. They report good luck. A good many of the fish they caught would weigh a pound.

THE weather during the past week has been pleasant with higher temperatures, the thermometer reaching 87° in the shade on Monday, the hottest day in July. Rain is greatly needed.

The Hero will carry an excursion to 1000 Island Park to-morrow. Talmadge is expected to preach there on Sunday. The Hero leaves Deseronto at 5 a. m. Fare for the round trip only $1.00.

ON the evening of Thursday, 16th inst., the Methodist choir give their concert on the water. The steamer Quinte has been engaged and arrangements made to ensure a bounteous supply of moonlight.

MR. W. G. EGAR has been making extensive improvements in his office, which is now equipped in the latest Montreal and New York style with elegant screens and other luxurious appointments.

CANADA'S standing army is growing beautifully less, many of the soldiers being annexationists. At least they are skipping out for the United States at the rate of two or three a week from Kingston alone. There have been over fifty desertions during the past six months from "A" battery.

As another argument for a new boardwalk from Valleau's corner to the Band Stand we are informed by an old resident that the present walk was not put down by the corporation but by contributions from the people living along Centre street.

MR. C. W. BYWATER, late of Trenton, opens out business as a tailor and cutter in part of the house, on the southwest corner of St. George and Edmond streets. Mr. Bywater is a skilful tradesman who will give satisfaction to all his patrons.

WE wonder if Mr. Lenderoth would lend the south wing of the Terra Cotta Works to the Deseronto Agricultual and Horticultural Society and the Mechanics Institute for a fair and industrial exposition during the coming autumn. It would afford ample space for such a purpose.

MR. & MRS. JOHN ROACH, of Columbus, Nevada, are at present enjoying a visit to his father, Mr. Thos. Roach, Sr., Napanee Road. Mr. Roach has for the past twelve years been in Nevada where he is engaged in the manufacture of borax. He has prospered in his western home. His present visit is in the pursuit of good health.

THERE is some talk of the Richelieu Company placing a line of boats on the Bay of Quinte to connect with their boats running down the St. Lawrence. The Richelieu Company has been awaked from their lethargy by the action of the C. P. R. authorities who will place a line of boats on the St. Lawrence next year.

THURSDAY, 16th inst. is the date; the Quinte, the steamer; Massassaga Point, the place; mirth and unlimited fun the object, of the Picnic of S. Mark's church and congregation. Pupils of the S. School free, all others 25 cents. THE TRIBUNE has been cordially invited to sample the contents of the largest and best basket on the grounds on that occasion.

MESSRS. I. Allum, Jr., and James Cameron have invented a skillfully arranged hotel and dining room conveyor which works noiselessly and effectively in carrying dishes, glasses, &c., from one room to another. The appliance might with advantage be introduced into warehouses and other establishments for carrying heavy articles from one place to another.

Dr. Smith, and his family, who have been the guests of Mr. E. W. Rathbun left on the Geraldine yesterday for a cruise among the Thousand Islands. Dr. Smith is one of the most noted physicians of New York City. He was a member of the National Board of Health, and a commissioner of state charities, &c. He is also the author of several valuable works on Surgery.

THE keenest rivalry exists between those two eminent horticulturists, Messrs. C. E. Hubbs and Chas. Becker each claiming his garden to be in every respect superior. No "salary," redish" or "sparrow-grass" in their gardens. All their plants are known to them only by sesquipedalian latin names, and the gazing novice is amazed as he listens to them speaking of plants and flowers in words of wondrous length and thundering sound.

CAPT. PARSONS and Mr. Leslie, wreckers, of Kingston, were in town the other day having been out searching for the lost schooner Maple Leaf, but were unsuccessful in their search. She is supposed to lay some where in the vicinity of the Ducks. Mr. Leslie is owner of the wrecking tug McCarthy, and has recently built at Kingston six pontoons each over 60 ft in length, with bodies cylindrical in shape and cigar-shaped at the ends. They can be seen at the Foundry dock, Kingston.

THE piston rod of the engine on the mixed train going west to Belleville broke yesterday morning about two miles east of the Junction delaying traffic for a few hours.

IN the outskirts of Leipsic a grave was recently discovered containing the remains of perhaps 2,000 of the dead of the great battle of 1813—Russians, Poles and French, as the fragments of the uniforms showed. The skeletons have been reinterred in a Leipsic cemetery.

THE excursion to the Thousand Islands, August 18th, in aid of the Methodist parsonage fund at Hilton, promises to be the best excursion of the season. The popular str. Quinte carries the party, and leaves Deseronto at 9.30, Saturday, August 18th. Tickets $1.00. Meals on board: breakfast and dinner 35 cents; Tea 25 cents. Staterooms to be had from Captain on board.

Car Works.

Mr. W. C. King, inspector for the Canadian Pacific Railway, was in town on Tuesday and inspected the first lot of cars lately turned out of the Deseronto Car Works for that company. He expressed himself well pleased and satisfied with the workmanship. The works are at present turning out one car a day, and with increased facilities for doing the iron work will turn out two per day.

Poor School Books.

A gentleman took up a copy of the geography, county edition, used in our public schools, to find the location on the map of Prince Edward, of Glenora, the Sand Banks, &c. It is quite unnecessary to say that he could not find them on the map. He found Massagasauga Pt., so spelled after some old manuscript. The educational department should see that they are not imposed upon by the compilers of school books. These county maps should give at least the most noted places and resorts.

Casualties.

Miss Susie Conley, daughter of Mr. Newton Conley, while visiting her grandparents in Stirling fell from a scaffold and broke her arm. Wm. Harvey, car driver in the yard department was jambed between two cars on Saturday, sustaining severe bruises. On Monday Wilson Thompson while working at the elevator platform cut his ankle with an adze. A five year old son of Mrs. German, Fourth street was run over by a horse and carriage on Wednesday evening sustaining severe bruises. Oliver Cole also had one of his thumbs badly jambed the other day.

Excursion.

The St. Hero will give a cheap excursion to Kingston on Friday, Aug. 17th. Tickets good to return from all points next day. Parties wishing to visit Wells Island and the renowned Thousand Islands can do so by paying 35 cents extra and return on Saturday. This will be the cheapest and most desireable time for this most enjoyable trip. Meals and staterooms at reduced rates. Will leave Deseronto 8 a. m. Leave Kingston to return Friday 5:30 p.m: Saturday 8 p. m. Tickets to Kingston and return 50 cents. To Wells Island and return 85 cents.

Yacht Races.

On Wednesday evening the first of the new series of races held under the auspices of the Deseronto Yacht Club took place in the harbor. Four of the larger yachts entered, viz, the Oddfellow, A. Barnhart; Annie L, J. Macleod; Grit, John Stuart; and Forget-Me-Not, John Tait. The yachts sailed on time, the course being the usual one, the 1st buoy off the trestle dock, 2nd at the mouth of the Napanee river, 3rd off Woodcock's dock and 4th off Kimmerly's fishing station, Capt. John's Island, and thence to place of starting. There was a keen and close contest, good time was made, the Annie L. winning in 57 minutes; Grit 2nd in 57½ min; Oddfellow 3rd 58½ min. and Forget-Me-Not, in 62½ min. The latter craft met with an accident her main sheet being carried away.

Further Rascality.

The warning afforded by the recent conviction and heavy punishment of dishonest patrons of cheese factories in this district has been disregarded. Inspector Whitton has lately been omongst the patrons of Mountain View factory, and has found no less than seven of them dishonest. Their punishment will, we trust, be severe, as they have had ample warning. Mr. Potter, the proprietor of the factory, being an honest man himself, was wholly unsuspicious of the rascality which was being practised. Mr. Whitton also detected a dishonest patron of Evergreen factory, Rawdon, who confessed his offence and will be punished. One patron of the Diamond factory and one of the Shamrock factory are in the same boat.—*Intelligencer.*

Police Court.

On Tuesday, Michael Dowling drunk and disorderly, was arrested by Chief Gunyou and locked up in the cells. Appearing before the magistrate he was fined $5 and costs, or $7.20 in all, with the alternative of twenty days in jail. Before the Chief arrested him Dowling was flourishing a loaded revolver which, however, Mr. Wm. Hunt snatched from his hand. In this connection it may be well to state that any person carrying loaded firearms is liable if detected to a fine of from 20 to 50 dollars and costs, or imprisonment for a term. On Wednesday The Chief also arrested Joseph Dwyer, of Croydon, for drunken and disorderly conduct. Dwyer who had been on the drive was paid off the day before at Shannonville and came to Deseronto for a good time. He managed to make his way into the dining room of the Deseronto House where he smashed dishes, &c. He was let off by the magistrate on payment of damages and cautioned not to return again.

Spruce Up.

In London and other cities of the effete kingdoms of the old world, merchants are wont to pride themselves on the antique appearance of their business establishments with such signs as Brown, Jones & Robinson, founded in 1312, or some date of a few centuries back, over their doors. A similar idea seems to pervade the owners of some of the mercantile establishments in Deseronto. But it must be remembered that Deseronto is only seven years old, or including its Mill Point stage, only about a quarter of a century, and hence this practice of aping the customs of the mother country in this particular is rather ridiculous, and there is no other excuse for the dingy, smoked and unpainted appearance which some business places exhibit. If the Big Store is to be continued, a noble structure should be erected or our good friend the manager should get the decorative artists at work and thus come into line with the enterprising business men of St. George street. THE TRIBUNE is desirous of having every house and shop in Deseronto looking neat and tasty. The towns of Ontario should not be behind those of the United States in the matter of a smart and pretty appearance. Strangers judge of a town by its shops, schools, churches, and public buildings.

The Quinte's Saturday Excursion.

On Saturday, 4th inst., the Quinte carries an excursion from Belleville to Napanee and return, remaining an hour at least in Napanee. These Saturday excursions are now attended by large numbers and are truly enjoyable. Tickets 25 cts.

Opening of the Methodist Church.

Rev. A. Campbell announced last Sunday that the dedicatory services of the new Methodist Church would be held on the first Sunday in September. It is probable that either Dr. Williams or Dr. Carman, and probably some other distinguished clergymen will preach on that date. Due intimation will be given of all the arrangements. The builders are making steady progress with the work and the edifice already presents a handsome appearance.

Read This.

A letter from the President of the 1000 Island Park to Rev. D. O. Crossley states that Sabbath Aug. 12th is the great day of the season at the Park. Rev. Dr. Leonard of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Rev. Dr. Baldwin, superintendent of Missions in China are to preach and two eminent Lady Lecturers are to give addresses in the afternoon. You will notice that Mr. Crossley's Excursion goes down the Saturday before this specially attractive Sabbath. See notice for particulars.

Canadian Press Association.

The Canadian Press Association held its annual meeting in the Rossin House, Toronto, on Tuesday, July 31st. There was a good attendance. The retiring President, Mr. Crabbe, gave an address and the proceedings were of more practical interest than in former years. It is proposed to hold two meetings in the year, one in the winter season. Rev. Dr. Dewart, editor of the *Christian Guardian*, was elected President for the ensuing year. The members left on Tuesday evening on their annual trip, the route this year being over the Grand Trunk to Portland, Maine, with trips from that point to various places of interest on the coast.

Salvation Army.

On Wednesday evening there was a good turn-out at the Salvation Army barracks, to bid farewell to Capt. Mutton who had received orders to go to Stirling to take command of the corps in that place. The proceedings were very interesting. Capt. Mutton has proved himself a fearless and prudent officer who has directed the affairs of the Army here in a manner most creditable. He has not feared to exercise salutary discipline, even at the expense of the loss of numbers. He is succeeded by Capt. Taylor, of Bath, who enters on his duties forthwith, and who comes here highly commended. Capt. Mutton and his family carry with them the best wishes of very many in Deseronto who will be glad to hear of their future success.

Crops in Manitoba.

Writing from West Brandon under date of July 23rd, Mr. Samuel Slack, formerly of Deseronto, informs us that he is glad to state that they have very good prospects of a good harvest again in Manitoba this year. There have been good rains all through the summer. Wheat was from three to four feet high and as thick as it could stand. People informed him that it was fully better than last year's crop. It was all headed out and looked fine. Mr. Slack further states that he had been going round with a threshing machine and very many of the farmers had from forty to fifty bushels of wheat per acre. Potatoes and turnips both do well and there are no bugs to eat them up. It is evident that the farmers of Manitoba have every season to expect a bountiful harvest, and now that the railway monopoly is broken higher prices may be expected for grain and better facilities afforded for its shipment to eastern markets. The rush of immigration into the Northwest should be increased next year.

Railway Extension.

The fact that the Quinte carried a load of cattle to Cape Vincent this week is very suggestive. Deseronto is admirably situated as a shipping port. All classes of vessels can easily load at its docks and Cape Vincent, Oswego, and Charlotte, the termini of various railway lines are within a few hours sail. Why should there not be more shipments of farm produce of all kinds from this port? If our business men would take some method of heralding abroad the advantages which this port offers in this respect and if regular cattle markets were held here, a large trade might be diverted over this route to the ports on the south side of lake Ontario. The extension of the N. T. & Q. Railway from Tamworth to Tweed will soon be completed thus tapping a large section of fine farming and mining country. Deseronto should become the port from which the products of this new region should be shipped. To render this more easy of accomplishment the Bay of Quinte railway should be extended so as to connect with the Napanee, Tamworth & Quebec railway at Napanee. Trains could then run without delay from Tweed to Deseronto. It would be well for the town council to urge the railway authorities to press forward the construction of this missing link and if necessary to aid the undertaking, which would tend so much to build up our town.

A Veteran's Proud Record.

We learn that our fellow-citizens, Mr. John Hoppes, is about to receive a yearly pension from the United States government, as well as a liberal sum for back pay, as one of the veterans of the civil war through which he passed and in which he was several times severely wounded. Mr. Hoppes was born in Quebec where he lived until nine years of age when his parents removed to Buffalo, N. Y., where he resided for many years. At that city in June 1861, he enlisted for three years or during the war in Company C. of the 116th Regt. N. Y. S. Volunteers, which afterwards formed part of the 1st Brigade, 1st Div. of the 19th Army Corps. He served until the war closed in 1865, being frequently for bravery and good conduct promoted, and was honorably discharged at Washington, D.C. His regiment when formed was composed chiefly of young men and was 1025 strong. After three years' service, and having taken part in twenty-one engagements, it returned home only 280 strong. His first campaign was under General Banks in Louisiana where he was present at the engagements of New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Plain Store, Port Hudson, Alexandria, Pleasant Hill, Sabine Cross Roads, Donaldson, etc. He then served in Virginia under that distinguished cavalry officer, Gen. Phil. Sheridan, when he was present at the engagements of Newtown, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek (where Gen. Sheridan made his famous ride to the front), etc., etc. It will thus be seen that Mr. Hoppes has had a long and distinguished war record, and as he has proved himself a good citizen as well as a brave soldier we unite with all his Deseronto friends in congratulating him on the proper recognition of these services by the government he served so faithfully.

Boarding and Day School.

Miss Martin will open in Belleville on 3rd September, a first-class school for young ladies. Resident teachers, competent to give instruction in the higher branches, including French, Music, Painting and Needle-work. A limited number of boarders taken. Prospectuses can be had by applying to Miss Martin, Belleville.

Pure Air.

On Sunday mornings a large number of Deseronto folk are wont to wend their way to the Mohawk church. One of the reasons for walking thitherward is that while at worship in the Indian church they enjoy a refreshing and deliciously cool atmosphere very different from the close, oppressive air which worshippers in town churches are fated to endure. Oh! for officers and church architects who know something about ventilation.

The Oldest Orangeman.

John Wright, of Ramsay, claims to be the oldest Orangeman in Canada. He joined No. 1494, County Armagh, Ireland on the 12th of July 1827. He came to Canada in 1831, and was instrumental in founding lodge, No. 92, in the county of Lanark in 1834. He was its first master and was re-elected to that position for fifteen consecutive years. He claims to be over sixty one years in close connection with the Orange Order. Since writing the above, Wm. Stevenson, of Kingston, aged 92 years states that he has walked in Orange processions for the past 75 years.

To Pathmasters, &c.

Chapter 202 of the Revised Ontario Statutes, Sec. 2. says:—"It shall be the duty of every owner of land or occupant therof to cut down or destroy all the Canada thistles, oxeye daisy, wild oats, ragweed and burdock growing on his land so often each and every year as is sufficient to prevent ripening of their seed." Sec. 9 extends the act to the highways of any municipality, and Sec. 10 makes an owner liable to a fine of not less than $5 for violation of the act, and an overseer of a highway to a fine of not less than $10 for neglect." We understand that some pathmasters in this section will be prosecuted for neglect of duty. We hope such is the case.

Band Concert.

The Band Concert, notwithstanding that Bandmaster Hoople was in ill health, was a great success last Friday evening. The people showed their appreciation by attending in vast multitudes. These concerts cannot be too frequent. They relieve the dull monotony of the summer evenings. Could not some one invite the Band to a sail on the bay some Saturday evening. Music on the bay when so many are out on the water would be a great treat. Here is an opportunity for some public spirited citizen.

Composition of Railway Dust.

The railway companies are gradually getting rid of the thing known as "the deadly car stove." Now let them relieve passengers of railway dust. They have no contrivance which actually does that now. Do you know what the railway dust which torments you so is composed of? Under a good glass it is shown to be composed of a large proportion of fragments of iron of a magnetic character, looking like old nails; of fused particles of burned iron, like clinkers covered with spikes and daggers with long tails; pieces of glass and coal and angular bits of metal.—*Pioneer Press.*

Mineral Spring.

Mr. W. P. Bowen has placed on our desk a bottle of mineral water taken from a spring on his property, Napanee road. It has a decided mineral taste, salt, sulphur, and carbonic acid being evidently among its constituents. It has been found to possess curative qualities for several diseases. The spring has a steady and unfailing flow at all seasons, and is beautifully clear. Cattle and fowl are observed to desire it and drink it in preference to all other waters, and old residents assert that in olden times deer used to be seen coming out of the forest to drink this water. A sample of this water should be sent to the government analyst at Ottawa in order to find the different constituents of which it is composed. It may be found to be a medicinal water of great value.

FRIDAY EVENING CONCERT

The Rathbun Company Band will play the following programme at the Band Stand this evening commencing at 8 o'clock, under Bandmaster Hoople:

Southwell Star Q. S.		G. Southwell
Galop	War Eagle	G. Southwell
Minor vs Major Q. S.		G. Southwell
Kentucky Jubilee Singers, Schottische,		Carnes
Overture	Crown of Victory	Ripley
Scotch Medley		Warren.
Linma	Song and dance	Pettee
Good Old Times		G. Southwell
Nahant		W. H. Thomas

God Save the Queen.

NOTICE.

IN future all engagments and other arrangements in connection with the Rathbun Company Band must be made through Mr. James Stokes, their President, to whom full powers in such matters have been delegated by the Band.
Deseronto, July 26, 1888.

Building Lots.

FORTY choice building lots just laid out and ready for sale.
Apply to
F. C. WHITTON.
Deseronto, June 7, 1888.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY have a few lots for sale on the hill near the White Church.
Apply to MR. F. C. WHITTON.
Deseronto, April 12, 1887

NEXT SATURDAY
Is the day to go to
1000 ISLAND PARK.

Talmage is Expected to Preach.

STEAMER "HERO"

LEAVES DESERONTO AT 5 A. M.

Tickets, $1.00. Good to return from 1000 Island Park any Saturday the Hero comes.

Annual Summer Sale.

This week we commence our annual summer sale, which will afford a grand opportunity to secure summer goods at great reductions.

We are bound to clear out entirely our immense stock of

Summer Silks,
Satins,
Dress Stuffs,
Dress Trimmings,
Prints,
Ginghams,
Zephyr,
Chambrays,
Seersuckers,
Lawns,
Muslins,
Embroideries,
Laces,
Gloves,
Hosiery,
Handkerchiefs and Collars.

In our tailoring and Gents' furnishing departments we are offering all our

SUMMER CLOTHING for Men and Boys,
STRAW HATS,
FELT HATS, light colors,
LISLE GLOVES,
HOSIERY,
TIES,
BOATING SHIRTS and CAMBRIC SHIRTS at a bargain.

DON'T FORGET OUR

Staple Department,

We have established a reputation for good qualities and low prices combined, during the past season.

Cottons at 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 cents per yard.

Steamlooms from 7 cents per yd up.

Sheetings, Tickings, Towels, Towelings, Table Napkins, Quilts, Cotton Yarns, Woolen Yarns, Carpet Warp.

ROBINSON & CO.

Successors to Downey & Co.

Napanee.

DESERONTO MARKET.

Deseronto August 2, 1888.

Barley, 55 to 75 cents per bushel.
Oats, 45 to 50 " "
Butter, 16 to 18 cents per pound.
Lamb, 7 to 8 " "
Beef, 4 to 5 " "
Lard, 11 to 12 " "
Eggs, 12 to 15 cents per dozen.
Potatoes, $1.25 to $1.30 per bag.
Hay, 15 to 18 dollars per ton.
Chickens, 30 to 50 cents per pair.
Hides 3 to 3.50 dollars per cwt.
Pelts 25 cents each.
Tallow in rough 2 cents per lb.
Tallow rendered 5 "
Hogs, live weight, $5.00 per cwt.
Hogs, dead, $6.50 to $7 per cwt.
Apples, 80 cents to $1.30 per bag.

BIRTHS.

Storms.—At Deseronto, on July 31st, the wife of Mr. Nelson Storms, of a daughter.

Mastin:—At Deseronto, on July the 31st, the wife of Mr. Melbourne Mastin, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Gilbert—Ketcheson,—At the residence of the bride's father, D. R. Ketcheson, Esq., Sidney, by Rev. A. Campbell, Mr. William H. Gilbert, of Thurlow, to Miss Gatrey Ketcheson.

DEATHS.

Rayburn:—At Deseronto, on the 30th of July, Florence Margaret, infant daughter of Richard and Emma Rayburn, aged 3 months and 19 days.

Bull:—At Deseronto, July 29th, 1888, Margaret Raycraft, beloved wife of John Bull, deceased, aged 70 years.

COWARDS AND FAINT HEARTED.

Only cowards and faint hearted call the world a vale of tears. Because there is night shade in the garden shall we forego its roses? Because bats live need we cage them and hang them in our bedrooms? Because it sometimes rains shall we hoist umbrellas in sunny weather? Because sin and sorrow, tears and death are abroad in the world shall we stand constantly at the gate in expectancy of their coming, like children watching for the band to go by, or weep at the windows in neglect of our duties, like old women lingering to see a funeral procession start off?—"Amber" in Chicago Journal.

The vicissitudes of climate are trying to most constitutions, especially to people having impure blood. For all such (and they constitute the majority), the best safeguard is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the use of which cleanses the blood and strengthens and invigorates the system.

A BIBLICAL PUZZLE.

The following Biblical puzzle has been quite frequently met with in our exchanges and may interest some of our readers:

A young student was asked: "How many boys are there in your class?" He replied: "If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth, divide this by the number of Haman's sons, subtract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ark, multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven, subtract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharaoh, add the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliath, subtract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem, divide by the number of anchors cast out when Paul was shipwrecked, and subtract the number of persons saved in the ark, the remainder will be the answer."

DON'T

Let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and "know how it is themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

Building Lots.

FOR SALE on Green street, lots 13, 14 and 15. For information apply to
MR. P. O'CONNOR,
O'Connor House,
April 27.—3 mos. Deseronto.

FOR SALE.

GOOD second hand Pork Barrels suitable to put pork in for home use. Also a number of Iron Bedsteads which can be seen at The Big Store or our office, Deseronto.

THE RATHBUN CO.

IMPORTANT TO ALL
Who are Bald, or have Thin, or Grey Hair, or who are troubled with
DANDRUFF
D. DORENWEND'S

"HAIR MAGIC"

Will be found invaluable for the hair and scalp. It cleanses the scalp of all Dandruff, invigorates the growth of the hair, and in cases of baldness where there are the slightest signs of roots left it will produce good crops of hair. It restores grey hair to its original color, and is an excellent dressing.

Do Not Delay, if your hair is in a weak condition get a bottle at once.

For sale by Geo. W. Egar, W. J. Malley, and all druggists.

A. DORENWEND, ... Sole Manfr.,
Toronto, Canada.

A Dorenwend is the leading manufacturer of Hair Goods in Canada.

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: **"I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills.** They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."

Here is an instance of

A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.—J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:

"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. They are **the best cathartic** and aperient within the reach of the profession."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

GEO. E. SNIDER,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELER & DEALER
in all kinds of SILVERWARE, &c.
Corner Main & St. George Streets,
Deseronto.

"In Union is Strength."

Particularly is this the case in the union or combination of the vegetable oils which blended together compose

SIMSON'S LINIMENT.

Its penetrating powers in Cases of Rheumatism, Lame Back, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, etc., have been thoroughly proven.

Mr. James Avery, Mallorytown, Leeds Co., Ontario, writes: "Shortly after your agent was here last winter my son unfortunately strained the cords of his back and not paying attention to it at once caught cold which settled there. He was laid up for about a week and suffered considerably. I, as an experiment, gave your **Simpson's Liniment** a trial and it brought him around in twenty four hours. I heartily recommend it." Sold everywhere for 25c.

Manufactured by
BROWN BROS. & CO.,
Chemists,
Halifax, N. S.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

FIRE INSURANCE!

We beg to advise those desiring insurance that we are Agents for

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF ENGLAND;
THE COMMERCIAL UNION INSURANCE CO'Y.
OF ENGLAND;
THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY
OF TORONTO, ONT.;
THE BRITISH AMERICAN INSURANCE CO'Y,
OF TORONTO ONT.,
THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y

Who will write Policies as low as any other *Stock* Company in the Dominion.

The standing of these Companies is such that all may be satisfied that in case of loss the settlement will be prompt and equitable.

Farmers will find it to their interest to insure with us.

Record kept of all Policies and Notices sent insurers before expiration of same.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
Deseronto, Ont.

DONT
NEGLECT THE COUGH

Cough, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis Whooping Cough Croup, Influenza Difficult Breathing and all Throat and Lung complaints. Pleasant to take; children are fond of it. Instant relief from first dose; heals and cures like magic. Prepared scientifically from the Pure Pine Tar.

Sold Everywhere at 25 cents a Bottle.

RECOMMENDED BY EVERYBODY.

I am acquainted with the composition of Perrin's Pine Tar Cordial, and can recommend it as being the most efficient Cough Remedy I know of.

P. PLMER BURROWS, M.D., C.M.

(Member of the American Public Health Association, and President of the Executive Association of Health Officers of Ontario.)

Perrin's Pine Tar Cordial Co.,
LINDSAY, ONT.

SUMMER GOODS MUST GO.

BARGAINS in PRINTS.
Bargains in Dress Goods.
Bargains in Parasols.
Bargains in Embroideries.
Bargains all over the Store.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

TERMS CASH.
Kerr & Wims

Mar. 9—3 mos. ST. GEORGE STREET, DESERONTO.

1888. SPRING. 1888

New and Seasonble Goods

are being shown in every department at

THE : BIG : STORE.

We are now offering special inducements in

SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

Many lines which we are showing cannot be got elsewhere, as we have imported them direct and in advance of the Wholesale Dealers, upon whom most retail merchants depend for their stock. Many novelties will be found in the

FANCY : GOODS : DEPARTMENT,

As everything new is added to our Stock. When you want anything in this line come direct to THE BIG STORE.

STAPLE DRY GOODS, SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, COTTONADES, WHITE AND GREY COTTONS, DUCKS, etc.

We are in a position to sell at a lower price than any other house in the trade.

THE TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

A very complete line of ENGLISH AND SCOTCH TWEEDS are kept, and being bought from manufacturers all middle handling is avoided, and the cost to our patrons largely diminished. All the operations of the work are conducted under MR. STODDART'S close and practical supervision.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—It is almost marvelous to contemplate the magnitude which this branch of our Store has attained. All who buy their foot-wear from us can rely upon getting Boots, Shoes, &c., of the highest standard of excellence and at the lowest prices considering the quality.

Groceries and Provisions.—This Department is so well known that comment is unnecessary. A large section of the surrounding country as well as nearly all the inhabitants of the village seeks their supplies at The Big Store, and the demand though large, has been amply provided for. Our Stock was never so complete as it now is, and consumers who leave their orders with us may rely with certainty on their being promptly and satisfactorily filled.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE BIG STORE,
MAIN STREET, DESERONTO.

FARMERS', -:- ATTENTION!

LOOK HERE!

H. M. SNIDER

HAS opened up ware-rooms on St. George Street, Deseronto, for the sale of agricultural implements of all descriptions. He is agent for J. O. Wisner, Son & Co's, of Brantford, manufacturers of the celebrated

WISNER COMBINED DRILL,
SINGLE DRILL AND SECTIONAL SEEDER,
SPRING-TOOTH CULTIVATORS,
SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS AND PERFECTION RAKES.

Also of A. Harris, Son & Co., of Brantford, manufacturers of

No. 2 STEEL FRAME BRANTFORD
—BINDERS,—
REAPERS AND MOWERS.

A full line of Repairs kept constantly on hand.

Plows. Shares for all kinds of Plows.

Deseronto, April 12, 1888. 6 mos.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION

A successful medicine tested over 30 years in thousands of cases. Promptly cures *Nervous Prostration, Weakness of Brain, Spinal Cord,* and *Generative Organs* of either sex, *Emissions* and all Ills caused by indiscretion or over-exertion. Six packages is *guaranteed* to effect a cure when all other medicines fail. One package $1, six packages $5, by mail. Sold by druggists. *Write for Pamphlet,* EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., *Detroit, Mich*

Before. After.

DESERONTO.

We want to say a word to you this week about clothing. We are not strangers to you. Many of your most

STYLISH YOUNG MEN

have worn our Clothes for years, but there are others we want to know, and the sooner the better for both. Why not at once? You like

NICE FITTING GARMENTS.

You pay for them, why not have them? Our stock is large and our prices reasonable, We give you city goods and city cut at

COUNTRY FIGURES.

We look after the details. Nothing neglected to ensure satisfaction. You want the clothes, we want your orders. Why can't we deal?

We are to be found opposite The Beaver Office, Napanee.

McALISTER & CO.,
Popular Clothiers and Furnishers.

LEADING

TORONTO DAILY & WEEKLY
NEWSPAPERS

Always on sale at The TRIBUNE Office,

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THE TRIBUNE

OFFICE

Has the best facilities for doing all kinds of

Job : : Printing.

NEW PRESSES,

NEW TYPE,

—AND—

OTHER EQUIPMENTS

Have been lately added to

OUR OUTFIT,

enabling work to be

Promptly and Artistically performed.

EVERYBODY

should call on us before leaving orders elsewhere.

Deseronto News Co.,
(LIMITED),
DESERONTO, ONT.

DISTRICT ITEMS.

Picton civic holiday, August 9th.

Potatoes are reported to be scarce about Tweed.

Porcupines devastate the suburbs of Marmora.

Madoc will hold its annual fall fair on Sept 27th and 28th.

The Napanee post office will be finished by the 1st of January next.

St. James Church, Kingston, will be enlarged at a cost of $8,500.

A milk adulterator in the vicinity of Frankford has been fined $25.

There are in the ancient village of Bath 131 voters of whom 70 are jurors.

The dredge Munson has gone to Kingston to work for the K. & P. Railway.

The Roman Catholics of Tweed hold their annual picnic on the 22nd of August.

Chief Hinde, of Trenton, got $500 for arresting Nelson, the Atlanta boodler.

E. Blake, a miner, was badly injured while working at a phosphate mine in Parham.

Belleville's vital statistics for the month of July are, births 7, marriages 7, deaths 12.

The Ontario woven wire fence company, of Picton, is receiving mammoth orders for their goods.

The Belleville base ball club will probably disband in a few weeks time. It does not pay expenses.

The ratepayers of Picton will vote for a bylaw on the 21st of August to raise $30,000 for water works.

The Ferns building on Princess street, Kingston, erected 50 years ago will be razed to the ground.

The Belleville city council have refused grants to the Quinte fair and Mechanics Institute library.

Mrs. S. W. Abbott, of Toronto, fell from a boat and was drowned at Kingston last Sunday morning.

Chas. D. Macdonald, Clerk of the town of Peterborough, was buried the other day with Masonic honours.

Notwithstanding the dull season there are considerable building operations in progress at Brockville.

The government appropriation for Belleville harbor improvements is exhausted and work has been stopped.

The work on the canal basin at Perth will be soon commenced, the town having purchased the right of way.

The firm of Silcox & Mowry is dissolved and henceforth H. J. Mowry will carry on the canal construction.

The Brockville *Times* very sensibly consigns all obituary poetry to the waste basket unless paid for its insertion.

New plans of Bloomfield and Wellington have been ordered to be made out by the inspector of registry offices.

Regular trains are now running over the Brockville & Westport railway and a considerable traffic is reported.

A ten year old son of Mr. James Dickson, of Campbellford, was drowned in the river Trent on Thursday of last week.

The Ameliasburg council have through a false interpretation of the statute given the bridge by-law the six months hoist.

The boulevard fever has struck Picton, the beautiful, but wandering nocturnal bovines still continue to annoy residents.

A 40 lb. maskinonge was caught in the St. Lawrence near Thousand Island Park one day last week by two boys from New York.

While Mr. O. S. Hicks, school teacher, front of Sidney, was absent from home thieves entered the house and stole $50 worth of clothing.

While men were digging gravel in the vicinity of Parham they struck a show of lead, but do not know how large the vein may be.

A six-year-old child of Mrs. Hayes of the dredge St. Charles has disappeared and though the Murray canal has been dredged the mystery is yet unsolved.

A dairy farmers' conference will be held during the provincial fair at Kingston when Hon. Chas. Drury will preside and addresses be delivered by eminent agriculturists.

A farmer who lives near Cornwall was fleeced out of $3,000 by two sharpers. He is probably one of these farmers who does not subscribe for the local newspaper.

Mr. N. Vermilyea, dep-reeve of Thurlow, has a Plymouth rock hen which lays eggs nine inches one way and seven and a half the other and weigh five and a half ounces.

Hiram Welcher, fisherman, caught 11 large sturgeon off Waupoos Island last week in one night's set of only 70 hooks, two of which weighed 300 lbs. He baited his hooks with small shad.

The *Intelligencer* states that the fishermen by the use of seines are fast ruining the fisheries of the Bay of Quinte. They ship the bass to the United States in barrels marked "bull heads."

The Trent Valley Canal commissioners are having a splendid picnic going over the route of the proposed ditch in a search for reasons why the government should discontinue its operations on the costly undertaking.

One of the thoroughbred cows belonging to Wm. Coe, Madoc, gave birth to three calves, two heifers and one steer. All were well formed and thoroughly developed, but as they were not found until next day all three were dead.

The managers of the Thousand Island steamboat company and of the St. Lawrence company state that though the steamers carry thousands daily not an accident or loss of life has occurred. The captains of the steam boats are teetotallers and this accounts for it.

It is proposed to extend the Brockville and Westport railway from Lyndhurst to Smith's Falls via, Delta and then make connection with the K. & P. Ry. This may obviate the necessity of a direct line from Kingston to Ottawa.

Owen Anderson, who died near Rollin, was born in Addington, and during the war of 1812 belonged to the Glengarry regiment. He was one of the 200 who defended Fort Erie in 1814. He fought at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane.

Two men while working for the Grand Trunk at Collinsby were badly injured. They were replacing a wooden bridge with one of iron when the iron slipped and fell on the men one having his leg broken and the other his ankle terribly lacerated.

Carleton Place and Smith's Falls are two villages between which there is the keenest rivalry. Both have reached the zenith of their power. Toronto and Ottawa are gradually absorbing the manufacturing and other business of the province under the present policy which is in the interests of the cities to the disadvantage of the small towns.

THE THREAD OF LIFE;

OR,

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XI.—Sink or Swim?

Hugh was selfish, heartless, and unscrupulous; but he was not physically a coward, a cur, or a palterer. Without one second's thought, he rushed wildly down to the water's edge, and balancing himself for a plunge, with his hands above his head, on the roots of the big tree, he dived boldly into that wild current, against whose terrific force he had once already struggled so vainly on the morning of his first arrival at Whitestrand.

Elsie had had but a few seconds' start of him; with his powerful arms to aid him in the quest, he must surely overtake and save her before she could drown, even in that mad and swirling tidal torrent. He flung himself on the water with all his force, and goaded by remorse, pity, and love —for, after all, he loved her, he loved her—he drew unwonted strength from the internal fires, as he pushed back the fierce flood on either side with arms and thews of feverish energy. At each strong push, he moved forward apace with the gliding current, and in the course of a few stout strokes he was already many yards on his way seaward from the point at which he had originally started. But his boots and clothes clogged his movements terribly, and his sleeves in particular so impeded his arms that he could hardly use them to any sensible advantage. He felt conscious at once that, under such hampering conditions, it would be impossible to swim for many minutes at a stretch. He must find Elsie and save her almost immediately, or both must go down and drown together.

He wanted nothing more than to drown with her now. "Elsie, Elsie, my darling Elsie!" he cried aloud on the top of the wave. To lose Elsie was to lose everything. The sea was running high as he neared the bay, and Elsie had disappeared as if by magic. Even in that dark black water on that moonless night he wondered he couldn't catch a single glimpse of her white dress by the reflected starlight. But the truth was the current had sucked her under—sucked her under wildly with its irresistible force only to fling her up again, a senseless burden, where sea and river met at last in fierce conflict among the roaring breakers that danced and shivered upon the shallow bar.

He swam about blindly looking round him on every side through the thick darkness with eager eyes for some glimpse of Elsie's white dress in a stray gleam of starlight; but he saw not a trace of her presence anywhere. Groping and feeling his way still with numbed limbs, that grew weary and stiff with the frantic effort, he battled on through the gurgling eddy till he reached the breakers on the bar itself. There, his strength proved of no avail—he might as well have tried to stem Niagara. The great waves, rolling their serried line against the stream from the land, caught him and twisted him about resistlessly, raising him now aloft on their foamnig crest, dashing him now down deep in their hollow trough, and then flinging him back again over some great curling mountain of water far on to the current from which he had just emerged with his stout endeavor. For ten minutes or more he struggled madly against those titanic enemies: then his courage and his muscle failed together, and he gave up the unequal contest out of sheer fatigue and physical inability to continue it longer. It was indeed an awful and appaling situation. Alone there in the dark, whirled about by a current that no man could stem, and confronted with a rearing wall of water that no man could face, he threw himself wearily back for a moment at full length looked up in his anguish from his floating couch to the cold stars overhead, whose faint light the spray every instant hid from his sight as it showered over him from the curling crest of the great billows beyond him. And it was to this that he had driven poor innocent, trustful, wronged Elsie! the one woman who, with all the force of a profound nature—profounder ten thousand times than his own—had truly loved him!

Elsie was tossing up and down there just as hopelessly now, no doubt. But Elsie had no pangs of conscience added to torment her. *She* had only a broken heart to reckon with.

He let himself float idly where wind and waves might happen to bear him. There was no help for it: he could swim no farther. It was all over, all over now. Elsie was lost, and for all the rest he cared that moment less than nothing. Winifred! He scorned and hated her very name. He might drown at his ease, for anything he would ever do himself to prevent it. The waves broke over him again and again. He let them burst across his face or limbs, and floated on, without endeavoring to swim or guide himself at all. Would he never sink? Was he to float and float and float like this to all eternity?

Roar—roar—roar on the bar, each roar growing fainter and fainter in his ears. Clearly receding, receding still. The current was carrying him along in a back eddy, that set strongly south-westward towards the dike of the salt marshes.

He let himself drift wherever it might take him. It took him back, back, back, steadily, till he saw the white crest of the breakers on the ridge extend like a long gray line in the dim distance upon the sea beyond him. He was well into safer water by this time: the estuary was only very rough here. He might swim if he chose. But he did not choose. He cared nothing for life, since Elsie was gone. In a sudden revulsion of wild despair, a frantic burst of hopeless yearning, he knew, for the first time in his whole life, now it was too late, how truly and deeply and intensely he had loved her. As truly and deeply as he was capable of loving anything on earth except himself; and that, after all, was nothing much to boast of.

Still, it was enough to overwhelm him for the moment with agonies of remorse, regret, and pity to make him long just then and there for instant death, as the easiest escape from his own angry and accusing conscience. He wanted to die; he yearned and prayed for it. But death obstinately refused to come to his aid. He turned himself around on his face now, and striking out just once with his wearied thighs, gazed away blankly towards the foam on the bar, where Elsie's body must still be tossing in a horrible ghastly dance of death among the careering breakers.

As he looked, a gleam of ruddy light showed for a second from a masthead just beyond the bar. A smack—a smack! coming in to the river! The sight refilled him with a faint fresh hope. That hope was too like despair; but still it was something. He swam out once more with the spasmodic energy of utter despondency. The smack might still be in time to save Elsie! He would make his way out to it, though it ran him down; if it ran him down, so much the better! he would shout aloud at the top of his voice, to outroar the breakers: "A lady is drowning! Save her!—save her!"

He struck out again with mad haste through the back current. This time he had to fight against it with his wearied limbs, and to plough his way with prodigious efforts. The current was stronger, now he came to face it, than he had at all imagined when he merely let himself drift on its surface. Battling with all his might against the fierce swirls, he hardly seemed to make any headway at all through the angry water. His strength was almost all used up now; he could scarcely last till he reached the smack.—Great heavens, what was this? She was turning!—she was turning! The surf was too much for her timbers to endure. She couldn't make the mouth of the creek. She was luffing seaward again, and it was all up, all up with Elsie.

It was Warren Relf's yawl, bearing down from Lowestoft, and trying for the first time to enter the river through the wall of breakers.

Oh, if only he had lain right in her path just then, as she rode over the waves, that she might run him down and sink him for ever, with his weight of infamy, beneath the curling billows! He could never endure to go ashore again—and to feel that he had virtually murdered Elsie.

Elsie, Elsie, poor murdered Elsie! He should hate to live, now he had murdered Elsie!

And then, as he battled still fiercely with the tide, in a flash of his nerves, he felt suddenly a wild spasm of pain seize on both his thighs, and an utter disablement affect his entire faculty of bodily motion. It was a paroxysm of cramp—overwhelming—inexpressible—and it left him in one second powerless to move or think or act or plan, a mere dead log, incapable of anything but a cry of pain, and helpless as a baby in the midst of that cruel and unheeding eddy.

He flung himself back for dead on the water once more. A choking sensation seized hold of his senses. The sea was pouring in at his nostrils and his ears. He knew he was going, and he was glad to know it. He would rather die than live with that burden of guilt upon his black soul. The waves washed over his face in serried ranks. He didn't mind: he didn't struggle; he didn't try for one instant to save himself. He floated on, unconscious at last, back, slowly back, towards the bank of the salt marsh.

When Hugh Massinger next knew anything, he was dimly conscious of lying at full length on a very cold bed, and fumbling with his fingers to pull the bed-clothes closer around him. But there were no bed-clothes, and everything about was soaking wet. He must be stretched in a pool of water, he thought—so damp it was all round to the touch—with a soft mattress or couch spread beneath him. He put out his hands to feel the mattress. He came upon mud, mud, deep layers of mud; all cold and slimy in the dusk of night. And then with a flash he remembered all—Elsie dead! Elsie drowned!—and knew he was stranded by the ebbing tide on the edge of the embankment. No hope of helping Elsie now. With a violent effort, he roused himself to consciousness, and crawled feebly on his knees to the firm ground. It was difficult work floundering through the mud, with his numb limbs; but he floundered on, upon hands and feet, till he reached the shore, and stood at last, dripping with brine and crusted with soft slimy tidal ooze, on the broad bank of the moated dike that hemmed in the salt marshes from the mud-bank of the estuary. It was still dark night, but the moon had risen. He could hardly say what the time might be, for his watch had stopped, of course, by immersion in the water; but he roughly guessed, by the look of the stars, it was somewhere about half-past ten. We have a vague sense of the lapse of time even during sleep or other unconscious states; and Hugh was certain he couldn't have been floating for much more than an hour or thereabouts.

He gazed around him vaguely at the misty meadows. He was a mile or more from the village inn. The estuary, with its acrid flats of mud, lay between him and the hard at Whitestrand. Sheets of white surf still shimmered dimly on the bar far out to sea. And Elsie was lost—lost to him irrevocably.

He sat down and pondered on the bank for a while. Those five minutes were the turning-point of his life. What should he do and how comport himself under these sudden and awful and unexpected circumstances? Dazed as he was, he saw even then the full horror of the dilemma that hedged him in. Awe and shame brought him back with a rush to reason. If he went home and told the whole horrid truth, everybody would say he was Elsie's murderer. Perhaps they would even suggest that he pushed her in—to get rid of her. He dared not tell it; he dared not face it. Should he fly the village—the country—the country—? That would be foolish and precipitate indeed, not to say wicked: a criminal surrender. All was not lost, though Elsie was lost to him. In his calmer mood, no longer heroic with the throes of despondency, sitting shivering there with cold in the keen breeze, between his dripping clothes, upon the bear swept bank, he said to himself many times over that all was not lost; he might still go back—and marry Winifred.

Hideous—horrible—inhuman: he reckoned even so his chance with Winifred.

The shrewd wind blew chill upon his wet clothes. It bellowed and roared with hoarse groans round the stakes on the dike sluices. His head was whirling still with asphyxia and numbness. He felt hardly in a condition to think or reason. But this was a crisis, a life-and-death crisis. He must pull himself together like a man, and work it all out, his doubtful course for the next three hours, or else sink for ever in a sea of obloquy, remembered only as Elsie's murderer. Everything was at stake for him—live or die. Should he jump once more into the cold wild stream—or go home quietly like a sensible man, and play his hand out to marry Winifred?

If he meant to go, he must go at once. It was no use to think of delaying or shilly-shallying. By eleven o'clock, the inn would be closed. He must steal in, unperceived, by the open French windows before eleven, if he intended still to keep the game going. But he must have his plan of action definitely mapped out none the less beforehand; and to map it out, he must wait a moment still; he must sum up chances in this desperate emergency.

Life is a calculus of varying probabilities. Was it likely he had been perceived at the Hall that evening? Did anybody know he had been walking with Elsie?

He fancied not—he believed not.—He was certain not, now he came to think of it. Thank Heaven, he had made the appointment verbally. If he'd written a note, that damning evidence might have been produced against him at the coroner's inquest. Inquest? Unless they found the body—Elsie's body—pah! how horrible to think of—but still, a man must steel himself to face facts, however ghastly and however horrible. Unless they found the body, then, there would be no inquest; and if only things were managed well and cleverly, there needn't even be any inquiry. Unless they found the body—Elsie's body!—poor Elsie's body, whirled about by the waves!—But they would never find it—they would never find it. The current had sucked it under at once, and carried it away careering madly to the sea. It would toss and whirl on the breakers for a while, and then sink unseen to the fathomless abysses of the German Ocean.

He hated himself for thinking all this—with Elsie drowned—or not yet drowned even—and yet he thought it, because he was not man enough to face the alternative.

Had Elsie told any one she was going to meet him? No; she wouldn't even tell Winifred of that, he was sure. She met him there often by appointment, it was true, but always quietly: they kept their meetings a profound secret between them.

Had any one seen them that evening together? He couldn't remember noticing anybody.—How shrill the wind blew through his dripping clothes. It cut him in two; and his head reeled still.—No; nobody, nobody. He was quite safe upon that score at least. Nobody knew he was out with Elsie.

Could he go back, then, and keep it all quiet, saying nothing himself, but leaving the world to form its own conclusions? A sudden thought flashed in an intuitive moment across his brain. A Plan!—a Plan! How happy! A Policy. He saw his way out of it all at once. He could set everything right by a simple method. Yes, that would do. It was bold, but not risky. He might go now; the scheme for the future was all matured. Nobody need ever suspect anything. A capftal idea! Honour was saved; and he might still go back and marry Winifred.

Elsie dead! Elsie drowned! The world lost, and his life a blank! But he might still go back and marry Winifred.

He rose and shook himself in the wind like a dog. The Plan was growing more definite and rounded in his mind each moment. He turned his face slowly towards the lights at Whitestrand. The estuary spread between him and them with its wide mud-flats. Cold and tired as he was, he must make all speed for the point where it narrowed into the running stream near Snade meadows. He must swim the river there, with what legs he had left, and cross to the village. There was no time to be lost. It was neck or nothing. At all hazards, he must do his best to reach the inn before the doors were shut and locked at eleven.

When he left the spot where he had been tossed ashore, his idea for the future was fully worked out. He ran along the bank with eager haste in the direction of Whitestrand. Once only did he turn and look behind him. A ship's light gleamed feebly in the offing across the angry sea. She was beating up against a headwind to catch the breeze outside towards Lowestoft or Yarmouth.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

He Would Cheerfully Give.

"Talking of umbrellas," he said, excitedly, "I lost my silk umbrella a week ago and I'd cheerfully give $10——"

"Was it a brown silk umbrella, with carved ivory handle?" inquired one of the group, quickly.

"It was. You've described it exactly. As I was saying, I'd give $10——"

"It's at my office this moment," interrupted the other. "I saw it was a valuable article and locked it up in the wardrobe, and kept it safely for you."

"Well, I was about to remark I'd cheerfully give $10 to have never owned a silk umbrella. Being as you have it, I'll call around, however. Much obliged."

"Don't mention it."

And he didn't.

A Trifle Off in Accent.

Madam (to French cook applying for a place)—Your accent, Maria, is not strictly Parisian.

French Cook—No, mum; me husband, hiven rist his sowl, was Dublin born, ond it is his accint that I have absarbed a troifle.

He Lacked Material.

Seedy Party—Can you help me, sir? I'm a spring poet, and in hard luck.

Gentleman—What caused you hard luck?

Seedy Party—The bad weather, sir; there wasn't enough of the 'beautiful' during the whole season to make a ten-line stanza.

Compulsory.

Old Lady (to convict)—Do they allow you to read the Bible, my poor man?

Convict (bitterly)—Madam, they *make* me read it.

A Bill of Fare Needed.

Young wife—"Now tell me, candidly, hubby, don't my cooking taste as good as the stuff you get at a restaurant?"

Hubby—"Y-e-s, but you see, dearie, at the restaurant I can look at the bill of fare and find out what I'm eating."

A Severe Rebuke.

Clerk—"I pelieve ve vill get some pad vedders."

Mose Schaumburg—"You pelieves *ve* vill get some pad vedders. Vat you mean by *ve*? Since ven haf you been a partner oph mine dot you talks *ve*?"

Fully Qualified.

"I see," said the dude to the banker, "that you advertise for a young man of unquestionable integrity and good address to become your private messenger. Now my integrity is A 1, and as for my address, it is No. 67 Murray Hill. There's no better in town." But the banker was too busy to talk just then, and the engagement did not take place.

Strawberry Short Cake.—Two even tea cups flour, piece of butter size of large egg, one heaping teaspoon of baking powder, one teaspoon of salt, all well mixed through flour. Mix to a dough stiff enough to roll out by cautiously adding sweet milk. Roll in two sheets, place in well-buttered baking pans, and bake until brown; or one teacup sour cream, one even teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt, flour to make dough stiff enough to roll. Mix this dough at least an hour before baking, and bake in two sheets same as first recipe. When crust is brown remove from oven, spread with butter, place layer of strawberries on. Sprinkle liberally with sugar, add three or four tablespoons thick, sweet cream, place top layer over, place in oven three minutes, then serve.

HEAT FROM ELECTRICITY.

An Invention which is Expected to Take the Place of Fuel.

On a small street in Cleveland lives an inventive mechanic who for years has spent his spare time in a little shop back of his house. In it electricity reigns supreme, and the owner has worked out the triumph of many hours of study. Models of almost every electrical apparatus known he has made for himself. In front hangs a powerful carbon light, while every corner is illuminated with soft, mellow incandescent bulbs, all made by himself.

All these machines and toys are mere by play to the great discovery of generating heat from electricity, on which he has been spendindg his lifetime. Under a cloth stood his invention, small yet perfect and capable of generating enough heat to turn the shop room into a regular Turkish bath. The inventor uncovered the machine and explainedsome of its workings, but the most important parts are still secret. "For years," he said, "I studied and experimented in vain. My first work was on the rule that from the result the cause could be produced. Following this theory I commenced on the electro-thermic battery, reasoning that if heat generated the electricity, by working backward heat could be made by electricity. For a long time I clung to this, but had finally to abandon it as practically impossible. Various other theories were tried and many weary hours spent in study when I should have been resting from my day's work.

"Some of my experiments produced heat, but not in sufficient quantities to be of any benefit. Finally I started off on another tack and began a new line of reasoning. Heat is simply an accelerated motion to the molecules of a body which crowd out a larger space for themselves in their faster movements, and consequently cause the expansion noticed in a heated object. This heat is diffused by radiation, that is by imparting its motion to the adjoining molecules. This is the case either in a solid body or in fluid. Following up this theory I began experimenting with electricity as a means for causing an increased motion to the molecules of a body. The first thing necessary was to form a substance on which the electricity could act. Here it is."

An irregular shaped piece of composition that looked like a lump of coke or carbon was disclosed to view. Wires were connected at opposite ends of it and that was all. The inventor pressed a button and in an instant the mass gave forth a heat, not dry like a furnace, nor yet damp, but that pleasant warmth felt on a spring day when the sun shines brightly and fairly invigorates a person after the cold days of winter. In the further corners of the room the heat evenly penetrated, and except when quite close the sound could not be noticed. The mass did not change color or present any different appearance when the current was shut off.

"The composition of that is the first secret," said the electrician as he broke the current, "and will be so long as I can keep it. As you can see, it is principally carbon to conduct the electricity. By adding certain acids it can be melted and moulded in any form desirable: in masses to put in grates, shaped like radiators, flat and placed under registers or whatever way wanted. I call it by a new name, carbodium. But here is the most important part of the whole thing; the machinery which gives motion to the molecules and generates heat in the carbodium. It consists of a device for making and breaking a strong current of electricity as is done in an electric door bell. This, however, is made on an entirely different plan, and cost me two years of study. As it is not patented yet, i don't wish the principle to become known, but it acts with inconceivable rapidity, in fact, so fast that, placed in a circuit with electric lamps the light barely quivers. The current is intended to pass through this and in jerks to the carbodium. On that peculiar composition it has the effect first of producing the small amount of heat given off by an electric light or two wires when crossed. This is sufficent to start the accelerated action of the molecules, which is then taken up by the electricity, coming in broken currents faster than the motion of the molecules themselves, and quickly causes an intense heat. From this simple outline and the test you can see my invention is a success. It can be attached to the same wires which run an electric light circuit, and dose not require nearly as much power as a single light. Owing to the equal diffusion of the heat one carbodium will warm half a dozen rooms. The apparatus itself costs very little. Of course, a severe shock would be recieved if the carbodium were touched, but with the care given a carbon lamp no accident need result. I am engaged now in perfecting a new kind of insulation which will not wear off and which is entirely different from the coverings used for wires at present. By dipping the metal in a peculiar kind of solution permanent insulation is secured, which makes it impossible to receive a shock even from the most powerful dynamo."

The inventor thinks his fortune is made, and he has secured monied men to back him including a well-known and wealthy electrican.

Very Reassuring.

Lady—"Have you any man calling to see you?"

New cook—"Yes, mum."

"I don't like to have strange men coming to the house. I am afraid of burglars."

"Be aisy, mum; the gintleman is a perliceman. He is just the man you want to have on the praymesis if it's burglars that yez be afraid of."

The Terms Too Easy.

"It is so sudden, Mr. Peduncle," said the young lady softly; "give me time to think of it."

"Certainly," replied the business-like commercial traveller. "I'll be around again in thirty days."

"I only wanted a moment, Harry," she said sweetly."

A Great Difference.

Smith: How are you, Jones?

Jones: Excuse me, I don't know you.

Smith: You knew me when you borrowed that ten dollars.

Jones: Well, I don't want to borrow anything now.

Iced coffee is said to be gaining ground as a beverage.

The latest arrangement in Paris for a wedding at home is a floral umbrella, under which the happy pair stand.

The crusade against the bustle has had a set-back. A woman recently fell into Moosehead Lake, Me., and when she was landed a five-pound trout was found entangled in her tournure. There is no reason to doubt, therefore, that at certain crises a bustle may become eminently useful. Its thorough abandonment by women should not take place until all the arguments pro and con have been carefully weighed.

ONE HOUR IN LOVE.

An English Drummer Helplessly Smitten. His Account of the Experience.

It was only a few days after Mr. Gould had been murdered in an English railway tunnel, and his murderer was still uncaptured. I was in a third-class carriage of the Penicuik train at the Waverley Station. A seedy-looking fellow sat opposite to me, and two young schoolboys were at the other end of the compartment. The train was just moving when a young lady came running along the platform looking in at the windows for an empty seat. I opened the door, and, with the assistance of a porter, got her safely inside. She sat down breathless and excited, and it was some time ere she looked round to see who her fellow-passengers were. When she saw the fellow who sat opposite (for she was sitting on the same side as I was), she started and turned pale. Evidently she was thinking of Lefroy. By this time we were almost entering the Carlton tunnel, I next observed that the young lady was looking furtively at me. I supposed she judged that I was a more respectable man than our fellow-traveller (at that time, which was shortly before I proposed to her who is now my good lady, I was considered a tolerably good-looking fellow), for I became conscious that she was shifting along towards me; and, ere we were far enough into the tunnel to be

IN TOTAL DARKNESS,

we were very pleasantly close to each other. Just then the man opposite shuffled his foot on the carriage floor, the young lady gave a sob of fear, and, ere I had time to think what might be the matter, her arms were around me. I was somewhat astonished; but, though suspecting that there was little need for alarm, to reassure her I put my arm round her waist, and, I imagined, at least, I heard a sigh of relief. We were in this lover-like position when we got out of the tunnel. The school boys saw us, looked at each other, and tittered; and even the fellow opposite lifted his eyebrows in surprise. The tittering of the boys brought the young lady to a knowledge of her position, and she let go her hold. I expected to see her blush, but she did not. I almost wished that I could blush, for I am sorry and annoyed when even strangers have a bad opinion of me. But my occupation has long since destroyed my capacity for that sort of thing. I did not move my arm, however, from its position, which the young lady did not seem to dislike. I wondered whether she knew that my arm was round her waist, or whether she was too much taken up with the man opposite to have noticed it. I fear now that the latter is the best explanation. She watched the movements of every muscle of his face; and when he made a decided shift of position she as decidedly started. Seeing that his actions so excited my fair companion—for she was fair—I took a good look at him, but I saw nothing to be afraid of, or to connect him with

BURGLARY OR MURDER.

In the mind of a nervous person his dull grey complexion, his sunken eyes, his narrow chin, and his straggling beard might have raised thoughts of Lefroy; but his hands bore signs of harder work than Lefroy's had ever known. I now think that he must have been a miner, and that his unhealthy occupation had begun to tell upon his constitution. I next turned my attention to the young lady. She was about twenty-two or twenty four years of age, moderately tall and slim, with fair hair and blue eyes, and well-coloured cheeks, and——but I had better say no more about her looks. I can only say—and I say it without putting any limit to the meaning of the words—that she was beautiful.

I was in love. We had not yet spoken to each other, yet I was in love and deeply too. I had often laughed and scoffed at love at first sight, but I now found that I had been laughing at what was not an impossibility. Perhaps you are laughing at me now, but I don't mind. Had you been in my position, I doubt not that you would have been similarly affected. I speak to you as one who has now a kind little wife of his own, but who once lived, like you, in susceptible singleness. Yet, although my adventure had happened only yesterday, I would not have considered it disloyal to Mrs. W—to acknowledge that my fellow-passenger had charmed me. I would rather have considered it a compliment to her, for it showed that she had not yet driven from me my youthful open-heartedness and that I was yet as good, if not a better, natured fellow than when she first met me.

But for an occasional restive movement of either of the schoolboys we might all have been taken for a travelling

COLLECTION OF INANIMATE DUMMIES,

until, at Eskbank, the man opposite left the compartment. The train had started again, when the young lady noticed that my arm was around her. She looked at me, her eyes speaking an apology, and blushed, and I released her. Now that the cause of her alarm was gone, my arm had no longer any right to be where it was. I asked her if she was still afraid, and made one or two kind little speeches. She replied that she now felt relieved, and she thanked me for my kindness, and apologised for her "rudeness." Oh! that all young ladies like her were rude, and that they apologised as sweetly for their rudeness! I made some sort of hint to this effect, and she smiled. This might have led to a very pleasant conversation, but I thought it more honourable to speak of something else. We talked as railway passengers who are strangers generally talk—of literature, art, music, and politics (she knew politics, and the subject was introduced by her)—and about all these she talked with a frankness and unaffectedness too uncommon among our young ladies. I was getting deeper and deeper into the vortex of love. I could have

MADE A DECLARATION

of my sentiments but the eyes of the schoolboys were upon us. We chatted away pleasantly—she very intelligently, I somewhat incoherently, I fear, for I was dreaming of some Arcadian existence in which she was to be the sun of my life. But the arrival of the train at Penicuik put an end to my dreams. I assisted her out of the carriage and bade her good bye; and I watched her until she disappeared round the corner of the railway bridge, at which I was still staring, when the stationmaster slapped me on the shoulder and said—

"Hullo, friend! What's up? Have you lost something?"

"No; I'm in love!"

"Oh, indeed! (sarcastically). What wi?"

"The young lady who came out in the train with me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed loud and long. "Yon's the dominie's wife, man!"

From my order-book I know that I went my rounds that day; but I have no recollection of what I did. When I was next at Penicuik the stationmaster told me that my customers had been wondering what was the matter with me. He said that he had not enlightened them. I don't believe him, however; for since that time I have noticed a peculiar suppressed sort of smile on their faces, which I never saw before. But they say nothing. Neither do I.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A new thing in England is a walking stick made hollow, with a place in it for holding eight or nine cigars.

London omnibusses are to be illuminated with the electric light, the storage battery to be carried under the seat of the drivers.

Sharks have appeared at the mouth of the Mersey, and Liverpool's small boys are wearing bowie knives when they go in swimming.

The President of the Imperial Academy at Pekin has undertaken, by command of the Emperor, to translate "Hamlet" into Chinese.

Salmon fishers at Woodbush, Dunbar, England, recently found in one of their nets a fish with the body and tail of a salmon and the head of a haddock.

The latest meteor story is one that is alleged to have fallen near Kiew, Russia, and which, when broken open, is said to have been found full of small diamonds.

A young French officer is said to have invented a microphone which will record and announce the approach of a body of soldiers and give some idea as to their numbers.

There are 621 newspapers printed in Berlin. Fifty-four are official papers, 70 political, 165 have to do with literature, science, and art, 217 are commercial, and 30 religious.

Count Paul Vasili says that "Rome is the best place in Europe for arriving at the knowledge of diplomatic arrangements which the parties chiefly concerned would like to keep secret."

An English court has just decided that railway servants cannot eject persons from trains who say they have lost their tickets the only remedy being to sue the passenger for breach of contract.

The Czar of Russia is a great fisherman, and he has just bought in Finland a tract of land with a river swarming with salmon. His imperial wife is also a fair fly caster, and can manage a wicked fish with ease and grace. But did the Czar ever bob for eels?

A Parisian Duchess has bettered Sarah Bernhardt's tiger cub by adopting a real panther as a pet. She keeps it in a long cage, and gives it sun and air on the veranda, where she feeds it herself, stroking it through the bars of the cage as she does so.

A telephone has been fitted up between the Hospice on the Great St. Bernard and the valley below, and the monks are now informed when travellers start to ascend the pass. If they do not appear within a proper time servants are sent out to meet them.

A young Englishman is said to have written to his fond uncle the following encouraging letter: "Dear Uncle—You have often said that you could die happy if I could pass the final examination for the bar successfully. You can die happy. Your dutiful nephew."

Lubicz Kurkovski, the Polish officer who recently died at Makoff, was undoubtedly 116 years old, according to well established evidence. He was born in 1772, fought as a private soldier under Kosciusko, was an officer in the Polish Legion which went with Napoleon to Moscow, and distinguished himself in the Polish insurrection of 1831, then being thought a veteran.

In Russia they are trying to find some way of solidifying petroleum, and Dr Kauffman claims to have done it by heating the oil and adding to it from 1 to 3 per cent, of soap which dissolves in the oil. The liquid upon cooling, it is said, becomes like tallow, and 's hard to light, slow to burn, and without smoke but develops much heat. The idea is to make the petroleum available for fuel.

The French Minister of War has decided to award the Cross of the Legion of Honor to Mme. Drouan at the coming July fete. She was the faithful attendant of the Fifty ninth Regiment of Infantry during the war in 1870, behaving with the utmost valor during the battles about Metz, and attending to the officers and men even when they were under heavy fire, until she was taken prisoner.

The cherry crop has been a failure this year in England, except in Kent, where they have been abundant and delicious ever since the time when Richard Harreys, fruiterer to Henry VIII. sent to Flanders for fresh grafts of a special kind, the old stock of English cherries seeming to be dying out, and planted 105 acres of the new fruit around Teynham. The Kent cherries have ever since been the choicest and most plentiful of English cherries.

The Norwegians are breaking up worn out wooden ships in a singular way. They take the vessel to some dangerous point on the coast and anchor it there, leaving it to be broken into bits by the sea in the first heavy gale. The fragments are carried ashore, and are collected and sold at good rates for firewood.

A leading English Judge is hard of hearing, and recently, it is said, there was frequent applause during the hearing of a case before him. He silenced it several times, but after a while came an outburst louder than ever, and in great indignation he exclaimed: "These demonstrations are most unseemly! If they continue I shall have the court cleared at once" But the noise the Judge had heard was a peal of thunder from a storm that had suddenly come up.

It has been discovered in France that glass bottles in which wine is kept affect its quality. Peligot, a chemist, says that the changes which wine kept long in bottles undergoes, is due to the action of the ingredients used in the preparation of the glass. An undue admixture of lime and magnesia which are often substituted for soda and potash, being cheaper, acts injuriously upon the wine. In those bottles in which the wine actually improves, the proportion of lime is found not to exceed 18 or 20 per cent.

The condition of the slave trade may be estimated when it is learned that Cardinal Lavigirie, Archbishop of Algiers and Carthage, has felt it to be his duty to go to Europe to denounce its continuation. He has lately delivered impassioned harangues from the pulpit of St Sulpice, Paris. He says that the evidence is that 400,000 slaves are annually sold on the African shores, and that, taking into account those killed in capturing them and the deaths from barbarous treatment, the slave trade counts 2,000,000 victims every year.

Two clans or families in the Prefecture of Yung How, in Hunan, China, recently fought for the possession of a certain hill, and twenty-seven were killed. The Government thought such a proceeding irregular, and sentenced the leader of the victorious party and fourteen of his followers, with one of the defeated who fired the first shot, to decapitation. Several members of the two clans, who took no active part in the row but encouraged it, were sentenced to receive 100 blows each, and the elders of both families were sentenced to eighty blows each, on general principles, for not having prevented the fight.

WHAT SMALL FARMERS DID.

The Great Mistake of Engaging in Farming on an Extensive Scale.

Atlanta Constitution: Man naturally wants the earth, or, at least, that part of it which adjoins his particular estate; but he makes a great mistake when he engages in farming on an extensive scale.

Prince Krapotkine, who has made a careful study of the subject in France, gives a number of instances in the country districts around Paris, where comparatively ignorant farmers have made small market gardens enormously productive. One farm is mentioned by him of two and seven-tenths acres which produces annually 125 tons of market vegetables of all kinds. The owner of this farm by building walls to protect his lands from cold winds, by whitening the walls to secure all possible radiated heat, and by the constant and judicious use of fertilizers, has his little farm in a productive condition from the first of January to the last of December. By simple and inexpensive means he has practically located his farm in the tropics.

A French gardener does not care what kind of soil he starts with. He would be satisfied with an asphalt pavement, because he makes his soil, and so much of it that he has to sell it to keep his place from being gradually raised above the level of the surrounding country. When a farmer once understands the laws of chemistry he has no difficulty in making soil that contains all the materials needed for plant life.

Prince Krapotkine speaks of one gardener who has covered half an acre with a glass roof, and run steam pipes supplied by a small boiler under the ground sheltered by this covering. The result has been that he has cut every day for ten months from 1,000 to 1,200 large bunches of asparagus, a product which under ordinary conditions would require sixty acres of land. But this result has been surpassed by an English farmer, who has made a one acre mushroom farm yield him an annual income of $5,000.

Under the French method of culture it would be possible to make one square mile support 1,000 human beings. On such a scale of productive capacity this country would support a population of 3,000,000,000. Even when we knock off a fair percentage for mistakes, exaggerations and unfavorable conditions, it will be seen that we are in no danger of having an over-crowded population for centuries to come. There is no reason why our eastern farmers should go west for more elbow room. Their great drawback is not the want of more land, it is the possession of too much land.

In some localities in Switzerland the traveller on the plains or in the valleys looks up to a towering precipice 2,000 feet above his head. When he laboriously climbs to the summit, expecting to find nothing but a bare rock, he sees before him the smiling expanse of productive fields, with pretty cottages dotting the landscape. The peasant proprietors started with only the naked rock under them. They carried the rich soil of the valley in baskets on their backs up the mountain side, and went to work with a will until they transformed their sterile patches into blooming gardens.

The success of European farmers with all the forces of nature against them should be an inspiring lesson to our tillers of the soil. The American small farmer has only to unite brain work with hand work to make himself independent and comfortable, if not rich. But without this union of the brain and hand there can be no great and permanent success.

Cattle Imported Into Great-Britain.

The number of cattle imported into the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland during the year 1887 is 2,998,439, a decrease of 250,874 compared with the recepts of 1886. The report shows—

From Canada there were imported in 1887 to the ports of Aberdeen, Bristol, Glasgow, Liverpool and London, 187 cargoes, and part of one cargo wrecked near the Scilly islands was landed there. These cargoes consisted of 65,154 cattle, 35,479 sheep, and three swine; 840 cattle and 847 sheep were thrown overboard during the voyage; twenty-four cattle and eighteen sheep were landed dead, and forty-one cattle and seventy-one were so much injured that it was necessary to slaughter them at the place of landing.

These figures show a very considerable increase in the number of cattle from Canada lost and injured during transit last year as compared with the losses in 1886; this is partly accounted for by the loss of 208 cattle from one vessel, which as stated above, was wrecked, and the cattle saved from the wreck, 250, were landed on the island of Annet, the nearest available place. The losses of sheep were very small last year, being less than one-fourth of what they were in 1886.

From the United States of America there were imported into the ports of Bristol, Glasgow, Hull, Liverpool, and London 350 cargoes, consisting of 96,812 cattle and 1,027 sheep; 2,256 cattle and 162 sheep were thrown overboard during the voyage; 281 cattle and two sheep were landed dead; and five cattle were so much injured that it was necessary to kill them as soon as they were landed.

Thus it appears that 4,105 animals were thrown overboard, 325 were landed dead, and 117 were so much injured or exhausted that they were killed immediately after landing, making a total of 4,547 which were lost on the passage or so much injured that it was necessary to slaughter them at the place of landing.

Arctic and Antarctic Icebergs.

It is not generally known that a marked difference exists in the form of the icebergs of the two hemispheres. Those of the Arctic Ocean are irregular in shape, with lofty pinnacles, cloud-capped towers and glittering domes, whereas the Southern ice-bergs are flat-topped and solid looking. The former reach the shore by narrow fords, but the formation of the latter is more regular. The Northern are neither so large nor so numerous as those met with in the Southern Ocean. In 1855 an immense berg was sighted in 42° south latitude, which drifted about for several months and was sighted by many ships. It was 300 feet high, sixty miles long and forty miles wide, and was in shape like a horseshoe. Its two sides inclosed a sheltered bay measuring forty miles across. A large emigrant ship ran into this bay and was lost with all on board. Only about one-ninth of an iceberg is visible above water. There are several well authenticated accounts of icebergs 1,000 feet high having been sighted in the Southern Ocean. This would make their total height 9,000 feet, or nearly two miles.

Georgia produces vigorous old men, and 75-year-old Mace Newman of Wilkes county is a sample. The old man was sitting in his shop the other evening, reading, when a fox ran in and lay down by the side of his chair. Mr. Newman struck the animal with a square, and, when it jumped out of the window, followed in hot pursuit, and after a short chase caught and killed it.

SOME ASTRONOMICAL QUERIES.

Did you ever see any whey that was not milky?

Did you ever have the good fortune to see Venus horizon from the sea?

Did you ever go behind the hills to see if anything had been hatched out by the setting sun?

Because your baby wants to get up at 2 o'clock in the morning is he any brighter than the sun that rises at 5.

Did you ever get a splinter in your hand through too great familiarity with a moon beam?

What's the difference between the starlight and the theodolite?

Does the moon get full at the great b'ar?

How did O'Rion lose the B out of his name, and is his name really O'Brien?

How much does Leo and who are his creditors?

In what battle did Ursa Major win his title?

Do you suppose Sagittarius is on good terms with Taurus?

And if he is does this prove that Sagittarus never hit the bull's eye?

Do the Twins ever say "by Gemini?"

Does Sirius ever smile, and when he does is it because of the comet's funny tale?

Does the man in the moon say "I swan" when Cygnus comes round?

When the sun begins to sink do they ever use the dipper to bale him out?

When Jupiter gets thirsty does he call for Isis?

Do you rhyme Terpsichore with floor or hickory?

Does the wind ever blow through the whiskers of Capricorn?

Do you know any more about astronomy now than you did two minutes ago?

LAWYERS AND THEIR WAYS.

Peter the Great was opposed to litigation. He issued an edict that no trial should last to exceed eleven days.

A lawyer making his will bequeathed his estate to fools and madmen, "for," said he, "from such I had it and to such I give it."

Solon compared the people to the sea and the lawyers to the wind. "The sea," he said, "will be calm and quiet if the wind does not trouble it."

In the reign of Henry VI. courts were held at Dorking every three weeks, and there are instances of suits lasting six months, and resulting in damages of four pence and costs of twelve pence.

European civilization may have wrought changes, but up to a few years ago the Chinese code was so simple that the services of attorneys were not necessary, and there was not a lawyer in the whole empire.

Dr. Garth, alluding to the practice of lawyers, wrote:

> "For fees, to any form they mould a cause.
> The worst has merits and the best has flaws;
> Five guineas make a criminal to-day,
> And ten to-morrow wipes the stain away."

In the rolls of the British Parliament, 1445, is a petition from two counties setting forth that the number of attorneys had lately increased from six to twenty-four, whereby the peace of those counties had been greatly interrupted by law suits. They asked that the number be reduced to fourteen.

Addison tells a story about the Neapolitans, who were much given to litigation. One of the Popes made a requisition upon the Viceroy of Naples for 30,000 head of swine. The Viceroy replied that the swine could not be spared, but if his Holiness had any use for 30,000 lawyers they were much at his service.

Hawking.

From the earliest time the kings of England have taken a delight in hawking and spent largely upon it. Alfred the Great is reported to be the author of a treatise on the sport, and Edward the Confessor devoted to hawking whatever time he could spare from religious exercise. It was at first undoubtedly a Northern amusement, and spread southwards—where it was quickly appreciated—when the ancestors of William the Conqueror settled on the northern shores of France. The Norman Conquest gave fresh life and vigour to the pastime in England, and from that time it became more a "class" sport than before. It was costly to a degree; to obtain a thoroughly efficient bird often necessitated a special journey to Norway. All through the reign of Henry II. the Exchequer accounts show heavy payments for "Norweyan" hawks. The taste for the sport was fully shared by the aristocracy of the Middle Ages. To train and skilfully manage a hawk was part of the gentlemen's education. The famous "Boke of Saint Albans" (A D 1486) assigns to every rank its particular kind—for the king a "gerfalcome," for an earl a "peregrine," or a lady a "merlin," for a "young man" a "hobby," for a priest a "sparrow;" while a "holiwater clerke" had to be content with a "musket."

Which Was the More to be Envied.

When Lafayette was last in America, receiving ovations wherever he went, he was entertained nowhere with more ardent devotion than in New Orleans. He was formally received in the old Spanish building situated on the Place d'Armes, now Jackson Square, north of the cathedral. He was very affable, and particularly agreeable to young men. Illustrative of his happy faculty of making himself popular by being, in a social way, "all things to all men," the following may be pertinent. Two young Creole gentlemen were successively introduced to him. "Are you married?" asked the marquis of the first. "I am, General," was the reply. "Happy man—happy man!" said Lafayette, warmly pressing the youthful Benedict's hand. The second made a negative answer to the same question, "Lucky dog—lucky dog!" said Lafayette, patting the bachelor on the back.

Sir Robert Peel's Honor.

A private letter, it is said, should never be produced, and as proof of this the conduct of Sir Robert Peel toward Mr. Disraeli is cited. Mr. Disraeli had commenced a series of venomous personal attacks against Sir Robert in the House of Commons. Sir Robert hinted that their cause was to be found in his having refused to give him office. Mr. Disraeli indignantly replied that he had never asked for office, and challenged Sir Robert to produce one single proof that he had. Sir Robert had at the time a letter from Mr. Disraeli asking him for office, but neither produced it nor alluded to it, because his high sense of honor would not allow him to make use of a private letter, the production of which would have crushed his opponent. Had he not taken this view there would, in all probability, have been no Lord Beaconsfield, no Primrose League, no "Peace with honor."

MURDEROUS NATIVES.

They Attack a British Schooner off the Kamtschatka Coast.

Advices received by the steamer Belgic give an account of a murderous attack by natives upon the crew of the British otter hunting schooner Nemo, off Copper Island, on the coast of Kamtschatka. The Nemo sailed from Yokohama last April on the usual hunting voyage, and on May 29th while off Copper Island Capt. Snow had three boats lowered to pull around in the vicinity of the vessel and look for otter. The boats were manned by Japanese, Capt. Snow being the only white man on board. While the boats were approaching a large rock fire was suddenly opened by a concealed party upon the captain's boat which was then but a short distance from the rocks. One bullet struck Capt. Snow in the hand, and he immediately ordered the men to pull away. Bullets then began to fall like hail, and several men rolled off the seats. When the boats reached the vessel it was found that three men were mortally wounded, and they died after a few hours. An enquiry was afterwards held before the British consul at Kanagawa and the testimony showed that the attack was unprovoked. Captain Snow believed that the assailants numbered a dozen at least. An investigation brought out the fact that it was the general belief that the rifles had been furnished the natives by the Alaska Commercial Company to guard the coast against the depredations of seal hunters, but it is stated that the natives who made the attack could not have used this as an excuse, as it is a well-known fact that there are no seals in these waters till a month later.

Eucalyptus-Trees.

The eucalyptus belongs to the myrtle tribe. It is said that there are as many as one hundred and fifty varieties of the tree. They are native to Australia, but have already been introduced into most of the tropical and temperate countries of the world.

Two kinds have been chiefly cultivated, the redgum, *resinifera*, and the blue-gum *globulus*, which is the better known. It is famous for its rapid growth, as it often makes an increase in height of from six to nine feet a year. The tree continues growing at this rate until it has reached an enormous size.

In 1862, it is said, an Australian merchant desired to send to the London Exhibition a specimen of the large-growth eucalyptus, but no ship could be found long enough to carry the giant.

The products of this tree are numerous and varied. The wood is said to be valuable for the carpenter's and builder's uses. The gum, or resin, is employed in the manufacture of "soaps, court-plaster, liniments, syrups, pomades, toilet vinegars, as well as many preparations used for artistic purposes, such as varnishing oils, veneer and tracing paper." There has been for some years established in Paris a store for the sale of eucalyptus perfumery.

But by far the most valuable and important property of this tree is its power of correcting malaria. This quality is, perhaps, due to the aromatic oil which the tree contains, or more probably to the drainage effected by its roots. It has been proved in many countries in which the tree has planted. In Algeria the cultivation of the tree has rendered many low-lying or marshy districts inhabitable, where, in the early years of French occupation foreigners could not live on account of deadly fevers.

The eucalyptus was first planted in Algeria in 1862 and now there are reckoned to be not less than two millions of these trees in that country, each from fifty to sixty feet in height. From what the tree has already done for colonization, it is evident that it must play an important part in future schemes for making settlements, particularly in tropical regions.

Another Zulu War Imminent.

Telegrams from Durban, bring news of yet another Zulu war. Intelligence has been received of the return to N Konjeni of the police and soldiers, and the native levies forming a support to the former, from Hlop-kulu Hill. The Usutus were found in a strong position among dense, bushy kloofs. After six hours' resistance they were dispersed with heavy loss, 1,000 of their cattle being captured. The casualties on the British side include—killed, Lieutenant Briscoe, of the Inniskilling Fusiliers; Mr. Trent, leader of a native levy, and three natives; wounded, one Basuto (dangerously), and seven others. The extent of the losses among the native levies is as yet unknown. Ishinguna's fate is uncertain, but it is said that he escaped on horseback. A later telegram says a force comprising a detachment of British troops and police and native levies attacked the rebel chief Ishinguna, and utterly routed him after six hours' severe fighting. Intelligence received from Zululand states that four chiefs of the Inkandhla District attacked the loyal chief Sokotyata and looted his cattle. They afterwards attacked the residence of the district magistrate, who, with the help of a few native police and Sokotyata's men, repulsed the enemy with heavy loss after several hours' fighting. The loss on the British side was trifling. More encounters will have to follow if, as some suspect, Dinizulu and his following are acting with the connivance of the Boers. Dinizulu represents the power of Cetewayo, or what is left of it, and he is at deadly feud with a chief under British protection, whom he has just overthrown. Usibepu, his enemy, was only saved by timely flight to a British police station. The engagements have probably been brought about by a punitive expedition against Dinizulu. If he has the Boers at his back it will be easy to err by trying to punish him too much.

The Empress Victoria's Devotion.

If an example is wanted of devotion on the part of a woman the story of the Empress Victoria at her dying husband's bedside will be quoted for all time. Germany little knows the amount of self-abnegation and devotion that the widowed Empress has displayed during many months. In her husband's critical state it was absolutely necessary for her always to wear a cheerful and hopeful face, and her country people reproached her for her hopefulness. But without this the late monarch would doubtless have succumbed long since. It was of the highest importance to him to feel and imagine that there was always a chance of a better turn in his malady. Those in her Majesty's immediate vicinity know well how she always checked them when they tried to use words of sympathy, for she said:—"If you begin to talk of pity I shall break down, and I dare not shed a tear in the Kaiser's presence."

In Siam for stealing or killing an elephant a buffalo or a bullock, the punishment death. Housebreaking is also punished with death. A person detected in smoking opium is imprisoned for three years. The men of the lower orders of people are slaves, and must be enrolled to some master.

Angel Josie! Snowy Spirit.

BY LEIGH STURGEON.

> Angel Josie! snowy spirit,
> Far above the milky way;
> Brightest star that bless'd our heavens,
> Sweetest song that cheer'd our day.
>
> Come back, darling,—mortal hearts say—
> But a higher voice replies—
> "Rather wait and join her anthems;
> Where thy songster never dies."
>
> Angel Josie! snowy spirit,
> Eyes must weep and tombs must fill,
> Ere life's gloomy tempest enters
> Heaven's road and "Peace be still."
>
> There amid unfading blossoms,
> Where dark sorrow never blights;
> Hand in hand, we'll love and loiter,
> Basking in the Light of Lights.

Not Strangers There.

BY LINDA LOUISA LEHMAN

> To whom would Heaven's door so freely open
> As to a little child,
> Who stands with timid feet upon its threshold,
> Lovely and undefil'ed?
>
> And such a one, of late, was lowly lying,
> With fast receding breath;
> Over her face the first, last shadow falling—
> She was afraid of death!
>
> Her loved one said, "Oh, do not fear to enter
> That land, so wide and fair."
> To all their words of cheer she could but answer,
> "I do not know them there!"
>
> But, even as she spoke, her hands were lifted
> In sudden, sweet surprise,
> And the reflection of some dawning splendour
> Illumined her wondering eyes.
>
> No longer clinging to her tender watchers,
> And darkened by their woe,
> She looked as if she saw some loved one beckon,
> And was in haste to go.
>
> What she beheld we saw not, and her rapture
> Our hearts not yet might share,
> But with a last bright smile she whispered gladly,
> "They are not strangers there!"

Wild Flowers.

BY E. H. SHANNON.

> Along the pleasant country road,
> Beneath a cloudless sky
> We strolled, that golden summer time,
> My pet and I;
> The deep, deep eyes were drinking in
> The beauty, where it spread,
> And busy thoughts were busier still
> Within her head.
>
> She'd never known the country thus,
> Dressed in its colors rare,
> When nature strews her wild flowers, bright
> Beyond compare.
> The houses, as we passed, revealed
> Their lawns and flowery beds,
> But here, unkept, the wild flowers shook
> Their saucy heads.
>
> "Mamma, who owns these pretty flowers,
> Does this house or that one?"
> I stopped a minute where my girl
> Stood in the sun;
> "Neither, my dear. God planted them
> For little girls like you,
> He'll let you take all you can pick,
> If you choose to."
>
> Her hands were full—my heart was too,
> As with a mother's pleasure,
> I watched her gather in her arms
> Her treasure;
> Then, on her knees the darling dropped,—
> Without a minute's warning—
> "I thank you, God, for sending these,—
> Good morning!"

Breaches of Etiquette.

It is a breach of etiquette to stare round the room when you are making a call.

To remove the gloves when making a formal call.

To open the piano or to touch it if found open when waiting for your hostess to enter.

To go to the room of an invalid without an invitation.

To walk about the room examining its appointments when waiting for your hostess.

To open or shut a door, raise or lower a curtain, or in any way alter the arrangement of a room in the house at which you are a caller.

To turn your chair so as to bring your back to some one seated near you.

To remain after you have discovered that your host or hostess is dressed to go out.

To fidget with hat, cane or parasol during a call.

To preface your departure by remarking "Now I must go," or to insinuate that your hostess may be weary of you.

To resume your seat after having once risen to say adieu.

For a lady recieving several callers to engage in a tete-a-tete conversation with one.

To call upon a friend in reduced circumstances with any parade of wealth in equipage or dress.

Coins of Great Price.

Coin collectors have got another treasure to look after; for, a few weeks ago, a small issue of the late German Emperor's coinage was made from the royal Mint at Berlin, and a limited number of gold Fredericks have got into circulation, but they are already so exceedingly scarce that they command fancy prices. The mint officials are now busy with the coinage of the new Emperor, which is to be issued at once. At a sale of coins a few days ago a five guinea piece, dated 1820, fetched £100, and £13 was paid for a Queen Anne farthing.

Quicksand.

Quicksand is composed chiefly of small particles of mica mixed largely with water. The mica is so smooth that the fragments slip upon each other with the greatest facility, so that any heavy body which displaces them will sink and continue to sink until a solid bottom is reached. When particles of sand are jagged and angular, any weight pressing on them will crowd them together until they are compacted into a solid mass. A sand composed of mica or soapstone, when sufficiently mixed with water, seems incapable of such consolidation.

Herr Tisza.

Herr Tisza, the Austrian prime minister, is a Hungarian, and was born in 1830. He is a very wealthy land owner, having inherited a large estate from his father. Ordinarily Tisza is not a striking looking man. He dresses in such poor taste that tailor recently put an article in the newspapers saying that he was not responsible for the premier's lack of style. Tisza is a tall, lean man, with strong features, bright eyes, and a long, white beard. He is said to look like "an aged Mephistopheles." Tisza is not a great orator, but he is an untiring worker and of wonderful versatility.

Precaution.

Fenderson is always equal to an emergency. He had but one burglar alarm and three doors. It could be attached to but one door, but Fenderson did not long hesitate. He put it on the front door and placed this notice on the outside of the other doors: "Burglars will please operate upon the front door, otherwise their presence may not be known. N. B.—The front door is the only one furnished with an automatic burglar alarm."

THE SKEENA EXPEDITION.

For the Rescue of White People Besieged by Indians.

On Sunday of last week the steamer "Caribou Fly" arrived at Victoria, British Columbia, from the Skeena River with reports to the effect that a band of Indians had besieged the Hudson's Bay officers and their families, together with the law officers sent up to arrest an Indian murderer. According to these reports, which were unconfirmed, the Hudson's Bay Company's factor at Hazelton, on the Skeena River, and one of the law officers had been murdered and unless quickly rescued all the whites would be massacred. A small force of provincial police was got ready and this body, together with C Battery of regulars stationed at Victoria B.C., marched to Esquimault, where they embarked on H.M.S., "Carolina," which will convey the whole expedition to Skeena, a village at the mouth of the Skeena river.

The Skeena river flows into Hecate Strait about fifty miles south of Fort Simpson, the well-known Hudson's Bay Company's post and about five hundred miles north of Victoria, B C. Hazleton, the scene of the troubles, is about ninety or one hundred miles up the river at the junction of the Kilumax river, known as "The Forks."

THE MAP

of the coast of British Columbia, shows the relative positions of Victoria, Vancouver, the Skeena River, Skeena village and Hazelton, as well as of Alaska and Washington Territory.

THE ORIGIN OF THE TROUBLE

is thus related in a recent Victoria (B. C) newspaper:

Mr. Borland, a well known packer, arrived from Hazelton on the steamer "Boscowitz" to confer with the Attorney-General regarding the state of affairs at Hazelton on the Skeena River. Last year an Indian named Kitwon Cool Jim murdered an Indian doctor at the forks of the Skeena. A *posse* of specials under Mr. Washburne was sent from this city to arrest the murderer. When they arrived at Hazelton it was discovered that Jim had gone to the mountains to elude the officers. The party consisted of Washburne, Loring, Green, Holmes and Parker. They encamped at Hazelton and awaited the return of the murderer. Early in June they received information that Jim was at a place called Kitangar, about fifteen miles below the Forks. On the morning of the 19th of June an Indian brought news that Jim was in a house at Kitangar. Early in the morning three of the party walked down to the house, which was occupied by twenty Indians. Jim was among the number, and was called upon to surrender. He made a break for the door and ran towards the bush. Holmes fired a revolver over his head after calling him to surrender but he still kept on. Green then raised a Winchester rifle and fired striking him in the back, the bullet going clear through his body. Jim fell and expired in a short time. Washburne and Loring came to the scene of the tragedy an hour after the shooting, and handed the body over to an Indian, who is acting as missionary. The latter told Washburne to take his specials to a place of safety on account of the threats made by Jim's friends to massacre the party. The specials then returned to Hazelton, where they are at present hemmed in by the hostile Indians. They have erected bastions of timber and bags of sand, and can hold out for a month if the Indians can be prevented from burning the place. Borland is engaged in packing goods for the Hudson's Bay Co, between Hazelton and Babine's Lake, or Fort Babine. His freight train with five men are above Hazelton, and no freight can be carried up. He had great difficulty in coming down. His canoe was stopped by one party of Indians, and the occupants were ordered to return. Borland was determined to get through, and at last convinced the natives that he was not connected with the specials. At every encampment his four Indians went ashore and held a conference with their brethren. Among the whites in the locality where the shooting took place are—Mr. Clifford and wife (in charge of the Hudson's Bay store), the Rev. Mr. Fields and wife, and Mrs. Hankin and family. They are very much troubled over the state of affairs. The Indians demand Green to be handed over to them, and one thousand dollars paid them. If the specials refuse to accept their demands they threaten to burn down the houses and murder every white person in the locality. An Indian trapper is still out on the mountains and a number of their men at work in the canneries. Indian women are calling on their warriors to avenge the death of Jim. Mr. Borland says prompt steps should be taken by the Government. Should an uprising take place the lives of all will be sacrificed. The Indians will not allow another white person to come down the river, and unless a large party proceeds to Hazelbon without a moment's delay the result will be the massacre of the specials. The river is not navigable for a man of war, and the Government will probably send a small stern wheel steamer and a large force of specials up.

The Women of India.

The women in towns and villages above the coolie class rarely show their faces and the better classes never. Some travellers speak of their peeping at one from their veils or from behind their latticed windows. From what I have seen and can learn from people who have long lived here such coquetries are only indulged in by the Nautch girls (dancing girls) of a low order, or by a still worse class. The education of a woman is such that she honestly thinks herself degraded should she permit her face to be seen by a man; rarely is it done, even to a father-in-law or brother-in-law, especially if the brother-in-law be older than her husband. A well-to-do Hindoo, with six brothers, all younger than himself, told me he had seldom ever seen the face of a single one of his sisters-in-law, and when he had done so it was under peculiar circumstances religiously permissible. This thing is not simply a social custom, but it is mixed up with their religious requirements. Religion has a very powerful hold even on the men, who are generally more or less educated, for now common schools are through-out the country. But the women are wholly uneducated except in religious rites and duties. With them their religion is all despotic and powerful, leading them in the past to the burning piles of their dead husbands.

It is reported that a locomotive engine designed and constructed by Mr. Stirling of the Great Northern Railway has accomplished, with a moderate train-load of passenger coaches, a statute mile in fifty seconds, or at the rate of seventy-two miles an hour, and made a continuous run at a speed of one mile per minute.

It was Freddy's first experience with soda water. Drinking it down eagerly he was aware of a tingling sensation in his nostrils. "How do you like it?" asked his mother, who had stood near. He wrinkled up his nose as he replied: "It tastes like your foot was asleep."

STATISTICS

The calculation of experts is that 100 eggs are annually consumed by every head or unit of the population of Britain.

Of 853,000 young men eligible for military service in Russia in 1886, only 229,000—74 per cent. of whom were Russians—were enrolled. Of the conscripts 26 per cent. could read and 29.7 per cent. were married.

Excluding the late annexation, the total population of Burmah was estimated in 1881 at something under 4,000,000. There are 20 large towns with populations varying from 5,000, to 50,000, and Rangoon, in addition, counts 134,000 souls.

The total tonnage of fish received in London during 1887 was 170,463 tons, as against 168,354 tons in 1886. The quantity seized as unfit for food was 997 tons, as against 1,100 tons in the year before. Of the fish condmned 27 per cent. was shell-fish, and the 997 tons included 194 tons of foreign herring and 134 tons of immature fish.

Opium occupies the first place in the foreign trade of Persia. The two principal markets are Hongkong and London. In 1886 4,993 chests, worth £374,475, were exported from the ports in the Persian Gulf, exclusive of what was sent away by land routes or was consumed in the country itself. The quantity of morphia contained in Persian opium is 11½ to 12 per cent., while in other opium-producing countries it rarely exceeds 9½ per cent.

As many as 4,000,000 Germans have removed to the United States since 1820. In 1880 the population of the German empire included 2,860,000 of Polish speech, 300,000 of French, 150,000 of Danish, 150,000 Lettish, 137,000 of Wendish, and 34,000 of Czeckish or Bohemian. There are at present in Europe over 60,000,000 of Germanic speech, if the 8,000,000 Dutch and Flemish speaking inhabitants of the Low Countries be included. The Teutonic nationality has doubled in Europe since 1840; but the increase has been almost entirely in the urban population, which advanced from 14,790,000 in 1871 to 18,720,000 in 1880, while that of the rural districts remained almost stationary during the same period, 26,219000 and 26,513,000 respectively.

VARIETIES.

The constant iteration of the woodpecker's cry before a storm has given it the names of rain-bird, rain pie, and rain-fowl. Storm-cock is a provincial name shared by this bird and the missel-thrush, the latter often singing through gales of wind and rain. Storm-bird also is applied to the field fare. The abhorrence in which mariners hold the swallow like storm petrel is well known; its appearance is believed to denote wild weather. This little bird is the "Mother Carey's chicken" of sailors, and is also called storm-finch and water-witch.

Wind-rolled snow balls are often seen on the Dakota and Wyoming prairies in winter. Sometimes millions upon millions of the balls are in sight at one time. Many are of the size of an orange, some as big as a cannon-ball, while others reach the proportions of the prize pumpkin of the country fair. These freaks of the storm leave a fanciful person under the impression that great armies of schoolboys have been battling over the snowy expanses.

A stranger travelling among the Moor for the first time would perhaps be astonished and a little frightened by seeing one of them riding at full gallop towards him, as if he were intending to execute a cavalry charge. His fears might perhaps be increased on this horseman, when almost close to his apparent victim, suddenly reining up and discharging a pistol over his head. Recovering from his astonishment, however, he would find that this is the Moorish way of welcoming a stranger.

The laburnum is indifferent to the weather, and will grow with little care. The tree is a species of broom, and is a native of Switzerland. There are several varieties, of which some are considerably later in their time of flowering than others. Much more use might be made of the laburnum than one ordinarily sees as a climbing plant. It covers the walls of houses completely and rapidly, like the wistaria, and thus grown, presents a beautiful appearance. The tree never ought to be mentioned without a warning as to the poisonous character of its fruit, which grows in pods almost exactly like the common garden pea, and is apt to be eaten by children, and even older persons unaware of its highly dangerous properties. The laburnum is indeed an almost solitary example of poisonous qualities in a plant belonging to the order of *Leguminosæ*, or peas.

Self-Possession of Orators.

Wit frequently stands an orator in good stead, when but for it he would break down. Curran, for instance, struggling for an illustration of a client's innocence, got to "It's as clear as—as,—at that moment the sun shone into the court—"clear as yonder sunbeam that now bursts upon us with its splendid coruscations." Father Taylor, the sailors' missionary in Boston, became so hopelessly entangled on one occasion in a complex sentence that the starting point was quite out of sight. He got out of the dilemma by saying, "Brethren, I don't exactly know where I went in in beginning this sentence, and I don't in the least know where I'm coming out, but one thing I do know—I'm bound for the Kingdom of Heaven!" So he "took a new departure, and left the broken-backed centipede of a sentence lying where it might in the track behind him." The celebrtated passage in Patrick Henry's speech against the Stamp Act in the Virginia House of Burgesses is perhaps unexampled as an instance of self-possession. As he uttered the words, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third"—the cry of "Treason!" was heard from the Speaker, and "Treason—treason!" was echoed from every part of the House; but Henry continued, with the firmest emphasis—"may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it." Coleridge, during one of his democratic lectures at Bristol, made a very neat retort to some expression of disapproval—"I am not at all surprised that, when the red-hot prejudices of aristocrats are suddenly plunged into the cool element of reason, they should go off with a hiss."

The Salvation Army are having great success in India, according to all reports. They are said to live on 20 cents a week per capita, and submit to great privations uncomplainingly, and it is also said that Commissioner Tucker, their leader, recently resigned a Government place worth $4,000 a year to join the army.

Lace of very delicate texture was made in Flanders in 1320. Its importation into England was prohibited in 1483, but it was used in the Court costumes of Elizabeth's reign.

The Tribune

FRIDAY, AUGST 3, 1888.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Wm. Bassett has been on the sick list this week.

Mr. A. Z. Valleau has returned home from a visit to Selby.

Mr. John Hoppes is suffering from an attack of malaria.

Senator Sullivan, of Kingston, was in town on Wednesday.

D. W. Allison, Esq., of Adolphustown was in town yesterday.

Rev. John Snodgrass, of Demorestville, was in town on Monday.

Mr. James Stokes enjoyed a trip to Belleville last Saturday.

Mrs. C. D. Williams, of Coleman, Mich., is visiting friends in town.

Miss Marks, of Peterborough, is the guest of Miss Long, Main street.

Rev. R. J. & Mrs. Craig are enjoying a visit to the Thousand Islands.

Mr. Amos Vanalstine is enjoying a week's vacation by a trip down the bay, &c.

Mrs. F. McMaster is enjoying a pleasant trip to Oswego and to different ports on the lake.

Mrs. T. G. Pile is, we are glad to state, gradually recovering from her recent severe illness.

Mr. & Mrs. H. R. Bedford and family have returned home from the Thousand Islands.

Miss Sarah Allen, of Kingston, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Robt. Massey, Mill street.

Mr. DeWitt VanBuskirk, of New York city, is visiting at Mr. E. C. French's, Centre street.

Mrs. Chas. Taylor, of Oswego, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. A. E. Gracey, St. George street.

Miss Jennie Gillick, of Belleville, was the guest of Miss Maggie Stoddart one day last week.

Mrs. W. B. Graham and family have gone to Montreal on a few weeks visit to friends in that city.

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Alexander, of Santa Barbara, California, have been guests at Bay View Ranch this week.

Mr. Robert Dobson, B. A., headmaster of Picton High School, spent last Friday afternoon in town.

Miss C. A. Nichols, of Napanee, spent Tuesday in town as the guest of Miss Williams, Mill street.

Mrs. Finlayson, who has been spending the past few months in Rochester, N. Y. has returned to Deseronto.

Miss Lily Fraser, of Montreal, has been enjoying a visit to Deseronto as the guest of Mrs. W. B. Graham, Thomas street.

Mr. & Mrs. A. G. Holley and Miss Holley, of New York, are visiting Deseronto as the guests of Mr. & Mrs. F. S. Bathbun.

Mr. & Mrs. J. B. McMurrich who had been visiting in Toronto, crossed over on the Resolute to Oswego on Monday evening.

Miss Lizzie Innes, who has been during the past year or two making her home in Stratford, is home for a few weeks' vacation.

Mr. Wm. Stoddart, of the Big Store, left on Wednesday afternoon for Toronto where he spends a week visiting friends in that city.

Mr. & Mrs. A. H. Auborn, after a pleasant visit of a few weeks to Deseronto, returned to their home in New York city last Monday evening.

Mr. & Mrs. G. Howard Burt, returned to their home in Auburn, N. Y., on Monday crossing over to Oswego on the Resolute on Monday night.

Mr. J. B. Ashley, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Belleville, and Mr. Whitford Vandusen, of Lara, Bruce Co., favoured cur *Sanctum* with a visit last Friday afternoon.

Messrs. Thos. Culhane, G. M. Taylor and P. Cole, took the Varuna last Saturday and enjoying the fascinating scenes of the Thousand Islands until Monday.

Mr. Mathieson, Superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, and Rev. Mr. Learoyd, of the Bridge Street Church, Belleville, favoured us with a call last Friday.

DISTRICT ITEMS.

Belleville is re-organizing its High School.

Mrs. Tapson, a well known teacher of Belleville, died on Tuesday, aged 88 years.

The Salvation Army will hold a grand Jubilee meeting at Bloomfield on Friday, 10th inst.

The Brown Manufacturing Company, of Belleville, are doing a very large business this year.

News has been received at Flinton from Clare River that Joe and Louis Boseley had nearley beaten a man to death.

The D. F. Jones manufacturing company, Gananoque, will shortly burn crude oil in place of coal in their furnaces.

Fishermen in the vicinity of the Lake Shore house, West Point, were in luck on Wednesday. They hauled in about 800 white fish. This is the largest catch made in ten years.

The board of the Belleville Mechanics Institute have withdrawn the privileges of free admission to high school pupils and the public on account of the withdrawal of the civic grant.

Mrs. Kelly, Glenora, blind for six years, had her eyes operated upon by Drs. Evans and Stirling, Picton, with the gratifying result that she can now see nearly as well as she ever did.

Hugh Milling, Napanee, sold a horse to an American buyer on a new plan. He asked 10c per lb, but the buyer was only willing to pay 9½c; finally they split the difference and effected a deal. The animal tipped the scales at 1,140 lbs.

Emma Grant aged thirteen years, and her stepbrother, Freddy Conway, of Bell Rock, was found in the river near Frost's dam locked in each other's arms. The young girl was carrying her brother across the dam when she missed her footing and both were drowned.

The proposed railway from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie has been located.

Rev. W. S. Green, an Irish clergyman, is on his way to British Columbia with a commission from the Royal Geographical Society to survey the Selkirk glaciers.

The Senate yesterday adopted Senator Hoar's motion to appoint a committee for the purpose of inquiring into commercial relations between the States and Canada.

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF REV. G. A. ANDERSON'S ORDINATION.

The services in Christ Church, Tyendinaga Reserve, last Sunday morning were marked by several incidents of a most interesting character. There was a very large congregation present on the occasion including many visitors from Deseronto. The services which were very hearty, were conducted by the Missionary, Rev. G. A. Anderson, M. A. After morning prayer, etc., the venerable clergyman proceeded to address the people, stating that the occasion was one of peculiar interest to himself, as the morrow was the fortieth anniversary of his ordination to the ministry of the Church of England. On the 30th of July, 1848, in Christ Church, Hamilton, he had been ordained deacon by Bishop Strachan, of Toronto. Of the ten ordained at that time only three were left, viz., Archdeacon Dickson, of Guelph, Rural Dean Allen, of Millbrook, and the speaker himself. He thanked God for sparing his life even though he felt that his shortcomings were great, and he asked the congregation to pray for him that the few remaining days of his life might find him more devoted to the duties of his position, so that at the last he might receive the "Well done" from his Master. As he thought they might be of interest to his hearers he then read the Declaration he made prior to his ordination; his License by Bishop Strachan; and his appointment by the Bishop to his first charge of Sault Ste Marie. At his ordination the Bishop chose as his text II. Timothy, 3rd chap, 14th verse, "But continue thou in the things which thou has learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them." He well remembered when the Bishop gave out the text and preached from these words of St. Paul, how he felt that the address was meant for himself personally, for if ever any one had been like Timothy trained by a devout mother from infancy it was he. Mr. Anderson, who was visibly affected at this portion of his address, referred to the good training and instruction he had ever received from his pious mother. Her constant and earnest prayer was that he would become a minister of the gospel and that his mission should be to the aborigines of America. Her believing prayer had been answered in both respects. As he had stated he was appointed to Sault Ste Marie where he laboured for a short time. He here read a letter which he had at that time received from Rev. Saltern Givens, the Missionary to the Mohawks of the Bay of Quinte. It abounded in friendly advice and counsel to the young pastor; pointed out the great importance of the "Soo" as the key to the northwest and the natural centre for aggressive mission work among the Indians of the vast interior of the continent. The climate of Algoma, he stated, did not agree with his health, and he was constrained to resign that appointment. Before his departure he received a flattering address from the white residents and this he also read as an interesting document. His next field of labor was Oneida, near London, where he remained only a short time, when he was removed to his present parish of Tyendinaga, in which, with the exception of a short intermission of a few years which he spent at Penetanguishene, he has laboured ever since. He had, while Missionary in Tyendinaga, baptized 981 persons; presented for Confirmation 852 candidates; married 275 couples; officiated at the funerals of 549 persons; and paid thousands of pastoral visits. He concluded his interesting address by asking all his people to pray that God would make him the means of doing much good among them, and by thanking them all for the kindness he had ever experienced at their hands.

At the request of the churchwardens the congregation was invited to remain after the services and after the benediction was pronounced, Chief Annosothkah stepped forward and read the following

ADDRESS.

TO THE REV. G. A. ANDERSON,
Missionary of Tyendinaga Reserve.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—

We, the Church Wardens, Delegates, and Chiefs of the Mohawk Band of the Bay of Quinte, with great pleasure take this opportunity to convey to you, on behalf of our people, our hearty congratulations on this the fortieth Anniversary of your Ordination to the Ministry of the Gospel of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

For nearly half a century you have now been engaged in the performance of the arduous duties of your sacred office and the greater part of that time has been spent by you among our people. We, therefore, would willing bear testimony to your successful and unwearying labours in breaking to them the bread of life and performing the numerous duties which devolve upon the Missionary in charge of this large and important field. You have indeed proved yourself a workman who needeth not to be ashamed.

While ever animated with a spirit of broad charity to our brethren of other denominations you have laboured especially to advance the interests of our beloved Church of England—that Church at whose font we were baptized, at whose altar we have knelt, and in whose pale we hope to die. To your untiring energy, her success in this parish is chiefly due.

We regret that during your absence from us for a few years, some of our people, for various reasons, grew careless, and neglected to attend the services of our beloved church, and that a few weak members were led astray by other doctrines, but we are pleased to state that since your return the attendance at the various services in the parish has increased, and that many wanderers have returned to enjoy the ordinances of that Church which we love so well, and whose doctrines, handed down to us from apostolic times, you have so faithfully taught and by your godly walk and conversation commended to our people.

Finally we would express our fond hopes that by the mercy of our heavenly Father, you may be spared to enjoy many returns of this anniversary, which to you must be connected with so many precious and solemn memories; that with improved health you may for many years to come be enabled to continue your blessed ministry among our people; and that your beloved partner in life and the members of your family may also be enriched with all spiritual and temporal blessings through Jesus Christ our Lord and Master.

Signed on behalf of the Mohawk Band,

CHIEF ANNOSOTHKAH } Lay delegates.
JOHN A. LOFT, }
CHIEF JACOB B. BRANT, } Church Wardens
JOSEPH J. MARACLE, } for Christ Church.
DOW CLAUS, } Church Wardens for All
FRANCIS CLAUS, } Saints' Church.

This address was an evident surprise to Mr. Anderson, who thanked the Chief and the people for this unexpected proof of their esteem and attachment. He thought he did not deserve such kindly references to his labours as their pastor. He had endeavoured to do his duty and he called for their prayers that he might for the future have God's assistance in the performance of his duties.

Do you know Dalton is agent for The Dominion, The Karn and The Thomas Organs.

Do you know Dalton is agent for The White, The New Williams and Wanzer sewing machines.

IF YOU WANT A

SEWING MACHINE OR ORGAN,

You can get one better and cheaper from Dalton than any place elese.

DALTON'S,

ST. GEORGE STREET, DESERONTO.

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:—

New York, August 1, 1886. }
122 E. 27th st. }

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.,

Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements:

My college career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL within 24 hours.

Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

SALT,

BY Car Load, Barrel or in Bulk, American or Canadian, at lowest market prices. Write for prices.

THE RATHBUN CO.

CARTER'S BOOT & SHOE EMPORIUM

OPPOSITE THE

O'CONNOR HOUSE, DESERONTO

The undersigned thanks the public of Deseronto and vicinity for the liberal patronage accorded him during the past 12 years he has been in business and hopes he will continue to merit a continuance of the same.

He is showing a full line of Ladies', Gents and Children's BOOTS & SHOES of the best make in Canada which he is selling at rock bottom prices.

He makes CUSTOM WORK and Repairs a specialty, having engaged MR. J. A. MOORE, late of Belleville, a first class hand at sewed work. Any persons favouring him with orders for HAND-SEWED boots can depend on getting them to suit at lowest possible prices. A call to inspect his stock and work is earnestly solicited.

T. N. CARTER.

FOR -:- SALE OR TO LET.

THAT desirable property just opposite Deseronto, lately occupied by Mrs. Walmsley. Fine Garden; excellent Orchard; beautiful view. A grand opportunity for some one to open a general store.

Apply to

J. E. WALMSLEY,
Belleville.

or to

W. H. VANBLARICOM,
Deseronto.

May 25, 1888.

THE FAVORITE

STMR. "VARUNA,"

Will, on and after APRIL 20TH, leave DESERONTO as follows: for PICTON at 10 a m; returning, will leave BELLEVILLE and TRENTON at 2.30 p. m.
April 27th. 1888

BAY OF QUINTE.

Railway & Navigation Company.

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE TRAINS on this road make sure connection with all G. T. R. trains both East and West, and with Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company or all Bay and River ports.

1888. TIME TABLE. 1883.

DESERONTO & GRAND TRUNK LINE.

BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS	EXP. WEST.	MIXED EAST.	MIXED WEST.	MIXT. EAST.	EXP. WEST	MIXED M.&W.	EXP. EAST
	NO.1	NO.3	NO.5	NO.7	NO.9	NO.11	
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Des. lve	2:45	7:45	9:15	11:10	4:45	8:55	12:45
E End, "	2:50	7:50	9:20	11:15	4:50	9:00	12:50
Des. Ju. ar.	3:05	8:05	9:35	11:30	5:05	9:15	10:05

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS	EXP. EAST.	MIXED WEST.	MIXED EAST.	EXP. WEST.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED E.&W	EXP. WEST.
	NO 2	NO.4	NO. 6	NO.8	NO.10	NO.12	NO 14
	A.M.	A.M	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M
Des. J. lve.	3:20	8:20	9:45	11:40	5:20	10:05	12:00
East End	3:45	8:35	10:00	11:55	5:35	10:20	1:35
Des. arrive	3:50	8:40	10:05	12:00	5:40	10:25	1:40

Trains Nos. 1 and 13 run daily, (Sundays included.) Sure connections to and from Bay of Quinte Ports Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

This Time-Table shows the times at which the Trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations; but, as the regularity of Trains depends on connection with other lines, the Arrivals and Departure at the time stated are not guaranteed, nor will the Company hold itself responsible for delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER,
Deseronto, Ont. Gen. Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

ECAR'S DRUG STORE

—FOR PURE—

Drugs, Chemicals and medicines of all kinds.

Horse, Cattle and Patent Medicines.

WALL PAPER AND STATIONERY.

EVERYTHING AT ECARS'.

DR. NEWTON'S OFFICE.

Canada Life Assurance Co'y.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

A. G. RAMSAY, PRESIDENT.
R. HILLS, Secy. ALEX. RAMSEY, Supt.

THIS is the leading Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Assets over 9,000,000 dollars.

Annual Income for year ending April 30th, $1,600,000.

Applications made before April 30th, 1888, will participate in the division of profits in April 1890. For information apply to

S. G. CHAMBERLAIN, Special Agent,
Toronto

THE RATHBUN COMPANY, Agents,
Deseronto.

THE BAY OF QUINTE

STEAMBOAT ROUTE.

CHANGE OF TIME. NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

Daily to Kingston and 1000 Islands.

The Fast and Elegantly Furnished Steamer

"HERO,"

CAPT. C. H. NICHOLSION.

Will on and after Monday, July 30th, sail as follows:

		Mon, Wed. & Friday.	Tues, Thur. & Saturday.
Leave Belleville,	....	6.00 a.m.	3.30 a. m.
" Deseronto,	....	7.30 a.m.	5.00 "
" Picton,	....	9.00 a.m.	6.30 "
Arrive Kingston,	....	1.30 p.m.	11.00 "

Returning leaves Kingston at 3:30 p.m., Deseronto 9 p.m. daily, (Saturday excepted) for Belleville.

Connecting every day at Kingston with

STEAMER PRINCESS LOUISE

—FOR—

GANANOQUE, CLAYTON, 1000 ISLAND PARK AND ALEXANDRIA BAY.

Through ticket arrangement complete. Sure connections and Best Route.

Passengers and Baggage transferred at Kingston free of charge.

CONNECTIONS—The "Hero" at Kingston with Cape Vincent, Rideau Canal and Lake Steamers; "Princess Louise" at Clayton with R. W. & O. Ry. and Steamers for Alexandria Bay.

On Saturdays the "Hero" will make a Grand Cheap Excursion from all Bay Ports to 1000 Islands on regular time and leaving Kingston at 1:45 p.m.; returning leaves Kingston for Bay Ports at 8:00 p.m. Tickets from Deseronto $1 00, good to return from 1000 Island Park, not Kingston, any Saturday during season.

For information apply to Capt. Nicholsion on board or

THE RATHBUN CO., Agents.

DESERONTO

Navigation -:- Company,

(LIMITED.)

RUNNING in connection with the Grand Trunk and Bay of Quinte Railways, for Picton and all Bay of Quinte Ports.

SURE CONNECTION WITH ALL TRAINS.

STR. "QUINTE"

Will, until further notice sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Picton....6:00 a.m.	Leave Trenton.. 1:00 p.m.
" Deseronto, 7:15 "	" Belleville, 3:00 "
" Northport, 8:10 "	" Northport, 4:30 "
" Belleville, 10:00 "	" Deseronto, 5:30 "
Arrive Trenton, 11:30 "	Arrive Picton.. 6:15 "

STR. "DESERONTO"

Will sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Napanee, 6:00 a.m.	Leave Picton... 3:00 p.m.
" Deseronto, 7:00 "	" Deseronto, 5:00 "
Arrive Picton,.. 8:30 "	Arrive Napanee, 6:00 "

This Steamer makes one extra trip between Picton and Deseronto with Mails and Passengers for G.T.R. going East as follows:—

Leave Picton... 9:30 a m.	Lev. Deseronto, 1:00 p.m.
Arr. Deseronto, 11:00 "	Arrive Picton, 2:30 "

DESERONTO : TO : OSWEGO

—AND—

ALL U. S. POINTS.

THE comfortable and fast sailing Steamers will sail as follows (weather permitting.)

"RESOLUTE."	"RELIANCE."
TUESDAY.	MONDAY.
THURSDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
SATURDAY.	FRIDAY.

Parties for New York and other U. S. points will find it to their advantage to travel by this line.

CHEAP RATES FOR FREIGHT.

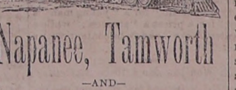
FARES MODERATE.

Purchase your Tickets Reading via. Deseronto Junction.

The Steamers are open for engagements for Excursions at all times. For further particulars apply to

THE RATHBUN COMPANY.

May 2nd, 1888.



Napanee, Tamworth

—AND—

QUEBEC RAILWAY.

NAPANEE VALLEY LINE.

TIME TABLE No. 13.

IN EFFECT NOV 28TH 1887.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 2. A.M.	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee	Leave	11 50	5 10
Napanee Mills	"	12 05	5 25
Newburgh	"	12 15	5 30
Thomson's Mills*,	"	12 20	5 38
Camden East	"	12 25	5 43
Yarker	"	12 40	6 00
Colebrooke*	"	12 43	6 02
Galbraith Road*	"	12 45	6 05
Varty Lake, (Excursion Ground)		12 50	6 10
Moscow		12 55	6 15
Mudlake Bridge*	"	1 03	6 25
Enterprise	"	1 10	6 30
Wilson's Crossing*	"	1 18	6 28
Tamworth	Arrive	1 30	6 50

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1. A.M.	No. 3 P.M.
Tamworth	Leave	6 40	30
Wilson's Crossing*	"	6 55	40
Enterprise	"	7 00	
Mudlake Bridge*	"	7 07	3 00
Moscow	"	7 15	3 05
Varty Lake, (Excursion Ground)			
Galbraith Road*	"		
Colebrooke*	"	7 25	3 15
Yarker	"	7 28	3 17
Camden East	"	7 30	3 20
Thomson's Mills*	"	7 45	3 35
Newburgh	"	7 50	3 42
Napanee Mills	"	7 55	3 50
		8 05	4 00
Napanee	Arrive	8 20	4 15

*Stop only when Passengers at or for.

R. C. CARTER, Gen. Mgr. H. B. SHERWOOD, Superintendent. E. W. RATHBUN Gen Manager

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the

Municipal Council

—OF THE—

VILLAGE

—OF—

DESERONTO

In the County of Hastings, after the expiration of three months from the publication of this notice in THE TRIBUNE, of Deseronto, intend to apply for the erection of the Village of Deseronto and a part of the Township of Tyendinaga, adjoining the village on the north side, into a town

—TO BE CALLED—

THE

Town of Deseronto

With boundaries as follows, that is to say:—

Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte at the western limit of township lot number thirty-six (36) in the Third Concession, south of the slash road, of the Township of Tyendinaga, and running thence northerly along the said western limit of said lot thirty-six, and along the western limit of township lot thirty-six (36) in the Second Concession south of the slash road of the Township of Tyendinaga aforesaid, eighty-five chains; thence easterly at right angles to the said western limit of said lot thirty-six in the said Second Concession of Tyendinaga, one hundred and four chains, more or less, to the western limit of the boundary road between the Township of Richmond in the County of Lennox and Addington and the said Township of Tyendinaga; thence southerly along the western limit of said boundary road sixty-five chains, more or less, to the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte; and thence, following the said water's edge westerly to the place of beginning, containing 859 acres, more or less, and including the water frontage in front thereof.

And that the said Town of Deseronto shall be divided into three wards' to be called the "Centre Ward," the "East Ward," and the "West Ward," and that the said Wards be constituted as follows, that is to say:—

THE "CENTRE WARD"

shall comprise that part of said town embraced within these boundaries, namely:—Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte, at the western limit of Fourth street, thence northerly along said limit to the north side of Main street, thence westerly along the north side of Main street to the west side of Prince street, thence northerly along the west side of Prince street to Dundas street, and then across Dundas street and northerly along the centre line of township lot thirty-nine to the northern boundary of the town; thence westerly along the north boundary line of the town to the centre line of east half of township lot thirty eight, thence southerly along the last mentioned centre line, and through St. George street to Main street; thence westerly along Main street to Mill street, and thence southerly along Mill street to the water's edge, and thence along the water's edge easterly to the place of beginning, together with the water front in front thereof.

THE "EAST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of the said town which lies east of the Centre Ward, and

THE "WEST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of said town which lies west of Centre Ward.

By order of the Council,

ROBERT N. IRVINE,
Village Clerk.

Deseronto, May 28th, 1888.

June 1st—3mos.

EGAR'S
Diarrhea Mixture,
SURE CURE FOR CRAMPS & CHOLERA

The Tribune.

EGAR'S
Diarrhea Mixture,
SURE CURE FOR CRAMPS & CHOLERA

VOL. V DESERONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, AUG. 10, 1888 NO 46

THE TRIBUNE.

Published every Friday Morning.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO.
(LIMITED.)
ublishers and Proprietors.

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Communications should be addressed to
THE DESERONTO NEWS CO., (LIMITED),
Deseronto Ont.

DESERONTO POST OFFICE.

Office open daily (Sundays excepted) from 7:30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Mails for despatch are closed at the office as follows:—

For Napanee and Kingston and all points East at 10:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

For Belleville and Toronto and all points West at 4:20 p.m. and 8:00 p.m.

For Picton at 10:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

Mails arriving are due as follows:—

From Kingston, Napanee, and all points East at 7:30 a.m. and 3:45 p.m.

From Belleville, Toronto and all points West at 7:30 a.m. and 12:00 noon.

From Picton at 11:30 a.m., and 8:00 p.m.

Registered letters must be posted half an hour before the close of each mail.

N.B.—A mail is made up for all points at 6 p.m. on Sundays.

F. S. RATHBUN, *Postmaster.*

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

T. G. PILE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES, Deseronto Ontario 3

JOHN A. FORIN.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. OFFICE, ASHLEY BLOCK, Front Street, Belleville, Ont.

COAL.

FOR HOUSE USE OR BLACKSMITH SHOPS, AT lowest market rates. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

WATER LIME.

WATER LIME, PORTLAND CEMENT, AND Plaster Paris for sale, cheap, and full directions given how to use successfully. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto; Fellow of Trinity Medical School; Late Clinical assistant in Toronto General Hospital
OFFICE:—Maller's Drug Store, Deseronto.
RESIDENCE—Next house north of Cameron's Store

A. R. WEESE, L.D.S.,

DENTIST, Honor Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.
Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty.
Artificial teeth inserted on all the leading bases.
Operations made as painless as possible.
OFFICE:—TRIBUNE BLOCK, Main Street, Deseronto

NOTICE.

INSURANCE ON FARM OR VILLAGE PROPERTY at low rates in Standard Stock Companies—the Royal Insurance Company and Commercial Union of England, Western and British American of Toronto.
THE RATHBUN CO.,
Agents

REVERE HOUSE,

CORNER KING AND YORK STREETS, TORONTO, ONT.

ROBERT McDONALD, PROPRIETOR. Parties from this section visiting Toronto will find this house most convenient to stop at, and will be sure of a very cordial welcome. A call solicited.

O'CONNOR HOUSE.

THIS HOTEL IS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED throughout, in the latest styles. Large and convenient Sample Rooms; and every accommodation and comfort for guests. The Bar is supplied with best imported and domestic Liquors and Cigars. Charges moderate First-class Livery in connection. Good Yard and Stables attached.
P. O'CONNOR, Prop'r
*3-1 Deseronto, Ont.

ORIENTAL HOTEL.

W. J. HUNT, Proprietor (formerly of Napanee) As I have leased this fine Hotel for a term of years I have refurnished and refitted it throughout, making it one of the best hotels in Deseronto. The bar will always be supplied with the finest liquors and Cigars. Good stabling in connection.
W. J. HUNT, Proprietor

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
DESERONTO

—o—

SAVING BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits received and Interest allowed at rate of
FIVE PER CENT PER ANNUM.

DESERONTO :-: AGENCY
—OF THE—
KINGSTON & PEMBROKE AND CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

TICKETS may be obtained from the undersigned for all points in
MANITOBA, NORTHWEST TERRITORIES BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE WESTERN STATES.
If you wish to go to any point along the line of those Railways, secure your ticket in advance at this agency and thus save time and expense.
For other information apply to
S. RUSSELL,
TRIBUNE Office, Deseronto.

LIME FOR SALE.

BY CAR LOADS, WAGON LOADS or by bushel at low prices. Special terms given to parties building who require a quantity. Leave orders with Mr. F. C. WHITTON, or at the Rathbun Co's. office.

Wipe and Be Clean!

We hear reports of dark, shadowy water in the vicinity of certain camps down the bay. Has the phenomenon of dead fish littering the surface of the water and shores of our beautiful bay been accounted for at last?

A Big Towel Sale.

Our Centre window is displaying Towels, and a table just behind the window and convenient to both doors, holds some of the biggest bargains in Towels you ever saw.

All linen Huck Towels, 8 cents a pair.
Large white Huck Towels, stripe border, for 10 cents a pair.
Large heavy unbleached Towels, fancy border, 10 cents a pair.
All linen, stripe border, Huck Towels, 15 cents a pair.
A handsome all linen stripe Towel, 20 cents a pair.
A very large, heavy, linen Huck Towel 20 cents a pair.
A nice Damask Linen Towel, fancy border, 20 cents a pair.
A very fine bleached Damask Towel, fancy border, 50 cents a pair.
A check Glass Cloth Linen Towel, 20 cents a pair.
An elegant fine bleached Damask Towel, heavy fancywoven border, with deep knotted fringe, 90 cents a pair.

BATH TOWELS.

Soft white Terry Bath Towels, 20 cents each.
Extra large Honey Comb Terry Bath Towels, 25 cents each.
Brown linen Stripe Terry, 35 cents each.
Larger and heavier ones for 40 cents each.
Very large, extra heavy Stripe Linen Terry Bath Towels, 75 cents each.

COMMON TOWELS.

Brown Check "Royal Kitchen Towels," 18 cents a pair.
"The Old Scotch Towel" grey striped, 18 cents a pair.
SEE our western window for a display of Laces, prices of which are cut so low that the poorest can reach them during this sale.
Nice patterns of Beige and Coffee Laces, 3½ cents.
Wider ones for 8 to 9 1-2 cents.
9 and 10 inch, heavily worked laces 15 cents. 12 and 14 inch, very heavily worked laces, 19 cents. 37 to 40 inch Skirt Laces, 50 cents a yard. All over Oriental Laces, 50 cents a yard.
All the goods are worth from two to three times the price quoted.

War Waged on All SUMMER GOODS.

40 cent Spot Swiss Muslins, 25 cents a yard. Extraordinary bargains in Hosiery.
A lovely 25c fast Black Hose will be cleared at 20 cents. 35c fine Balbriggan Hose, 20 cents. Bargains in Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose. Seal Brown, Navy and Black heavy cotton hose ladies' size, worth at least 20 cents a pair, will be sold 2 pairs for 25 cents. Children's hose from 5 cents a pair.
This may be called a great Towel, Lace and Hose Sale, and is well worthy your attention.

FALL GOODS.

We have already opened up New Dress Goods in Black and Colored, and Tapestry and Brussel Carpets, New Cottons, Looms, Flannels for Fall, all grand value.

HINCH & CO.
NAPANEE.

HAMILTON is SHOWING

New Dress Goods,
New Prints,
New Seersuckers,

Shambrae in Pink, Blue and Grey,
extra value, with embroidery to match.
A Full line of Gents Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Ties, &c

Ready-Made Clothing in Boy's, Children's and Men's. A large line of light summer wear.

Prices Low. Quality the best. In fact everything to be found in a first-class Dry Goods Store.

M. C. HAMILTON'S, McCullough's Block.

Lardine Machine Oil.

FARMERS, THRESHERS AND MECHANICS

Will save money by using Lardine. No gum, no grit, and will wear out Lard or Castor Oil.

Manufactured by McCOLL BROS., Toronto.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the Village of Deseronto intend to pass a By-Law for stopping up and also a By-Law for selling to the Rathbun Co, that part of Third street in the said Village of Deseronto which lies between Water street and the Bay of Quinte and said by-law will be considered at the first meeting of the Council held next after the expiration of one month from the posting up and publication of the notices required by the statute.

The posting up and publication of the said Notices will take place on Friday, the 29th day of June, 1888.

R. N. IRVINE,
Village Clerk.

Deseronto, Ont.,
27th June, 1888.

C. H. OTTO,
BOOKBINDER,
over the TRIBUNE office,
DESERONTO.

MAGAZINES and MUSIC bound in any style.

BLANK BOOKS ruled and bound to any pattern desired.
June 7, 1888—37.

THE TRIBUNE

Will be sent to new subscribers from now till the 1st of January, 1889, for 25 cents in advance. No person should miss this opportunity.

PEACE AND LOVE.

Sweetheart, if Peace and Love were one,
How golden bright, from sun to sun,
The summer hours would come and go,
So darkened now with fear and woe—
If Peace and Love were one?

Ah! why beneath the changing sky,
When Loves pursues, doth fair Peace fly,
And at the portal of the heart [part—
When young Love knocks, doth Peace depart
Beneath the changing sky?

Yet if we twixt the twain must choose,
If either Peace or Love must lose,
Shall we not cry, "Come, Love, with Pain,
Though never Peace return again!"—
If twixt the twain we choose?

Alas! not till Life sighs, "Adieu!"
Not till the red rose bloom is through,
Comes Peace to lie upon Love's breast,
With roses white to crown his rest—
Not till Lifesighs, "Adieu!"

—Katharine P. Williams in Harper's Weekly.

ALBERT COLLEGE.

The board of governors of Albert College will spend $7,000 this summer in making important changes on the College buildings. These improvements will completely change the building and will make it one of the most commodious college buildings in Ontario. The past three years have worked wonders in this institution. The attendance has been increased by one-third, being in the college year 1884-5, 120, and in the year just closed, 1887-8, 170, representing the extreme east and west provinces of the Dominion, whilst a number have been in attendance from the adjoining States. The College is now self-sustaining and has been such during the past three years. During that time it has passed over 50 matriculants into Victoria University. At the recent convocation 20 in all passed; nine of whom passed senior matriculation, (7 male and 2 female) and nearly all of them will enter upon the second year in arts at Victoria in October next.

Dr. Burwash recently said that "Albert College was the arm of strength of Victoria University," and the above facts fully warrant the statement. The college annually prepares about 25 candidates for teachers' certificates and in this work has had signal success.

The Department of Music, Fine Arts and Commercial Science have always been liberally patronized by the public and have been attended with success.

Large classes are prepared each year for the preliminary examinations of the Methodist church.

Every department is well equipped, and it is universally admitted that the work done at Albert College is practical and thorough; in fact we are fully warranted in saying that none surpass, and few colleges in Ontario equal this institution in that respect. This year will mark a new era in the history of the college.

RYE AS A GREEN MANURE.

Many farmers are letting their sons use a portion of the farm for growing small fruits or vegetables. Such land as these young men usually have to work is very far from being in the condition of soil occupied for some years as a market garden and needs more manure than the farmer can spare. In such a case we have witnessed the effect of turning under a heavy crop of rye. The land is rather too stiff for working early in the spring. If worked before it is quite dry it is apt to bake.

After a crop of potatoes was taken off such a piece of land, rye was sown the last of August. The next spring, in May, an immense mass of green rye as high as the horses' backs was carefully plowed under. The land worked nicely, but the effect on the crop was not as beneficial as the gardener expected. But the following spring, in plowing up the land, he was surprised and delighted to find the soil in such a mellow condition. The plow turned up a great mass of decayed rye that looked like manure and had all the effect of manure, at any rate so far as the mechanical condition of the soil was concerned. By the aid of a few hundred pounds of commercial fertilizer per acre, he obtained as good crops on this land as he would have had from an application of a heavy dressing of stable manure. He thinks he has solved the question of how to carry on a farm garden situated too far to draw manure from town. In other words, plow under rye and use commercial fertilizer.

There are other crops equally good and some better for this purpose, but rye is very convenient, as it can be sown at any time a plot of land happens to be vacant—from August to December. In August three pecks to a bushel of seed per acre is sufficient on good mellow land, but later it is better to sow thicker, say one and one half to two bushels per acre.

There is one pleasant feature of this method that commends it to all who love to see a neat, well-tilled farm. Instead of the land being covered with old potato vines, or rubbish or weeds, you have a fine, dark-green luxuriant crop growing all through the fall, winter and early spring months. If for nothing else, it pays to sow rye for looks.—*American Agriculturist for August.*

TRY THE BUTTERMILK CURE.

Through the simplest remedies relief comes and the new methods of medicating a patient by food chiefly are carrying out this formula in Gen. Sheridan's case. Lactic acid, which is not far off from the beverage commonly termed buttermilk, has been doing peptic wonders, it is announced. A good many people who are "out of sorts", with liver troubles might try the buttermilk cure direct without waiting for an illness to have it prescribed for them. Especially old people and worn out people frequently find a fountain of youth in the churn's surplus.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

No medicine in the world is in better repute or more widely known than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. As a safe and certain remedy for all manner of blood disorders, leading physicians and druggists everywhere recommend it in preference to any other.

DISTRICT ITEMS.

The salvation army will build barracks at Odessa.

Ameliasburg fishermen continue to haul in with a seine.

A new $25,000 postoffice will be built at Pembroke.

The crops in Percy township will be below the average.

Low water in Hog Lake is causing sickness at Madoc.

The Hecla's new warehouse at Picton has been nearly completed.

Cape Vincent holds its annual fair on Sept. 4th, 5th and 6th.

About half of the population of Stirling are camping at Crow Lake.

Peterboro Knights of Labour are agitating the nine hour system in that town.

Large shipments of milch cows continue to be made from Prince Edward.

G. A. Landon, of Cochill, shows timothy measuring five feet eleven inches.

Isaac Jackson, of West Lake, has peas 10 pods of which measure 45 inches.

J. Washburn, Smith's Falls, has made an assignment with liabilities of $70,000.

A congregation of the Reformed Episcopal Church will be formed in Belleville.

Picton enjoyed its civic holiday yesterday. Where is this place Picton, anyway?

St. Philip's Church, Milford, Rev. R. Atkinson pastor, was re-opened last Sunday.

Napanee people growl because they have to pay $3 for gas while Deseronto only pays $1.75.

Wallace Shipman lost sixty dollars by an attempt to smuggle potatoes into Clayton, N. Y.

Mr. John Denike's farm in Hallowell, near Picton, was destroyed by fire last week.

The old Cobourg railway is a thing of the past, the last shipments over it being made last week.

The Picton *Times* dubs Mr. Nostrand Sprague, of Sophiasburg, the Hop King of Prince Edward.

Nine Brockvillians, summoned for violation of the Scott Act, pleaded guilty and paid their fines.

The Rathbun Company are building a new wharf along their five lots north of Wharf street, Belleville.

A Northport man avers that he never saw so much passenger traffic on the steamers as he has seen this year.

Several of the wealthiest farmers about Colborne are lately hauled from Cobourg loads of Manitoba bran for feed.

Two patrons of the Centreville and two of the Enterprise cheese factory have confessed guilty of skimming their milk.

It is said that valuable deposits of nhas- [illegible]

Nicholas Waters, who went to California twenty years ago from the township of Percy, was recently murdered.

It is claimed that the Ameliasburg bridge by-law was really defeated by 26 legal votes, several of the votes cast being illegal.

Thos. Watson has been arrested and lodged in gaol charged with setting fire to the drive house of Mr. Peter Dafoe, Roblin.

Nearly all the newspapers of the district announce suspension of publication for a week or two for the annual weekly vacation.

C. P. Cameron Colborne, owns some land on the 2nd con. of Chandos, which is said to contain hematite and other valuable ores.

The children of Elijah VanKonghnet, Buck Lake, hanged for murder some years ago, are in a destitute and naked condition.

The total number of pupils in attendance at the Picton High school for the last half was 141, with an average daily attendance of 112.

John Coombes, aged 16 years, was playing with a loose belt in the matting factory, Cobourg, when he was caught in the belt and killed.

Belleville was caught napping on the fire protection by the insurance inspectors and will be reduced to a lower grade in consequence.

From a single grain of rye, on the farm of Mr. A. A. Hudgins, near Bloomfield, there grew a cluster of 22 heads of plump well filled grain.

The imports of Belleville in July show an increase of $14,290, and the exports a decrease of $3,916 as compared with same month last year.

Two young Scotchmen, Angus and Thomas Cassels, while bathing at Charleston Lake near Farmersville slipped from a rock and were both drowned.

A brick house belonging to the Edward O'Rourke estate, Warkworth, occupied by J. C. Humphries, was destroyed by fire on Sunday. Loss $1,000.

J. B. Parke, of Gananoque, is an Orangeman of 59 years standing, having been initiated in 1829 into Lodge No. 1452, Cashel, Co. Donegal, Ireland.

Stuart Smith, Madoc, a railway man who should have known better, struck a fog signal a blow with an axe and by its explosion received a terrible cut.

Inspector Whitton detected no less than ten dishonest patrons of cheese factories last week in Prince Edward. They all acknowledged their offence and paid the fines.

A Peterborough man drowned a small pup in a pail of water and buried it. The mother dog exhumed her offspring and restored it to life again and it is now in a flourishing condition.

Wm. Cross, of the 9th con. of Tyendinaga, lost his barn and its contents by fire recently. It contained a threshing machine, two fanning mills, a horse rake and other articles. Insurance for $500.

While Mrs. Evans who lives near Verona was out milking she left two children aged 3 and 5 years in the house. On her return in fifteen minutes she found both children burned to death. It is supposed they had been playing with matches.

BETHEL.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Our annual S. S. Picnic came off on Saturday last in Foxe's Grove. There was a very large turn out from this as well as adjoining neighborhoods. The first thing of importance to be attended to was to take care of the abundance of good things provided by the kind ladies—God bless them, how could we ever get along without them. Well we had good eatables and plenty of them which all appeared to enjoy. After the inner man had been well supplied the next thing on the programme was every one do as they please.

About the most interesting and exciting part of the program was a base ball match between the young men and married men. The game was very closely and keenly contested but at last the boys put the old fellows to rout but not a great way ahead. The youngsters are a pretty lively lot of players and generally come out about No 1, but awhile ago they had a pretty good trick played on them by the Northport club. It appears that Northport sent word to Bethel to come down and play just for practice and not for a contest at all. So a few of our boys went to N. P. and played but as our full force was not there and some of our best players being absent, Northport beat quite easily. It was too good a thing for Northport to lose so they published in the newspapers that they beat the Bethel Club. It is very seldom that Northport ever beats any other club; so this once they thought they would have one game, although it was a mean advantage to take after promising not to publish it. I took the N. P. club to be more gentlemanly.

Miss Minnie Parks of Rochester, N. Y., is spending her vacation with friends here.

The Misses Howell, of Ameliasburg, paid Bethel a visit.

Mr. Calnan & his sisters have been visiting their sister, Mrs. Sanford Gorsline.

Mr I. R. Eaton and family, of Ameliasburg, attended the picnic and rendered some very fine selections of music; we are always glad to see Isaac on such or any other occasion.

One of our neighbors, (Mr. Howley) is about moving away to Murray; he has traded farms. We are sorry to lose Mr. Howley, a good neighbor and kind friend, but we hope to have as good a one in the one taking place.

NORTHPORT.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. Stephen Caniff, London, Ont., is spending a few weeks with friends about here.

Miss Ellis and Miss Cardwell, Kingston, spent this week at Peter H. Fox's.

Miss Gardiner, Toronto, is spending a few weeks with Miss Cotter.

Mrs. D. B. Solmes left with steamer Alexandria last Monday for Louisville, Sunday last where [illegible]

There was a crowded church here last Sunday morning at Quarterly meeting.

The Rathbun Co. shipped a large raft of logs from here on Monday.

The Sunday School excursion on the Nellie last Friday was largely attended all feeling delighted with the trip.

Mr. M. Fralock, Deseronto, was in the village last week. Wonder what the attraction is this way?

Northport Blue Knights Ball Club played a friendly game with Demorestville last Saturday resulting in the victory for the latter club by two runs. Another game is to be played by the same clubs here on 18th. Brace up Blue Knights.

No fines were reported at the Quinte cheese factory after inspector Whitton's visit. This speaks well for the patrons.

Some fine fish are caught in the bay near here, weighing as high as 4,1-2 lbs.

READ.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. J. C. Hanley has arrived at Neche, Dakota, on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Gorman and Mrs. Walsh.

Miss Jones, of Carlow, Huron Co., who taught in our school three years ago, is spending her vacation with Mrs. J. C. Hanley and renewing old acquaintances here.

Mrs. Arthur Callaghan, of Campbellford, is visiting her relatives and this week was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cowan.

Mr. Denis Callaghan, of Coe Hill, who has been spending a couple of weeks with Miss Doyle and Mrs. John Callaghan returned home last week.

Many have taken advantage of the cheap trip to visit their friends in the North West.

Mr. Peter Ryan and Mr. George Smith have left for Minto, Dakota.

There is such a demand for horses in Manitoba that some of our farmers are contemplating taking out a few car loads.

Our farmers are fast disposing of their surplus stock. A large number of cattle and sheep having been sold during the past two weeks. Mr. Wesley Reidghas been buying for the Montreal market. Mr. Green, of Belleville, has purchased a few lots and paid fair prices. The prices generally offered are low and many of the farmers are killing and selling the beef themselves.

A large number of lambs have been purchased during the past two weeks. Good early lambs are selling at $2.50; but the price generally offered ranges from $2.00 to $2.25.

Mr. John Naphin, of the 8th con., sowed barley on a swamp field this year and it was said to be the best barley in the county of Hastings.

TYENDINAGA RESERVE

From Our Own Correspondent.

Dr. Oronhyatekha and wife, accompanied by H. C. Creed Esq. of Fredericton N.B. returned from a pleasant trip to Portland and Boston on Wednesday evening. The Dr. and Mr. Creed proceeded to Toronto on Thursday to attend a meeting of the High Court of I. O. F.

Impounding Turkeys is a favorite pastime of a matron in the vicinity of the Ferry.

The annual Sunday School Picnic for this Parish will take place on Wednesday the 22nd Aug. in the Parsonage grove.

VARIETIES.

A gentleman, at the funeral of his wife, was annoyed to see the carriages containing the friends get terribly mixed up. "I knew perfectly well," he said, with a tone of disappointment, "that this day wouldn't go off without some unpleasant incident."

The most of people have no idea what a great and fertile country the Argentine Republic is and how desirable it is to cultivate trade with such a prosperous country. The traffic is mostly conducted with Britain but the people of the United States are beginning to see what fools they are to allow Britain to monopolize almost all of the carrying trade of the whole world.

The foolish fellow who lately threw away his not very valuable lite at Niagara, has already had imitators who were anxious to rival him in notoriety even though they should suffer the same penalty. It is too bad, all this nonsense. Strong measures will have to be taken to put a stop to the eccentricity. Would it not be well, to give each such offender a good hearty flogging? It would be a great mercy to the offenders themselves and it would save the feelings of the general community.

Has any reader of TRUTH ever had the misfortune to have the wrong tooth pulled out? If there are, then it is not thinking too poorly of human nature to believe that they will hear with very lively gratification that a dentist in the States was recently fined $500 and costs, for such a little accident. He not only pulled the wrong tooth, but he dragged a piece of the jaw along with it. The victim was naturally discomposed by the incident, and sought balm from the hands of the law, which valued his grinder, and the pain and mortification he suffered at the hands of the bungling craftsman, at the above named very tidy little sum. There are some people we know who would be almost willing to have two teeth drawn for that money.

Dare one say without being guilty of the illiberal intolerance that is such a crime in these days, that if the Republican party could by some means purge itself of Colonel Ingersoll they would have a better right and a better chance of success than they now have? A man who could say during a discussion in a Chicago hotel, as he is reported to have said, "I hate God and love Gresham," is a Jonah sufficient to sink any political ship that floats. Nobody but himself, of course, is responsible for Ingersoll's opinions, but a mouthing atheist like him should not be given a place of prominence in a party that claims to be *par excellence* the party of morals and intelligence. A party whose leading organ sneers at "Sunday School politicians," and one whose chief orator publicly reviles the Deity, is in a fair way to make shipwreck.

When so much is said about official corruption in these days, let none forget that there are honourable men in the enjoyment of official position, plenty of them, men to whom office is a secondary matter altogether compared with their honour and the respect due to conscience and uprightness. One of them is David I. Robinson, late Mayor of Gloucester, Mass., but who resigned rather than sign the liquor licenses which he had not been able to persuade the Board of Aldermen not to grant. Here was a man that could stand by his principles and cheerfully resign the sweets of office should these be found to conflict with his principles. As a tribute of respect for his conscientious manly adherence to what he thought right, Mr. Robinson was lately [illegible] other office-holders, if confronted with the same circumstances as Mr. Robinson would have acted in the same way?

There is to be a great international Temperance Convention held in Melbourne, Australia, during the week beginning with the next 19th November. It is intended by this gathering to show the progress which has been made in the Temperance movement in that great Southern Continent. This meeting is to be held in connection with the great International Exhibition by which Australians mean to celebrate the centenary of the oldest of those sister colonies away in the Southern seas. We most cordially wish it all success, both to the exhibition and to the convention. It is well to mark with some pomp and emphasis such notable occasions in a nation's life and history. The progress made by Australians during the last hundred years has been something marvellous. May its next century be even more marked in all that makes up a great and good and prosperous community. All who wish to communicate either by letter or newspaper, ought to address, Mr. Thomas Ferguson, Temperance Hall, Melbourne, Australia. One peculiar feature of this Exhibition is that a copy of every Temperance Journal in the world is wanted for making one of its exhibits on the occasion.

Mr. Robert Browning, the poet, is getting a good deal of newspaper notice just now, because of his steadfast refusal to be a contributor to any sort of a periodical. He will publish in book form, and in book form only. If the public wish to make his acquaintance the sole way in which they can obtain that felicity is to buy a book. The poet's reason for this is quite an original one and can be best expressed in his own words. "If I publish a book," he says "and people choose to buy it, that proves they want to read my work. But to have them turn over the pages of a magazine and find me, that is to be an uninvited guest." This is sensitiveness pushed to an extreme. Mr. Browning is well off and no doubt can indulge his whim to the full, but he should surely know that a guest may be unexpected and yet none the less welcome for all that. Why, it is one of the pleasantest things about the monthly magazine or other periodical to glance over the table of contents, and see here the name of one well known writer and there the name of another. "O, here is a story by Howell," we say, or a poem by Whittier, or an essay by somebody else. Do any of these people suffer a loss of dignity by making the acquaintance of the public in this way? Assuredly not. And neither would Mr. Browning.

The world is evidently bound to hear a good deal about Emperor Frederick. Of him it is not to be written as it was of another of the name—

> Here lies Fred
> Now that he is dead
> No more need be said.

Apparently the tumult is only coming to its height when the Illustrious has been gathered to his fathers. What about those damaging papers which it is said he has left behind him? What about the relation between his widow and her son? Is it to be tragedy or comedy, or what? The world is rather too advanced to admit of an Empress being imprisoned or put to the question. If the world is to have a confidential communication from the grave it will cause rather a big sensation. And whatever it be, it will not be possible to strike it down by force. It would be fun but of a very serious kind, it the squabbles over a dead man's throat should issue in a German invasion of England, and if William the second and not old Blucher should have the pleasure of going over London to a three days' looting, with all which that implies. It is, to be sure, not very likely, but then what saith the proverb? "It is the impossible which happens and the unlikely which is certain." In the meantime Englishmen had just as well be saying to themselves, "Ready be ready to meet the storm." In these days a sudden dash may cause a life long damage.

A Wonderful Old M-n.

One of the most notable of the wonderful old men of Germany is Von Moltke. We could learn a lesson or two from the Germans concerning the value of men. In the United States a man is shelved at 70. When he has reached that age in the German empire it is assumed that his faculties have reached their fullest development, and that his wisdom will then be of the highest value to the State. At all events, he is lifted to power and importance and the reins of government lie in his hands to the very last. Although Von Moltke is nearly 88 years of age, he is as active as though but 40. Very often in Berlin I walked up to the War Office after breakfast, just for the pleasure of seeing the old Marshal go to work. There was always a little crowd around the door waiting for a glance at the famous commander, and when he jumped out of his carriage and walked briskly into the big building that is known as the brain of the army, because all the planning of that great organization goes on there, he usually walked between two lines of people. He smiled with invariable good nature at the crowd, and occasionaly stopped to kiss the ruddy cheek of a child it its mother pushed it forward for the honor. Then he trotted into the office, and half an hour later could be seen hurrying along the corridor with his hands full of huge official-looking papers, as hard at work as thoughs he had not earned a rest by so many year of toil. Like the sturdy old Emperor, Bismarck, Blumenthal, and the rest of those wonderful old men, Von Moltke rises at 7 in the morning, retires early at night, sleeps on a hard camp bedstead, eats little, and drinks less. This military regimen undoubtedly has much to do with the amazing vigor which they all show. To speak of a man of eighty as "old" in Berlin is to cause a general sensation of surprise, pity, and indignation. In our judgment of men we are not so wise as the subjects of William III.

A Frenchman of a mathematical turn of mind has figured out that the United States has lost in strikes in six years no less than one hundred million dollars. If it were a billion of dollars that had been sunk in this way, the strikers would not be dismayed, but would go on in the same old groove. Here are the Burlington (or Q) engineers and firemen. For six months they have been out and must have suffered greatly, but they are not subdued yet. The majority of the people had lost sight of them, and thought the matter settled, but that was a mistake. The company is running things smoothly enough, but at some inconvenience, while their late employes are pensioners on their own fraternity, who appear to be getting tired of the burden and are considering the advisability of enforcing a settlement by inaugurating a general strike and reintroducing the "Boycott."

Military Salutes.

The military salute required in almost all civilised countries is nearly the same. Perhaps in Germany however the regulations are [illegible] about, and remain with hand raised for from twelve to twenty paces before his majesty approaches and for the same distance after he had passed. In Belgium an officer has to do the same thing for the king, and subalterns for generals, though ten paces only are required for the latter case. Soldiers carrying anything so that their hands are occupied salute with their eyes—that is, they turn their heads in the direction of the person coming and going. French officers raise their caps to each other; but the privates do as the privates in other armies do.

What is Liberty?

We are continually crying liberty and prating about it. What is liberty? What would a man do if he had it? Is there such a thing as absolute liberty and if there is would it be a desirable thing to have?

Where do the lines run which separate bondage from liberty and license? Does money make liberty? Then Vanderbilt should be a type. Does freedom from all the obligations of society? Then the outcast, the tramp, should fully enjoy it. Is it the right to do as one pleases? Then the most absolute tyrant would be the greatest exemplar of liberty.

These are only questions, but they are nearly as difficult as that never to be answered one—What is truth?

A Wider Experience.

Dumley (who has given Featherly a cigar from his private box): I've smoked worse cigars than these, Featherly.

Featherly: Ye-es, Dumley, I s'pose you have; but you must remember that you are an older man than I am.

New cheese won't melt for making a Welsh rarebit.

They say there is nothing new [illegible] sun; but how about a patch on trousers.

Pale buff Corah is the latest fancy in China silks, and it can be as easily cleaned as cotton stuffs.

A Pittsburg man has invented a glass conduit which he thinks solves the problem of underground electric wires. Plates of glass are grooved on the upper surface, and the wires are laid in the grooves and cemented there with pitch. Then other plates of glass are laid over the first, and wires put upon them in the same way. When all the wires are laid the whole is enclosed in a wooden box and embedded in cement.

The spectacle of officers entering the apartments of Queen Natalie, of Servia, at Wiesbaden and forcibly taking her twelve-year-old son from her is one that will excite much sympathy. But the heir to the Servian throne must be in the hands of the King. So, it appears, is the inexorable logic of monarchism. It matters not if King Milan has no more right to a divorce than Henry VIII. had to be divorced from Catharine of Aragon. It matters not if the father is as much a libertine as Charles II., the mother must give up her child and lose the name of wife. A great nation—Germany—lends itself to carrying out the will of the foreign husband against the unprotected mother, and notifies the latter that she must leave German territory. Here is chivalry. There are some advantages in living in a free country for an honest woman.

In Madrigal Times.

We picture to ourselves the old halls of England in the times of good Queen Bess; stately dames and gallant courtiers rise before our eyes; hoops and ruffs, doublets and hose, make brilliant coloring against oak panels, with here and there the glisten of armor, and that nothing may be lacking to this brilliant spectacle, there is also brilliant sound. Some such madrigal as Morley's "Now is the Month of Maying," flows on with its rare feeling of revelry, from no musical hirelings, but from the gay throng itself, proud to do honor to the English art of the day, to that music in which we stand now as we stood then—in the first and foremost rank as composers.

Where should we find such a gathering to give us that beautiful love-lorn, pastoral, or merry-making music at the present day? Instead of that we spend £500 on a concert to give supposed satisfaction to a similar assembly, often with a very dire result musically, little remaining to us of the evening but a general sense of hurry as we scuffle on to something else, neither place, people, nor performance having given us the slightest gratification. One of the simplest methods for the cultivation of musical taste we believe to be general participation in it when it forms an evening's entertainment.

Why is a ball so much the most popular form of gathering? Because every one has his or her active share in the evening's proceedings. Will the time ever come again when general society will give us part music, as we have reason to believe it was given in the time of Elizabeth?—when the number of clefs, too, used by composers must have doubled ordinary musical study? No one in those days was considered a properly constituted member of society unless he or she could at sight take a part in those famous choral productions. No mean standard of excellence either; a sorry hearing would be the result of an amateur or professional reading of them nowadays! Then nobody cared for solo singing; the ingenuity displayed in writing vocal music in many parts was eagerly welcomed by the Court and by the country, and to excel in the production and performance of such music was the highest ambition alike of the musicians and the amateur.

Coming at a date when all that was great in poetry lay, as it were, before them, assisted by the real encouragement of Elizabeth not only as a Queen, but as a musician, (if she ever performed half the pieces contained in her Virginal Book,) our madrigal writers were determined that the sister art should not be a whit behind the age in which it lived, and indeed they succeeded in their ambition.

In this particular branch of music the English have never been excelled or, we venture to think, equaled by other nations. For a period of some 50 years madrigals led the way in music in England, and were almost all for which popular taste asked. Their birthplace was of course Italy and the Netherlands, but it was the English composers who obtained for them the important position they held then and continue to hold in the music of all ages.

Mammoths in Siberia.

The existence of ivory in Siberia in a subfossil condition, but still sufficiently durable to be used for all the purposes to which recent ivory is applied, has been known since the Middle Ages, and formed one of the earliest exports from Siberia to China. The very name given to the gigantic creature which produced it, mammoth or mammont—probably a corrupt[illegible] be[illegible] who initiated the traffic in [illegible] ivory in the tenth century. It was not, however, until the middle of the eighteenth century that the trade became considerable. In or about 1750, Liachof, a Russian merchant, discovered vast stores of elephant tusks and bones in the northern districts of Siberia, and especially on the islands off the mouth of the Lena, which have since borne his name. The ivory brought thence, says the traveller Wrangell, "is often as fresh and white as that from Africa." Since Liachof's discovery it has been computed that the tusks of at least 20,000 mammoths have been exported, while even a larger number are too much decayed to be worth removal, and others are so large that they have to be sawn up on the spot where they are found. These buried hecatombs of elephants abound throughout the frozen soil of Siberia, but they are more numerous the further we advance northward, and most plentiful of all on the islands above-named and in those termed New-Siberia. More remarkable still are the mammoth mummies—several of which have been disinterred, whole carcasses not infrequently standing upright in the frozen soil, with their flesh "as fresh as if just taken out of an Esquimaux cache or a Yakout subterranean meat safe." The most widely known of these is that discovered in 1806 by an English botanist named Adams, and the skeleton, or such parts of it as could be recovered—for in the interval between part of it being laid bare and the information reaching Adams wild animals had preyed on the flesh and carried off many of the bones—is now in the museum of St. Petersburg. Carcasses of the rhinoceros have also been found under similar conditions.

After The Moving.

'Twas morn after moving, and out in the hall the coal had reclined on my India shawl; while my love of a switch—it cost just seven dollars—was tangled and torn among John's paper collars. The dishes are ruined—the Worcester and Sevres—which you know poor John vowed that he never would pay for. Then the ormulu clock—that fell out of the dray, and the consequence is it is right twice a day. As for me—well, my dear, if the truth must be told, since lifting that bureau I feel rather old, and my gown! you should see it! that poor whitewashed back! while the front breadth with soot is no colour, but black! Poor John got the breakfast; 'twas butterless bread. We meant to have eggs, but they dropped in the shed and streamed in a flood over grandmother's lace, at which poor John muttered a back-handed grace and exclaimed in a way I don't hear very often that the next time he moved it would be in a coffin. But now it is over; we're settled at last, and these burdens seem lighter when viewed in the past. So now we're near neighbours, call every day, dear, for John hates the house and will move in a year.

Twilight.

TO L. L. D.

> Dream-Hallowed hour! when drifting dusk and shade
> Roll from the dying glory of the west;
> And shadows woven in the caverned breast
> Of yonder beacon lengthen down the glade!
> From beck and mere the mirror'd glories fade;
> And mother-souls, secure in fold and nest,
> Gather their sleepy murmurers into rest
> Of yielded limbs and silence. Dimly arrayed
> In dusk and silver of the night, and fair
> With lily-stars, the daughter of the day—
> Trails of the sunlight in her floating hair,
> And tender gleam of reverie, in gray
> Of limpid eyes—has borne our fevered care
> For one brief hour of dream and shadow-sway.

C. A. DAWSON.

SUMMER SMILES.

A young horse always goes faster after being broken. It's the same with a ten-dollar bill.

"Well," said an undertaker, "I'm not much of a fighter, but when it comes to boxing I can lay out any man."

Little Bess—"Fred, I'm to write a composition on dogs. Tell me something about dogs." Master Fred —"Well, fleas are always about dogs."

"A girl is always a girl," says a writer in one of the magazines. Thank Heaven! we wouldn't have her anything else for anything in this world.

Niagara Landlord—"You look tired and thirsty. Won't you have a glass of water?" Cautious Visitor (who has read about the falls)—"How much is it?"

Lecturer—"I will pause until that young man in the back of the hall stops whispering." Young Man (cordially)—"Go on, sir; you are not disturbing me at all."

"Tommy," said his penurious uncle, "how would you feel if I were to give you a nickel?" "I think" replied Tommy "that I would feel a little faint at first."

Maggie (to her stepfather, who is very popular with the children)—"Oh, I wish you had been here when our papa was alive. You would have liked each other so much."

"George," said the happy bride, "papa has placed a check among the wedding presents." "Is that so?" whispered George anxiously. "Did you notice if it's certified?"

> Men differ very much from guns,
> As all experience teaches.
> Men kick, when kicking, with their boots,
> But guns kick with their breeches.

Fond Husband—"Good-bye, love! In case I am really prevented from coming home to dinner, I will send you a telegram." She—"You need not trouble to send it, my love; I have already taken it out of your jacket pocket."

There is no period in the career of the bustle that appeals so strongly to the sympathetic side of a man's nature as when it just reaches far enough abaft the weather board of the umbrella to catch the sogging rain drops as they sog.

"I hear you changed your boarding place?" "Yes; had to do it. My old place was too luxurious. A dinner of three courses every day was ruining my digestive apparatus." "Three courses? What were they?" "Napkins, ice water, and tooth-picks."

"And if I should die, dear," said a sick husband, "will you sometimes visit my grave?" "Yes, John," she replied brokenly; "every pleasant Sunday afternoon, and I will take the children. Poor little things, they don't have very much pleasure, you know!"

"Shall we take a cab?" said Miss Park Palings, of London, to Lydia Thompson. "Well dear, if you wouldn't mind, I should much prefer getting on the top of an omnibus. You see, my new walking shoes arrived from Paris this morning, and you can't think what I spent yesterday in—hosiery."

Husband—"Have the couple who jus' moved into the house next door any children?" Wife—"Children?" They've only been married a day or two." "How do you know?" "Before he started down town this morning he kissed her, and he didn't act as if he was afraid he'd get hit if he didn't."

REFLECTIONS.

[illegible] till to-morrow what is [illegible]ade you to-day.

A person whose present does not auger for the future is apt to be badly bored.

Love conquers all things, but it does not always concur in all things. Love is very unreasonable.

It is a curious thing that on the railroads it is the freight rather than the steam that makes the cargo.

The Latin proverb, "The absent get nothing," was surely never applicable to the American cashier in Canada who got all.

A Brooklyn man who advertised for a wife received two hundred and fifty answers. Anser, by-the-way, is the old Roman form of "goose"

The French are a queer race. They have a proverb, "Marry your son when you please, your daughter when you can." Evidently the French are not a conventional people.

Cyrus spoke very truly when he remarked that "he is foolish to blame the sea who is shipwrecked twice." Most men are wise enough to sue the steamship company if they are wrecked once.

What is more insane than to vent on senseless things the anger that is felt towards men? is one of the curious questions asked by Seneca, who ought to have known that it is really much more sane for a small man to break his cane over the trunk of a tree in his wrath than to break it over the shoulders of his six-foot adversary.

The Code in France.

The French chamber the other day refused to pass a motion declaring that parties to a duel were common criminals and subject to punishment the same as though they had committed an assault with intent to kill. To the French mind there is a sentiment of gallantry and chivalry attached to the code that does not so forcibly strike more practical and less poetical nations. To English-speaking people the spectacle of a prime minister and the leader of an opposing political faction, engaged in a duel, would be degrading and not edifying, and being presented in cold blood would meet with quite, if not more, condemnation than an appeal to the first made in the heat of debate. But nations will have their customs, and while England has her pugilism, Spain has bullfighting, France must be allowed her code duello, and if pistol and sword are more dangerous than the closed digits it must be allowed that used face to face they have at least a greater semblance of refinement and culture. Duelling revived in France after the revolution. For more than a century prior to that event there was no duelling. But there was plenty of it prior to 1679, when the edict which put it down was issued. In Louis XIII.'s time the English ambassador wrote home that there was "scarcely a Frenchman worth looking on that had not killed his man in a duel." Between 1601 and 1609, 2,000 men of noble birth fell in duels.

And here let us explode a fallacy. When complaints of hard times are made it is a favorite argument of the fellows who either don't feel, or don't want to feel, the pinch, that the country must be prosperous because the receipts in the Government savings-bank increase. This is no criterion, first of all because increased frugality does not of necessity imply increased prosperity, and secondly, because the increase may be almost entirely due to the fact that aliens who ultimately intend to return whence they came are hoarding their wages.

A Terrible Tropical Snake.

There are eight varieties of the fer-de-lance the most common being the gray speckled with black, precisely the color that enables the monster to hide himself among the roots of the trees by simply coiling about them and concealing his triangular head. Sometimes he is a beautiful flower yellow; then he may never be distinguished from the bunch of bright bananas among which he hangs coiled; or he might be a dark yellow, or a yellowish brown, or the color of wine lees speckled with pink and black, or a perfect ash tint, or black with a yellow belly, or black with a rose belly—all hues of tropical mould, of old bark, of putrefying trees, or forest detritus. The iris of the eye is orange, with red flashes; at night it glows like incandescent charcoal.

And the fer de-lance reigns absolute king over the mountains and ravines; he is lord of the forests and the solitudes by day, and by night he extends his dominion over the public roads, the familiar paths, the parks, the pleasure resorts. People must remain at home after dark unless they dwell in the city itself; if you happen to be out visiting after sunset, only a mile from town, your friends will caution you anxiously not to follow the boulevard as you go back, and to keep as closely as possible to the very center of the path. Even in the brightest noon you cannot venture to enter the woods unescorted; you cannot trust your eyes to detect danger; at any moment a seeming branch, a knot of lianas, a pink or gray root, a clump of pendant yellow fruit, may suddenly take life, writhe, swell, stretch, spring strike. Then you will need aid indeed, and most quickly; for within the space of a few heart-beats the stricken flesh chills, tumefies, softens, changes color, spots violaceously, and an icy coldness crawls through all the blood. If the physician or the *pauseur* arrives in time, and no artery or vein has been directly pierced, there is hope; but the danger is not passed when the life has been saved. Necrosis of the tissues begins the flesh corrupts, tatters, tumbles from the bone; and the colors of its putrefaction are frightful mockeries of the hues of vegetable death of forest decomposition, the ghastly pinks and grays and yellows of rotting trunks and roots melting back into the thick fetid clay that gave them birth. You moulder as the trees moulder; you crumble and dissolve as dissolves the substance of the balatcf and the palms and the acomats: the Death-of-the-Woods has seized upon you!

And this pestilence that walketh in darkness, this destruction that wasteth at noonday, may not be exorcised. Each female produces viviparously from forty to sixty young at a birth. The haunts of the creature are in many cases inaccessible, inexplorable; its multiplication is prodigious; it is only the surplus of its swarming that overpours into the cane fields, and makes the high-roads perilous after sunset, yet to destroy three or four hundred thanatophidia on a single small plantation during the lapse of twelve months has not been uncommon. The introduction of the mangoust (the ichneumon) may, it is hoped, do much toward protecting the workers in the cane fields and on the cocoa and coffee plantations; but the mangoust's powers are limited, and the ocean of death illimitable.

Siberian Exile.

The history of Siberian exile is one filled with pathetic incidents. Let us hope that not all are as saddening as one which we find in "Britons and Muscovites." A Russian civil engineer, employed in Siberia, who occa[illegible] lost, with his party, in the forest. Their shots brought to their aid an old wood-cutter, a man of some three-score years with tangled locks and bark-swathed feet. He led the party to his hut, where they found a charcoal fire and some rude cooking utensils.

Noticing that their host scanned his face attentively, the engineer asked if he observed in him any resemblance to some one he had previously known.

"A very strong resemblance," was the reply. "Were you not, some fifteen years ago, a student of the Richelevski Gymnase, in Odessa?"

"Yes."

"And do you remember Professor ——?"

"Certainly. He was a man beloved by every student. He disappeared suddenly and mysteriously from Odessa. What do you know of him?"

The old wood-cutter, for the first time, smiled. The heavy moustache and beard had hidden the lines of his mouth in repose, but now the student recognized the peculiarly sad sweetness of his teacher's expression. The ragged wood-cutter and the learned professor of Sanscrit were the same.

In reply to his pupil's anxious enquiries, the old man replied sadly: "All is God's will, my boy. As to my disappearance from Odessa, the police could have explained that. Nothing beyond an unfounded suspicion of disaffection to our Little Father, and a preposterous charge of disseminating a revolutionary doctrine have sent me to this life-long banishment.

"But I have sufficient philosophy left to apply myself to the felling of trees, with the same zest with which I formerly delighted to pursue a knotty problem. I am deprived of the companionship of friends, but God gives me health, and a portion of contentment. My masters pay me with but few unkind words and two roubles a week.

"Sometimes old memories draw round my heart, and give me pain. Then I swing my axe with greater force, and try to forget. It is a pleasure to see the face of my old pupil, but do not probe my heart. I ask you not to speak to me at parting. God keep you. Good-by!"

He would not allow his friend to take any messages to acquaintances who, he said, had probably forgotten him, and he would not disturb dead memories, so that nothing could be done beyond a pressure of the hand, without a word, at leave-taking.

City People in the Country.

A good many story writers are fond of ridiculing the ways, and manner of living among the plain farmers, and when they visit the country for recreation, or economy, such people are quite apt to show their strong beleif in their own superiority to their rural entertainers. Doubtless there is no lack of what got the name of "boorishness, long ago in Europe in some rural localities. But the average Canadian farmer is no boor. He may be shy, reserved, averse to conversation with those who show little cordiality; but taken rightly, the farmers of this country are quite generally found to be entertaining companions, and their wives in no way lacking in the acquirements of civilized life. It has been noticed that people of real cultivation and wide social experience get on with farmers, and enjoy a residence among them, extremely well. It is the snobbish, half-bred citizen who is most apt to feel himself out of his element there; and the defect is, in most cases, with the fault-finder. But this is the last thing the fault-finder can ever be made to understand.

STRANGE VOICE FROM A WRECK.

Singular Story of a Waterlogged Vessel Discovered in the China Sea.

"You see, messmates," says the old quartermaster, as he seats himself comfortably, "in a seafaring life we meet with many rough jobs that are out of all ordinary calkillation, and what them as haven't been to sea wouldn't hardly believe. There was that ship we fell in with in the China sea—that was an odd thing, that was.

"It was only just after daylight in the morning watch as some one sung out 'Sail ahead.' But it wasn't much of a sail, for there was only one mast—the foremast—standing, but a big ship agoing steady afore the wind, with her foretopsail set, but not hauled taut, but all flapping like. Well, we see as there was no one aboard, or, if so be there was, they didn't know how to manage her. So when we'd run down a little ahead of her, we lowered a boat, and I was one of the boat's crew as went aboard; and as we pulled up to her we could see nobody on deck, but only heard a dog barking; and when we went up the side, sure enough there was a half-starved dog a-sitting upon the body of a man; and when he sees us he sets up

A DREADFUL HOWLING,

but still he didn't seem displeased to see us, but threw back his ears, though he looked dreadful melancholy and down in the mouth. But the curious thing was to see the number of rats that was running about the decks, for the ship was waterlogged, and the rats was driven up from below, and obliged to shift for themselves.

"Well, there were three more dead bodies lying about, and when we come to look at them the rats had eaten most of their faces and necks, and ripped open their jackets to get at their flesh elsewhere, but the corpse as the dog was sitting on they hadn't been able to touch; for you see the rats lived upon the dead bodies, and the dog he lived upon the rats—so we supposed by the carcases of one on 'em as was lying near him. And such rats as they were I never see—a'most as big as half-grown rabbits, and so tame that they didn't make no account of us. You see, they'd been so familiar with the bodies aboard that they looked upon us as so many sheep or cattle, or what not, as was come aboard for their live stock.

"Well, we tried to get into the cabin, but it was full of water, and so was everything below decks; and there was no name upon the starn, or we couldn't make it out where the ship was from or where bound; and we searched the captain's pockets and couldn't find no memorandum nor name, only a love-letter sewed up in a piece of oilskin inside his jacket, and signed "Sarah," and when we was thinking of what was best to be done, whether to

THROW THE BODIES OVERBOARD

or what, a voice, as seemed close to us, sung out in a curious low tone, more like a female's than a man's: 'Ship ahoy there! What ship is that?'

"Well, that started us a'most out of our senses; for we couldn't see nothing, and the bodies on deck was dead, we knew by reason of their faces was eat; and says one of the men. It must be the dog,' says he, 'he've been athinking over to hisself all he've heerd, and he've been and taught hisself to speak; and he says to the dog, answering his hail like, 'The "Zenobia," 600 tons John Shum, master, of and from London, bound for Singapore, with a general cargo. But the dog made no answer to that; and while he was a wondering what it could be, the same kind of voice sung out again; 'Steward, glass of grog Well, now we knew that this couldn't be the dog, because they don't take no grog. Then says another man; 'I'm much deceived if that 'ere voice didn't come out of the mainmast;' so we goes to the mainmast, the stump of it, and out of the middle of the ropes and halyards that was hanging about the pins, the voice comes out again and says: 'Oh, sweet polly! No higher, keep her rap full.'

"Well, we soon cast off the ropes, and what should we see but a fine gray parrot a settin, in a kind of nest she'd made, and lookin, as if there wasn't nothin' the matter with her!

"Well, we hove over the dead bodies and left the rats to feed upon themselves, but we brought off the parrot and the dog, though he wouldn't leave the body till we'd taken the jacket off and laid it down in the boat for him, and then he came willin, enough; and Capt Shum took the dog and bird and brought them home to his old woman, and perhaps they are both alive now.

A Wonderful Railroad.

When the railway was first opened between Moscow and St. Petersburg it was an object of great terror to the superstitious peasantry of northern Russia, who thought there must certainly be some witchcraft or magic in an invention which could make a train of heavy cars run along without horses at rate of twenty miles an hour, when the best speed of the wagons to which they were accustomed was only three miles an hour, or four at the very outside.

Some of them would not go within sight of a train, and made the sign of the cross whenever they heard one rattle past. Others peeped timidly over the palisade of the railway station to catch a glimpse of the fearful smoke-breathing creature, which they believed to be a living monster, and when the steam-whistle sounded they cried out, "Hear him screaming! He's hungry, and wants to eat somebody!" and took to their heels at once.

But little by little terror the bagan to wear away. The village priests were seen to go to and fro by train, and the simple country folk thought that what *they* did could not be wrong. By degrees the peasants themselves began to try the "smoke-wagons" too, and one day an old man named Ivan Petrovitch Masloff, who had never been out of his own village till then made up his mind to go and have a look at "Mother Moscow," which all Russian peasants reverence as the finest city in the world, and the real capital of Russia.

Now it happened that the down express and the up express met each other at the station of Bologoe (midway between Moscow and St. Petersburg), where the passengers of both trains stopped for half an hour to have supper. Among the crowd of people that get out of the other train Ivan suddenly recognized an old friend. The two went into the refreshment room together, had a chat over their steaming tumblers of tea and lemon juice and then Ivan, without thinking of what he was doing, got in to his friends train instead of his own and was soon travelling back toward the spot whence he had started.

Their talk went on merrily for a while, for Ivan's friend never thought of asking the old man which way he was going. But presently Ivan began to grow silent and grave, as if pondering something which puzzled him very much; and at length, after sitting for nearly five minutes without uttering a word, he suddenly broke out:

Ah, Pavel Yurievitch" (Paul, son of George), "what a wonderful thing these railroads are, to be sure! Here am I going to Moscow, and here are you going to St. Petersburg, and yet we're both travelling in the same car. [*Harper's Magazine*.

ELEVEN, AND IMPRISONED FOR LIFE.

Little Linnville Combs, the Kentucky Lad Who Killed His Three Year-Old Sister.

The most youthful white criminal ever confined within the penitentiary was taken to Frankfort, Ky., the other day. He was so childish in appearance that the officials of the penitentiary, when informed by the Sheriff of Breathitt county that he had come to leave them a prisoner, remarked almost in unison:

"My God! you're jesting, are you not? That is a baby, and this is no baby farm!"

The boy's name is Linnville Combs. He was 11 years old last March, weighs seventy pounds, and is a little upward of four feet in height. He murdered a sister 3 years old, and was sent up for life. The little fellow was called from his work to tell all he knew of himself, and he entered the cell house with his dark eyes opened wide in astonishment that anyone here could have any business with him. He was asked his name and replied: "Linnvi'le Combs, of Breathitt county."

Sitting on a chair twirling a straw hat in his hands, pushing backward and forward and with his feet barely touching the ground, he looked so innocent it was hard to believe he had but three months ago committed the crime of sororicide. The family live about twenty miles from Jackson, on a branch appropiately named Troublesome. He said his mother's name was Dee Hinks Combs, and that his father's name was Barlow Stacey, while his mother lived with Samps Collins. In his mother's home there were four children besides himself, the youngest being Nannie Belle Combs, an infant not quite 3 years of age.

Said Linnville, when asked why he killed her: "Well, Samps Collins told me he'p give me a pair of boots and suspenders if I'd do it."

"Tell how you did it."

"She was just walking along the floor, and I hit her on the head with a skillet. She fell over into the fire, but she was dead already. I pulled her out of the fire and threw her into the creek."

In that artless way he related the horrible deed, and said that within a half hour Jennie Campbell, a girl related to him, saw the body floating on the water, and that he ran out and told her he had killed Nannie Belle himself. He then waded into the creek and drew the body ashore. It was buried, and all talk about it hushed up by the family, excepting on the part of the little boy himself, who was quite proud of the deed, as well as ignorant of its consequences. In about a month he was arrested and taken to Jackson, where he frankly related the story to the Court and jury. Collins was arrested and put on trial, but subsequently released because there was no proof of his instigation of the crime, except ing the statement of a child—an infant in law, whose oath and testimony could not be accepted by the Court. Linnville, however, was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. The boy—or baby convict—says he never went to school, but attended once or twice a Sunday school.

When asked if he didn't know he would be punished for his crime, he said:

"What's that?"

He was then asked if he didn't know he did wrong in killing his sister, and ought to be hanged for it.

He replied: "No. I just killed her. Samps Collins told me to do it."

"Did you ever hear about the Lord at Sunday school, Linnville?"

"No, I don't know nothing 'bout him."

He is, with all his blind illiteracy, a very intelligent-looking, bright-eyed child, who, under a system of mental and moral training would doubtless in the course of years develop into a useful citizen, regretting and reprehending the crime that makes a life convict of him. An appeal was made in his behalf at the Executive office, but as Gov. Buckner was absent from the city, and Lieut. Gov. Bryan not yet installed and acting in his stead, the matter was dropped for the present, and the boy regularly entered and domiciled within the walls. He was set at work caning chairs, and seem as quiet and cheerful as boys of his age usually are when compelled against their wishes to perform labor of any kind.

Value of Woodlands.

The Pennsylvania Forestry Association, in a recent publication, desires every farmer and every owner of woodland to know:

That his wood lot contains a valuable crop, which it will pay him not only to cut down and slaughter but to manage and utilize judiciously.

That it is possible to utilize the old trees in such a manner that a new, valuable crop is produced, instead of the inferior crop which now so often takes the place of the virgin forest after indiscriminate cutting.

That, as an intelligent manager and husbandman, he would do better to see to a natural reproduction of his wood lot, to cut with regard to the spontaneous young growth, rather than to clear indiscriminately.

That the time has come when forest destruction must give way to forest management, for timber is becoming more valuable every year as it grows scarcer in the country at large.

That in the woodlands in proper proportion lie to a large extent the conditions of a favorable climate and successful agriculture.

That upon forest growth depend healthfulness and equableness of climate.

That the forest breaks the force and tempers the fury of the northern and cools and moistens the breath of the southern wind.

That by its own cooler and moister atmosphere in summer and warmer atmosphere in winter it tends to equalize temperature and humidity over the intervening fields.

That while the open, treeless, heated prairie prevents the fall of rain, allowing moisture-laden clouds to pass over it undrained, we must thank our forest-clad hills and mountains for our more frequent, more gentle, more useful showers.

That the forest cover of the mountains preserves the even water flow in the springs, brooks and rivers, while its destruction or even deterioration increases the danger of floods, washes off the fertile soil, and then brings down unfertile soil into fertile valleys, lowers the water level, and, in general, throws out of balance the favorable conditions for agriculture.

That while we advocate the cutting and using of the wood crop as we need it, we must not any longer, as we have done, squander and waste it; we must not clear where clearing produces danger to the surrounding country.

The Way it Ends.

A girl now'days at sweet sixteen,
Should ne'er go out alone,
But have somebody else along,
She calls her chaperon.

Then later on, at twenty-one,
When she's a rose full blown,
She humps herself and gen'r'ly calls
Some other chap her own.

Recompense.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Straight through my heart this fact to-day
By Truth's own hand is driven:
God never takes one thing away,
But something else is given.

I did not know in earlier years
This law of love and kindness;
But without hope, through bitter tears,
I mourned in sorrow's blindness.

And, ever following each regret
For some departed treasure
My sad, repining heart was met
With unexpected pleasure.

I thought it only happened so—
But time this truth has taught me;
No least thing from my life can go,
But something else is brought me.

It is the law, complete, sublime,
And now, with faith unshaken,
In patience I but bide my time,
When any joy is taken.

No matter if the crushing blow
May for the moment down me;
Still back of it waits Love, I know,
With some new gift to crown me.

My Father's China Cup.

For many years that birthday gift—
My father's china cup—
Beside his good right hand has stayed
To hold the coffee mother made,
Although the saucer, I'm afraid,
Was early broken up.

The roses on its surface smooth,
That wreathed it round about,
Have lost the radiant bloom they wore
The day we took it from the store;
Its handle's gone, its beauty's o'er,
It never will wear out.

And there's a scar that came the day
The table-leaf fell down.
And here are notches seem to say
That Nell was late to school that day,
Or Neddie pulled the cloth away
And struck his curly crown.

It such a charmed existence bears,
No usage will destroy.
And since 'tis father's, I could not
Annihilate it on the spot.
'Tis plain I must invent a plot
Old china to employ.

For worst of all, no later gift
Induces him to spare it.
Some day his favorite dish I'll make,
Shed one fond tear for memory's sake,
And then that china cup I'll take,
And hide it in the garret.

Words of Cheer.

BY NELLIE M. RICHARDSON.

My eyes are heavy, but I cannot weep;
My heart is weary, yet I cannot sleep;
The south wind woos me but its breath is pain,
When shall I laugh, rejoice and sing again?

My answer comes not, still I sit and dream
What my life is, and what it might have been.
Who that has sat thus ever found relief
In idly hugging up his own pet grief.

Oh, heavy eyes, go find eyes heavier still;
'Twill make thine own with tear drops quickly fill.
Who weep for others' woes forget their own.
God sends us grief, but not to sit alone
And brood upon it till our hearts grow cold;
But as the Holy One in days of old
Took up his cross, so we our woe must bear.
He knows it all, then wherefore should we care?

'Tis ours, and we must bear it to the end;
We cannot give it to our foe or friend,
But, we may make it lighter, if we will,
By helping others up some steeper hill.
Thro' pain we came into this world so fair,
In pain we leave it—pain is everywhere;
But joy can mingle with it if we will
But help another's cup of joy to fill.

It was the west wind spoke these words of cheer:
"Be up and doing, banish doubt and fear!
When thou has helped to bear another's pain,
Then shalt thou laugh, rejoice and sing again."

"My House is Left Unto me Desolate."

A little while, you tell me, but a little while,
And I shall be where my beloved are;
And with your eyes all large with faith, you say,
"Thy dear ones have not journeyed very far."

"Not very far." I say it o'er and o'er,
Till on mine ear mine own voice strangely falls,
Like some mechanic utterance that repeats
A meaningless refrain to empty walls.

"Not very far;" but measured by my grief,
A distance measureless as my despair,
When, from the dreams that give them back to me,
I wake to find that they have journeyed there!

"Not very far." Ah me! the spirit has
Had its conjectures since the first man slept;
But, O the heart, it knoweth its own loss,
And death is death, as 'twas when Rachel wept!

What the Skull Said.

Say not sultans are mighty! Think not
largely of thrones!
The realm of the beggar is safer than the
kingdom of diademed ones!

The lighter the wallet is loaded the farther
the traveller goes;
And the crown is a heavier headgear than
felt, as the Darweesh knows.

The woe of a Darweesh is measured by his
want of an oaten crust.
On the heart of a king sit always his empire's
toil and trust.

When the Darweesh has munched at sunset
his lunch of yesterday's bread
He sleeps in his rags more sweetly than a
king on a golden bed.

Be grieved for him who ruleth and pity his
sorrowful fate!
The beggar is verily monarch, although he
conceals his state.

I heard it told of a Darweesh, long ago, in
a distant land,
How a Skull spake these words to him as
he held the thing in his hand:

"The pomp of the giving of orders and the
pomp to save and to slay
Were mine; and a turban of greatness on
the brow which is bone to-day.

"God's will and the glory of battle brought
harvest to edge of my sword;
I was king of the two great rivers; I was
Babylonia's lord.

"I had in my heart the purpose to seize
Karomania's plain.
When low in the wink of an eyelid the
worms were eating my brain.

"From the ear of wisdom, Darweesh! the
cotton of carelessness pluck,
That council of carelessness, Darweesh!
may bring thee, by lowliness, luck."

—EDWIN ARNOLD.

Nerviline. What is it?

Nerviline is a combination of the most powerful pain relieving substances known. Nerviline is not a nostrum, but a preparation which has received from members of the medical profession, clergymen, the press, and others most enthusiastic endorsation. If suffering from pain of any kind, external or local, give Nerviline a trial. Nerviline cures toothache, cramps, neuralgia, and almost instantly. Trial bottles 10 cents, large bottles 25 cents, at druggists and dealers everywhere.

Prize men for their real worth and not for their gilt, and believe those to be the greatest men who are the holiest men, and those to be the best company who keep company with Christ.

Life is like a roll of costly material passing swiftly through our hands, and we must embroider our pattern as it goes. We cannot wait to pick up a false stitch, or pause too long before we set another.

Restricted Immigration.

In days not very long gone by it used to be said that every immigrant landed in any part of the States was worth to the community at least a thousand dollars. These times, however, seem to have gone past. Now even those who have very little else in common seem to unite in the conclusion that restricted immigration is not only desirable but necessary. Mayor Hewitt, of New York, came out lately in favor of this change. He declared that within the last ten or twelve years the conditions of things had entirely changed. Formerly the best of the struggling and working classes of the old world sought a home and a better career in the new. Now a very large proportion of the present immigrants are brought over by corporations and are substantially serfs, who will give not only their labour but their votes to any who are willing to pay. The Mayor accordingly is strongly in favour of an educational test and that no foreigner should be allowed to vote till after a residence of fourteen or twenty-one years.

George William Curtis is, if possible, still more pronounced and in the same direction. He says that the old pioneers who originally settled the nation were, in the language of William Stoughton, of such a character that it might be said that "God sifted a whole nation that he might send the grain over into the wilderness." But this type of immigrants, he further declares, has now practically ceased and the nation is at present imperilled by "the ignorant, lawless, idle and dangerous overflow of other countries, and Mr. Curtis finishes with the following significant and felicitously chosen words:—

"A miscellaneous multitude sprung of many nations, without a common heart to vibrate instinctively to common memories and associations, would lack that supreme patriotism which is the moral defense of the Nation. Let us beware, then, how we recklessly water our life-blood."

In short, the testing time in the history of the United States, long ago foreshadowed by Macaulay and others, has now arrived, and the world will watch with interest how that test will be passed through. The Germans have been in the habit of speaking of civilization in the American Union as the "Unsolved problem." It remains to be seen what form that solution will take.

Too Lazy to Pick up Gold.

Mr. Monnier, who has been exploring the upper Amazon, has visited near its headwaters, 125 miles from the Pacific coast, a tribe of remarkably lazy Indians, for whom even gold has no attractions, though they know its value. He says they live in indescribable poverty and squalor. When he asked them why they did not collect the gold, of which considerable quantities may be found in their country, they replied that it would be far too much trouble. It is rare indeed that savage peoples do not open placer gold mines when they have a chance. The gold regions of Africa and India show many vestiges of ancient diggings, and far toward the Zambesi, in inner Africa, the women still wash the sands of dried up river beds, preserving the precious dust they find in quills until the next trader comes along.

Test of Character.

In some parts of the world it is accounted a sign of good-breeding to eat sparingly and with a display of daintiness, but in other places nothing will do but a voracious appetite. A traveller in Central Asia says:

On one occasion, having ridden a long distance since the early morning, I halted with my companions at a small village and dishes of newly made *gattuk* were placed before us—a preparation which, when fresh, is really delicious.

It needed no adventitious politeness to make me devour it, and I emptied my huge dish of coagulated milk in a manner which charmed my host. Another was set before me, which I emptied with equal zest.

I even surpassed my companions in voracity, and from time to time I observed my gray-bearded entertainer turn to the assemblage, and, with a look of genuine pleasure lighting his countenance, say, alluding to me, "He is a good man; he is an excellent man."

A Wonderful Offer.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. It has fairly attained a world-wide reputation. If you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; if there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers, the voice being changed and has a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

The objectionable features in this summer's styles are that skirts are too short before and too long behind.

"Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break," says Tennyson: and the part that ill-health often plays in heart-wreck is too great for computation. Uterine disorders especially becloud the spirits and sap the springs of vitality and nervous force. For these distressing diseases, functional irregularities, unnatural discharges, constant pains, weak back, lassitude, dullness, sinking sensations, ill-temper and all weaknesses and derangements peculiar to females, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a perfect specific. Sold by druggists.

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Escape its all-enslaving band,
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Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures coughs, colds, and consumption if taken in time. Of druggists.

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The number of performances of Shakespearean plays on the German stage last year was 717. Twenty-five pieces were produced —"Othello" 90 times, "Hamlet" 88 times, "The Merchant of Venice" 87 times, "The Taming of the Shrew" 67 times, "Romeo and Juliet" 63 times.

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A. P. 409.

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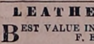

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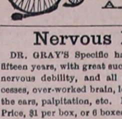

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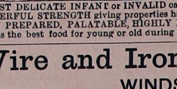
TRADE MARK.
FACTORIES AND SALESROOM:
420 to 426 King St. West, TORONTO
E. G. GOODERHAM, Manager. J. C COPP, Sec.-Treas.

CONBOY'S CARRIAGE TOPS.

Have all the latest improvements and are unequalled for durability, style and convenience. The leading Carriage Builders sell them. ASK FOR THEM and BUY NO OTHER.

SUMMER DISORDERS,

Which PROVE SO FATAL TO CHILDREN at this season of the year, have to be fought largely by supplying HIGHLY NUTRITIOUS FOOD that THE WEAKEST stomach can retain, and that will SUSTAIN THE STRENGTH against the drain upon the system. This is exactly what

JOHNSTON'S  **FLUID BEEF**

CLAIMS TO BE and do, and the MOST DELICATE INFANT or INVALID can TAKE IT and THOROUGHLY DIGEST IT, and ITS WONDERFUL STRENGTH giving properties have been in the experience of thousands. It is EASILY PREPARED, PALATABLE, HIGHLY NUTRITIOUS, READILY DIGESTED, and is the best food for young or old during the hot weather.

Barnum Wire and Iron Works,
WINDSOR, ONT.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST FENCE.

Made from 3-16 Steel Rods, with Heavy Iron Frame and Iron Foundations.

We are offering the Fence at exceptionally low prices.

Iron Fence, Cresting, Stable Fittings, and all kinds of Iron and Brass Work.

There are many IMITATIONS of
"Peerless"
MACHINE OIL,
but none equal it in lubricating properties. FARMERS, MILLMEN, etc., find none equal to the GENUINE Peerless made by
SAMUEL ROGERS & CO., TORONTO.
Sold by dealers everywhere.

Confederation Life
ASSOCIATION.

Capital and Funds now over $3,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE, - 15 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO, Ont
A Home Company, Established October, 1871.

To this date, October 31st, 1887, there has been returned:

To the heir of Policy-holders (death claims)	$649,249 00
To the holders of matured Endowment Policies	26,492 63
To Policy-holders on surrender of Policies	98,656 00
To Policy-holders for Cash Profits (including those allocated and being paid)	432,544 02
To holders of Annuity Bonds	16,967 84
Loaned to Policy-holders on the Security of their Policies	82,264 98
	$1,306,174 47

Policies in Force over 10,000. Amount over $15,000,000.
PRESIDENT—HON. SIR W. P. HOWLAND, C.B., K.C.M.G.
VICE-PRESIDENTS—WILLIAM ELLIOTT, ESQ.; EDWARD HOOPER, ESQ.
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Policies Nonforfeitable after 2 years and Indefeasible after 3 years.

THE
DESERONTO NEWS CO'Y
(LIMITED)
OUR JOBBING DEPARTMENT

Is replete with an abundant supply of new type and printing material. We are therefore in a position to execute Fine Job printing in all its branches in first class style and at rates to suit the times. Send or call and get prices. ☞Orders by mail will receive our prompt and careful attention.

The Tribune.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1888

Remnants, Remnants, lots of Remnants to be sold cheap. Kerr & Wims.

Very cheap stationery at THE TRIBUNE office.

The Fair promises to be the greatest event ever held in Kingston.

Commissioner Marrigan has made a good job of east Thomas street.

EGAR has received a large consignment of goods from England for the Xmas trade.

THE band of the 13th Batallion, Hamilton, is the best musical organization in the province.

THERE are still complaints of too much noise and racket in some west end houses every night.

You invariably save money by buying your school Books, slates, pencils, &c., at THE TRIBUNE office.

There have been good markets of late, the supply of garden truck being large and good prices obtained.

Norway with a population of 1,000,000 owns 1,546,000 tons of shipping. Canada owns 1,130,000 tons.

MR. E. S. GRILLS spent last week in this section purchasing cattle. He shipped a car load to the Buffalo market.

MR. R.H. BAKER and family are camping out in a pleasant nook near Hull's dock during the hot weather.

AS a result of the reduction in the price of gas a great many citizens are having gas introduced into their residences.

THE remnant table at the Big Store, attracts much attention, many persons take advantage of the bargains offered.

A SPECIAL line of couches at greatly reduced rates for the next thirty days at Dalton's furniture store, St. George street.

BEFORE you go boating call at the Big Store and secure one of those beautiful evening shawls which they are selling so cheap.

RESIDENTS in the northwest suburbs complain of a cowbell which trys their sensitive nerves by its anything but melodious cadences.

Prof. Morris, representing B. Laurance & Co., the celebrated English opticians will be at Malley's Drug Store for one day only, Saturday, 25th

MANY lunatics confined in the gaols of Eastern Ontario are being removed to Rockwood asylum, where accommodation has been provided for them.

THE leading musicians agree that brass instruments make the best music for bands. They are not so shrill as those made of silver or other metals.

When will the council have the courage to pass a by-law to prevent the further erection of wooden buildings in the business district of Deseronto.

WHAT with so many business men and others going off for tne camping grounds along the bay every evening, the streets these nights look dull.

MR. RICHARD CLARK, M. P. P. for East Northumberland, died at Colborne on Tuesday morning from an affection of the throat. He was 52 years of age.

MESSRS. Wm. Jamieson, E. S. Grills, J. Marrigan, Jr. and others were camping out for a day or two at Jamieson's shore up the Bay. They report a good time.

THE masts have been taken out of the Queen of the Lakes so that she may be converted into a three master. She will be a completely new vessel when she leaves the marine railway.

WE observed a number of chairs and forms in course of manufacture at Dalton's factory on Wednesday, and were informed that they were for the lodge room of the Canadian Order of Foresters.

HAVING a few straw hats still remaining in stock, the Big Store will, during the month of August, sell them at about half price, as they have no room to carry goods over for another season's trade.

THE San Francisco *Call* says that "the Canadian jails at present contain no murderers under sentence of death. The officials in the Department of Justice say that this incident is almost without precedent.

A NEW engine has been put in the Machine Shop for the purpose of running the machinery of the shop alone. The former engine still remains and will be used solely for furnishing power for the sash factory.

ANOTHER cornet player will be added to the Rathbun Company Band which is making truly great progress this summer. The Band are grateful to the citizens for the many assurances of support and encouragement they are receiving.

OWING to numerous complaints the Chief has received orders from the authorities to prevent all persons from bathing at the shipyard and vicinity. Boys will take note of this fact and thus run no risk of fine and imprisonment.

A LODGE of the Protestant Association of Pentice Boys will be formed in Deseronto. A deputation is expected from Belleville to-night to initiate the members and institute the lodge. About thirty have signified their intention to become members and the lodge room will be in the McCullough Block.

THE C. P. R. monopoly has been broken but the grinding monopoly of the express companies still continues. Parliament is afraid to deal with this evil. These express companies are exorbitant in their charges and utterly indifferent to the convenience of their patrons. We want a Greenway to curb their ceaseless exactions.

THE hotelkeepers are rigidly observing the law regarding the sale of liquor to Indians. The chief offenders against this act are a class of loafers about hotel yards who in order to get a drink purchase a bottle for some thirsty Indian. The Police Commissioner and Constable for the Reserve are determined that these offenders will when detected be transported to Belleville jail for a long term.

Fine clear cool weather yesterday and to-day.

THE next entrance examinations to high schools will take place on December 19th, 20th and 21st next.

The work on the extension of the N. T. & Q. Ry. to Tweed is making rapid progress in the vicinity of Tamworth.

THE Big Store has a fine assortment of all the leading lines of corsets, ask to see the new "Yatise Corset."

STEADY progress is being made on the Methodist Church. Mr. W. B. Graham is now busy painting the interior.

MR. J. T. GREATRIX is the representative of Deseronto Lodge, No. 102, at the meeting of the Grand Encampment of Oddfellows now in progress at Barrie.

GENTLEMEN'S cream flannel boating and camping shirts just received at the Big Store. You cannot properly enjoy camping unless attired in one of those shirts.

WORKMEN are busy effecting repairs on the purifying house at the gas works consequent on the conflagration at the Chemical Works some time since.

MRS. J. M. Poitras and family have been camping out on the other side of the bay a few miles from Deseronto and dispensing a generous hospitality to their frequent visitors.

MESSRS. G. E. Snider and R. N. Irvine are with their families camped out on the Bay shore near Hull's dock enjoying the invigorating breezes and pretty scenery of our beautiful bay.

ON Tuesday forenoon a pile of lumber containing about fifteen thousand feet and which was resting on a defective foundation collapsed and tumbled into the bay from the West Yard dock.

THE recent showers have greatly improved the appearance of Central Park, which is now becoming more of a public resort. The flowers under Mr. May's fostering care look very beautiful.

PEOPLE were disturbed on Wednesday night by three drunken roughs from Napanee who were driving a poor horse at a furious rate up and down the streets as they would in their native hamlet.

SOME matrons act as if the baby perambulator by-law were a dead letter. No perambulators on Main and St. George streets after 6 p. m. Pedestrians have rights which must be respected.

MEMBERS of the Deseronto Athletic Association view with alarm the appearance of sundry stakes which point to the approaching disappearance of Prospect Park as a field for manly sports and games.

THE residents of Fourth street are justly proud of their fine display of flowers. Mrs. R. H. Baker has a noble specimen of a geranium which had over forty blossoms all on one stalk. It was greatly admired by visitors.

THE rumor that two quill drivers who have been camping out over the bay had spent the night in a tree to escape the attack of a panther turns out to be a mythical invention on the part of some jealous electricians who envy them their good time.

MR. J. W. London, of the *Intelligencer* accompanied by Mr. W. A. Beamish, of H. M. Customs, Belleville, and Mr. John G. Moore, of the Postal Service, Winnipeg, were in town on Tuesday and favoured us with a friendly call.

WORKMEN, as thick as bees, are rapidly running up the brick and terra cotta walls of the new Chemical Works buildings. The visitor can now form a better idea of their vast size. Mr. French will have them ready for operation this fall.

REMEMBER that Thursday, 16th inst., is the date of the excursion and picnic of S. Mark's congregation and Sabbath School to Massassaga Park. The Quinte has been engaged. Tickets only 25 cts. Fail not to take in this day's enjoyment.

A SMALL building of the way back style of architecture has been run up this week on the lot owned by Mr. Jacob Maracle and facing on Main street. It is a pity that Main street should have its appearance marred by shanties of such a character.

SIX grave looking men could be seen the other evening sitting on a seat near Central Park. On inquiry we learned they were cemetery directors. Does this mean another combine against the health of residents? We thought that the doctors and board of health had a monopoly in that line.

ACTING on the ever good advice of The TRIBUNE an increasing number of our people are camping along the bay shore. Business men can thus return to work every morning. We are astonished that the steamboat companies do not purchase Thompson's Point for a park, erect cottages and thus invite tourists and traffic for their boats.

A POOR unfortunate slept out his drunken debauch under the scorching rays of the sun between the boardwalk and fence on Main street last Monday afternoon presenting a sad spectacle to the passer by until removed by the Chief. By the way what has become of the W. C. T. U., and other temperance organizations? They might yet find something to do even in Deseronto.

MR. W. P. Bowen has in his possession an interesting Indian relic in the shape of a tomahawk of a very peculiar make, having holes bored in one side only for fastening it to a handle, as it is supposed. It was found on his property and is altogether different from any other yet seen in this section or what are known to our Indians. A great many Indian relics have been found on Mr. Bowen's property which appears to have been a great resort for Indians in olden times.

Now that Deseronto people have caught the camping out and summer resort fever, the idea that Capt. John's Island should be purchased by a joint stock company and the erection of a number of cheap cottages is again mooted. In a few years the island will have become the summer residence of hundreds. It is ever cool and breezy, has good bathing facilities and no better place for fishermen to try their skill.

MRS. EVAN EDWARDS, an old resident of Deseronto, died on Monday at the residence of her son, Mr. John Edwards, Centre street. She was a native of the city of Cork, Ireland, and came to this country twenty-five years ago, having been for the past twenty-three years a resident of Deseronto. Her husband, who was a native of Wales, was a naval pensioner but after twenty one years gave up his pension and again joined the service and was present at the great battle of Algiers. Her funeral took place on Tuesday to the Napanee cemetery.

SEVERAL Napanee hotel-keepers have been guilty of a third violation of the Scott Act and have found it necessary to depart for their summer vacation rather than pay the fine of $200 or suffer imprisonment.

MR. JOB AYLSWORTH, father of the Reeve of Deseronto, died at his residence in Newburgh, on Tuesday in his 80th year. The deceased, who was universally respected, was born in the township of Ernestown. He remembered when the only mill in this district was at Kingston, and he saw the first mill built in the woods at what is now the town of Napanee. He recollected when the mail was carried on horseback from Montreal to Little York by a path through the woods. In his long life time he witnessed great changes in all this part of Ontario. The funeral took place on Thursday to the family burying ground at Violet.

New Post Offices.

Two new post-offices will be opened in North Hastings, viz. Empey, in the township of Madoc, Mr. Levina Empey, postmaster, and Wood, in the township of Cardiff, at a settlement near Pandast Lake.

Railway Accident.

While unloading some steel rails on section 42, Grand Trunk Railway, on Thursday of last week, a man named Dunlop slipped and the rail falling back struck him on the leg inflicting very severe bruises, but fortunately breaking no bones. Men engaged at this work cannot be too careful, as they are particularly liable to such accidents.

A Singular Freak of Nature.

The Rev. J. C. Ash, of Adolphustown, has had a silver grey African parrot in his possession for 29 years, and the bird is now 33 years of age, and on Sabbath morning last she laid her first egg. The amusing part of it is that for nearly thirty years past she has gone by the pet name of "Charlie," her sex not being known.

No Better than other People.

The Boston Globe the other day put up a job on the doctors. The Globe sent a reporter, an athlete in perfect health, to ten of the leading physicians for advice. He told the same story of symptoms to each. All the doctors declared him a very sick man, though each one gave a different diagnosis and prescription. The Globe published the facts and the prescriptions but mercifully kept back the doctors' names.

The Weather.

The weather during the past week has been warm, thermometer ranging about 85° in the shade on an average. On Monday the mercury rose to 88° in the shade. Saturday was more oppressive owing to the great humidity of the atmosphere, and people, though the themometer only marked 87°, were sweltering all day. There have been some fine showers which must have proved very beneficial to the country.

To-Morrow.

Remember, Saturday, August 11th, is the date of Rev. D. O. Crossley's excursion to 1000 Island Park. Three day's outing for $1.00. A sail down the bay and river on Saturday, and a sail among the Islands on Monday morning. An hour at Kingston on the return trip. Two boats, the Hero and Quinte, carry the excursionists. Plenty of room and no overcrowding. The steamer leaves Deseronto at 7:20.

Read this Carefully.

Yes, read this carefully and cut it out for future reference. On Friday, August 17th, the very best excursion of the season will be held at Davey's Island. Three boats will carry the excursionists; three brass bands will render the occasion a brief heaven. Boats run from Kingston, Trenton and Napanee calling at all way ports. The Salvation Army have this grand demonstration in charge. Fare from Deseronto 50 cts.

The Excursion of the Season.

On Saturday, August 18th, the Quinte carries an excursion from Trenton and all Bay ports to 1000 Island Park under the auspices of the Methodist Church, Hilton. Tickets $1.00 for the round trip. Boat leaves Northport at 8:00, and Deseronto at 9:30 a. m. The boat will remain over at the Park all day Sunday and leave at 7:30 a. m. Monday; will remain at Kingston three hours. Meals served on boat. A liberal patronage is solicited.

Police Court.

On Monday evening the Chief arrested and ran in Jas. Bream and Peter Davey for fighting on the streets. Next morning they appeared before justices Aylsworth and McGaughey who fined each of them $2.00 and costs, or $4.00 in all for each man. On Tuesday the Chief arrested Wm. Culbertson, Indian, drunk. He appeared before Police Commissioner McCullough, who fined him $5 and costs, $8.50 in all, with ten days to pay, failing which imprisonment in Belleville jail. He informed on the parties who had furnished him with the fire water.

Tied the Knot.

We clip the following from the Vancouver, B. C., *Evening Herald* of July 20th: "Yesterday at the Baptist Church, this city, Miss M. A. Lindsay Holmes, eldest daughter of William Holmes, Esq., of Wallingford, Berkshire, England, was married to Mr. Walter Charles Archer, one of the young, good-looking and popular real estate agents in Vancouver. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. J. B. Kennedy. The happy couple have departed on their honeymoon to Victoria, from whence they will return to this city shortly. They have the best wishes of the HERALD for their future happiness." The TRIBUNE unites with Mr. Archer's numerous friends in wishing him and his young bride a very happy wedded life.

Doleful Dreamers.

The occupants of the numerous dormories on the third flat of the O'Connor House were aroused from their peaceful slumbers on Sunday night by doleful moans and cries proceeding from some one of the many rooms. It was not the dismal grunts of tired athletes this time; it rather sounded as if some poor fellow was engaged in a death struggle with an aggressive cucumber or midnight marauder. The hall was soon filled with brave men wearing pale faces and white garments, and armed to the teeth with paregoric bottles, flasks, bootjacks and other offensive weapons, all prepared to do and die for their brother in distress. But no sick or wounded man was to be found. One or two who were sleeping the sleep of the just were awakened from their peaceful slumbers, but could give no information. People are always wise after the event, and some assert that the cries and moans were nothing more than the dreamy lamentations of a financier or dry goods man who had been given the cold shoulder by his best girl whom he had not plied as liberally as usual with ice-cream, egg-shake, and caramels so dear to the feminine heart.

Changes.

John Payne, late assistant engineer in the Terra Cotta Works, has accepted a position in the machine shops, Wm. Bennett becomes second engineer at the Terra Cotta Works.

Excursion.

The Stmr. Hero will give a cheap excursion to Kingston on the 17th of August. This will be the last excursion of the kind this season. Fare for the round trip 50cts. See bills for particulars.

East Hastings Licenses.

At the last meeting of the East Hastings License Commissioners, the following were granted a license for the balance of the year: Sarah E. Houston, Milltown; James Davidson, Shannonville; W. L. Bowen, Foxboro; and Wm. Goodfellow, Tyendinaga.

Meteoric Showers.

The earth, is during the present week passing through the great meteoric zone and hence the number of shooting stars which have been visible every night during the past week. Should to-night be clear a large number of brilliant meteors will probably be seen more particularly in the northeast heavens.

Quinte's Excursions.

On Wednesday the Quinte carried an excursion from Napanee to Stella. On Thursday she carried an excursion of the Citizens Band from Picton to 1000 Islands Park. To-day she carries an excursion from Napanee to Massassaga and Belleville, leaving Deseronto at 9 a. m. To-morrow she carries Rev. D. O. Crossley's excursion to the 1000 Islands.

Casualties.

Robt. Newberry had the tips of three fingers cut by a saw in the shingle mill last Friday. A young lad, Anthony Gordor, by name, who is evidently fated to be ground up in a mill, was caught by a belt in the same mill and hurled about promiscuously passing through a narrow space, escaping with a skinned arm and a bruised shoulder to try his luck again at a future day.

Music on the Waters.

The Choir of the Methodist Church will give something unique in the way of a concert on the steamer Quinte next Thursday evening, 16th inst. The concert is in aid of the Organ Fund of the Church and as will be seen an excellent programme has been arranged and a most pleasaurable time may be expected. The sail down the bay, with a concert thrown in, is something which is not to be enjoyed every evening. The tickets are placed at 25 cts, and we are sure a liberal patronage will be accorded the Choir for their spirited enterprise. The Rathbun Company Band will render assistance.

Band Concert.

The weather and other unfavourable circumstances interfered in some measure with the Band Concert last Friday. During the evening an excursion under the auspices of the Oddfellows' Band, of Belleville, arrived on the Quinte. Both bands played some excellent selections at the Empress and Cameron hotels, the music being greatly appreciated. The Oddfellows' Band, one of the best musical organization in this district of Canada, are always welcome visitors to Deseronto. We express the general wish when we say they cannot come too often.

A Sensible Wedding present.

At the residence of D. R. Ketcheson, Sidney, on Wednesday, the marriage of Gatrey M. to William Gilbert, Bowmanville, occurred. The wedding presents were numerous, the most unique being a fine young cow, the gift of Rev. Amos Campbell, Deseronto. When the gentleman taught school in Sidney he boarded at Mr. Ketcheson's. Gatrey was a very small girl and he used to tell her he would give her a white cow when she got married, and he fulfilled his promise. Among the guests was the bride's aunt and namesake, Mrs. Grass, an old lady, who, when a girl, when Sidney was a wilderness, was lost in the woods for eight or nine days.

Yacht Race.

The second race in the series of Yacht races was sailed on Wednesday evening, and proved the best race yet sailed and in fact one of the best aquatic contests ever witnessed on Mohawk Bay. The bay looked quite lively with excursion steamers, and the white sails of a large fleet of sail boats and canoes. The docks were crowded with interested spectators. A good start was made by all the boats and the race was well contested to the finish. The race was again won by the Annie L. owned by J. C. Manood, which made the distance in 53 min. 5 sec. The Grit, J. Stuart, 2nd, time 54 min. 45 sec.; Oddfellow, B. Earnhart, 3rd, 56 min. 58 sec, and Stranger, J. Howell, 4th, 59 min, 40 sec. The boats were well handled, the skipper of the winning craft being M. Woodcock, who has been drilling his crew of late to good purpose. The next race will be sailed on Wednesday evening, 15th inst.

Another Superstition Dispelled.

There is a world-wide superstition that as soon as a man gets a black eye he must use cold applications for hours, and that the best cold application possible is raw beef. I call it a superstition because it is without reason and against reason. Everybody knows that what makes a discoloration of the skin by a bruise is the congestion of the part with the blood that cannot get away again, so that it decomposes and changes its color; and everybody ought to know that the way to prevent such a result is to facilitate and stimulate the circulation in the bruised part. A cold application retards the circulation, and the best thing is to stimulate it by hot applications. Twice in my life I was threatened with a black eye. On the first occasion I applied raw beef and other cold applications, and succeeded in producing the blackest eye I ever saw. On the second occasion I put some hot water right away and bathed the eye for about half an hour in it. The result was that there was not the slightest discoloration at any time.—[Chicago Journal.

Swimming Baths.

The facilities for bathing in this vicinity are gradually growing very limited, and complaints are very numerous on that score. Men after the hard work of the day cannot be expected to walk long distances to enjoy a dip in the bay, and there are but few opportunities for them at present until a very late hour. Parents do not relish the idea of their children sailing across the bay to the sand banks, for a gale might spring up with disastrous results, and rude boys or young men may prove an annoyance whence once that place is reached. Why should there not be an effort made to establish swimming baths? The expense would not be so very great and the Council might with reason give a grant. Private subscriptions could easily be secured to supplement this and the whole thing be accomplished without much trouble. These baths would be a great benefit to all and tend to the health and pleasure of the whole community. Who will lead an agitation in this important movement.

Fire at Marlbank.

During a heavy thunderstorm on Monday night the premises of John Wilson, merchant, of Marlbank, were totally destroyed by fire. They consisted of a store, dwelling house and barn. They lost everything, including two valuable horses. Probable loss, $8,000; insurance small.

The Provincial Fair.

The Governor-General has intimated that he will visit the Provincial Fair at Kingston, on Wednesday, Sept. 12th, remaining in the city until the next day. Sir John Macdonald and other celebrities will formally open the show on Tuesday. Hon. R. G. Joly will address a Forestry convention during fair week.

The Banner Lodge.

Over 700 applications were received for admission into the Independent Order of Foresters during the month of June. Court Frontenac won the prize offered by the Executive Council with its 57 candidates initiated during June. It thus becomes with its 223 members the banner Court of the Order. The High Court of Ontario met yesterday at Toronto.

The Swine Industry.

The above is the title of an interesting pamphlet written and published by Mr. James Cheeseman, Toronto, and dedicated to the forty thousand patrons of Ontario's 752 cheese factories and 50 creameries, and to every Canadian farmer who keeps a pig. It contains a vast amount of useful information on raising swine and similar subjects. To the farmer this pamphlet is simply invaluable and a copy should be found in every farm house. They can be purchased at 5 cents each or four dollars per hundred from the author, Mr. James Cheeseman, Toronto

Shade Trees.

It is a pity that there are no pretty walks or drives in the immediate vicinity of Deseronto. No fine avenues of trees or shady walks are to be found in the suburbs. Not a tree on the shore road until the Mohawk sarsonage is reached; the same is true of the Marysville road. There appears to be no disposition on the part of farmers or land owners to plant a shade tree or do anything to beautify their places. It is the same thing along the Boundary road for a considerable distance, and as for the Napanee road the traveller as he passes along might imagine himself, as far as the presence of shade trees are concerned, to be on a western prairie. A few families have pretty gardens and shady trees which make their residences stand out in striking contrast to their neighbors. The Napanee road should long ere this have been like that from Picton to Wellington.

School Board.

A meeting of the School Board was held last Friday evening. There was a good attendance of members and much important business was transacted. The estimates were considered and passed and it was resolved to call upon the Council for a levy of $2,300 for school purposes. The secretary reported twenty-seven applications received for the position of caretaker. On motion it was resolved to appoint Mr. Wm. Waterbury to the position at a salary of $150, which was the sum paid to his predecessor, though his duties will be more numerous. Miss Jessie Porter tendered her resignation as teacher, as it is her intention to take a course at the Ottawa normal school. Miss Ida Craig was appointed to take charge of the department thus vacated. Several accounts were ordered to be paid. The subject of introducing a new system of heating apparatus, etc., etc., was discussed and laid over for further consideration. The meeting then adjourned to meet again at the school house on Monday evening for the purpose of making a tour of inspection of the buildings and grounds. On that evening all were present except the chairman; it was decided to make several repairs, and the work was ordered to be done by the day instead of by tender. Messrs. N. P. Taylor and Murney Deans have been engaged to do the necessary painting and calsomining with the assistance of the caretaker.

An Evil Under the Sun

During the past ten or fifteen years a great many boys must have passed through the public schools of Deseronto. Like many others we are surprised that so few of them are now filling positions of trust or responsibility in their native town. Few, if any at all, hold municipal or government offices; few are employed in the business houses or in railway or steamboat offices; and if we pass through the great factories which give importance to Deseronto, it will be found that with very few exceptions the foremen and superintendents are chiefly from other towns and countries. What is the cause? What becomes of our town boys? Perhaps some of our older residents can give the proper reply to these questions. While making allowance for the fact that in a place of rapid growth like Deseronto the greater proportion of the positions referred to must necessarily be filled by skilled machinists, foremen, &c., imported from other places, the fact still remains that the boys of Deseronto are not coming to the front as rapidly as might with reason be expected. The fault is not owing to the boys and young men of Deseronto, though even among them there is too often an absence of that ambition which is desirable in the youth of our country. Is it not rather due to the parents themselves? In an impatient struggle to obtain the almighty dollar, boys are taken from school at too early an age; and sent to work in factory or mill, just at the critical time of their school education. They grow up destitute of that education which alone can enable them to fill positions requiring skill and intelligence, and thus advancement beyond a certain level becomes an impossibility. In this age education counts in every walk of life. Parents thus too often over-reach themselves; their boys are pushed in the great race of life, and the son of those more sagacious and far-seeing gain the prizes for which so many are contending.

THE METHODIST CHOIR CONCERT.

Programme for Choir Concert on the Bay, next Thursday evening, by the Methodist Choir.

PART I.

Descriptive Chorus.....Choir.
Solo.....H. Aylsworth.
Duet.....Misses Walker and Hull.
Solo "There She Brews.' Jno. C. Walker.
Duet.....Misses Anderson and Walker.
Solo.....
Quartette....Misses Anderson and Walker, and Messrs. Walker.

PART II.

Solo, Piano.....
Solo, (comic).....Miss Campbell.
Duet.....Miss Lena Walker.
Solo.....Messrs. Fowkes and Walker.
Solo, (comic).....Miss Anderson.
Quartette.....Jno. C. Walker.
"God Save the Queen." Soldier's Farewell.

The Rathbun Company Band in attendance. Tickets 25 cents.

Annual

Summer Sale.

This week we commence our annual summer sale, which will afford a grand opportunity to secure summer goods at great reductions.

We are bound to clear out entirely our immense stock of

Summer Silks.
Satins.
Dress Stuffs,
Dress Trimmings,
Prints,
Ginghams,
Zephyr,
Chambrays,
Seersuckers,
Lawns,
Muslins,
Embroideries,
Laces,
Gloves,
Hosiery,
Handkerchiefs and Collars.

In our tailoring and Gents' furnishing departments we are offering all our

SUMMER CLOTHING for Men and Boys,
STRAW HATS,
FELT HATS, light colors,
LISLE GLOVES,
HOSIERY,
TIES,
BOATING SHIRTS and CAMBRIC SHIRTS at a bargain.

DON'T FORGET OUR

Staple Department.

We have established a reputation for good qualities and low prices combined, during the past season.

Cottons at 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 cents per yard.

Steamlooms from 7 cents per yd up.

Sheetings, Tickings, Towels, Towelings, Table Napkins, Quilts, Cotton Yarns, Woolen Yarns, Carpet Warp.

ROBINSON & CO.

Successors to Downey & Co.

Napanee.

DESERONTO MARKET.

Deseronto August 9, 1888.

BARLEY, 55 to 75 cents per bushel.
OATS, 45 to 50 " "
BUTTER, 16 to 18 cents per pound.
LAMB, 7 to 8 " "
BEEF, 4 to 5 " "
LARD, 11 to 12 " "
EGGS, 12 to 15 cents per dozen.
POTATOES, $1.25 to $1.20 per bag.
HAY, 15 to 18 dollars per ton.
CHICKENS, 30 to 50 cents per pair.
Hides 3 to 3.50 dollars per cwt.
Pelts 25 cents each.
Tallow in rough 2 cents per lb.
Tallow rendered 5 "
Hogs, live weight, $5.00 per cwt.
Hogs, dead, $6.50 to $7 per cwt.
Apples, 80 cents to $1.30 per bag.

BIRTHS.

FOX:—On the 30th of July, at 2nd con. of Tyendinaga, the wife of Mr. Jacob Fox, of a son.

DRUMMEY:—At Deseronto, on the 5th inst., the wife of Mr. Daniel Drummey, of a son.

DUNLOP:—At Deseronto Junction, on the 8th inst., the wife of Mr. John Dunlop, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

ARCHER—HOLMES:—At Vancouver, B. C., on the 19th of July, by Rev. J. B. Kennedy, pastor of the Baptist Church, Mr. Walter C. Archer, of Vancouver, to Miss M. A. Lindsay Holmes, daughter of Wm. Holmes, Esq., of Wallingford, Berkshire, England.

FEATHERSTONHAUGH—ROWE —At St. John's church, Port Hope, on the 2nd of August, by the Rev. Heber J. Hamilton, assisted by the Rev. G. A. Anderson, John Edgar Featherstonhaugh, Esq., of Toronto, to Maude Helen, eldest daughter of Henry Rowe, Esq.

DEATHS.

AYLESWORTH.—On Tuesday, 7th August, 1888, at his residence, Newburgh, Mr. Job Aylesworth, aged 88 years and 4 months.

EDWARDS:— At the residence of Mr. John Edwards, Deseronto, Aug. 6th, 1888, Hannah, relict of the late Evan Edwards, aged 76 years.

AYNOR:—At Deseronto, on the 8th inst., Michael James, infant son of George and Isabel Aynor, aged four months.

SMITH:—At Deseronto, on the 4th inst., Mary Jane, wife of Mr. William E. Smith, aged 27 years. Deceased was a native of County Monaghan, Ireland.

WILSON:—At Deseronto, on the 3rd inst., Mary Evelyn, infant daughter of Edward and Ella Wilson, aged 7 months.

FRIDAY EVENING CONCERT.

The Rathbun Company Band will play the following programme at the Band Stand this evening commencing at 8 o'clock, under Bandmaster Hoople:

Southwell Star Q. S.. .....G. Southwell
Galop....War Eagle .....G. Southwell
Minor to Major Q.S .....G. Southwell
Kentucky Jubilee Singers, Schottische, Carnes
Overture..Crown of Victory ..Ripley
Scotch Medley .....Warren
Limmt.....Song and dance.....Pettee
Good Old Times.....G. Southwell
Nahant.....W.H. Thomas
God Save the Queen.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

From Our Own Correspondent.

On Sabbath last the remains of Mrs. Joseph Hagerman, who has been for the last 54 years the widow of Joseph Hagerman, was brought from Kingston and buried by the side of her husband in the old U. E. L. burying ground Adolphustown. The old Mr. Hagerman, one of the first settlers, and father of the Hagerman family is buried here with two of his sons, Daniel and Joseph. The Steamer "Maud" was chartered from Kingston, and brought the entire equipage, hearse, horses &c. to the place of interment.

WHAT AM I TO DO?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unhappily but too well-known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhea or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try *Green's August Flower* it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

BOARDERS WANTED

SUITABLE ROOMS AND BOARD for Gentlemen can be had at
MRS. R. B. OWENS,
Main Street, opposite Chemical Works.
Deseronto, Aug. 10th.

SALT,

BY Car Load, Barrel or in Bulk, American or Canadian, at lowest market prices. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

NOTICE.

IN future all engagments and other arrangements in connection with the Rathbun Company Band must be made through Mr. James Stokes, their President, to whom full powers in such matters have been delegated by the Band.
Deseronto, July 26, 1888.

Building Lots.

FORTY choice building lots just laid out and ready for sale.
Apply to
F. C. WHITTON.
Deseronto, June 7, 1888.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY have a few lots for sale on the hill near the White Church.
Apply to MR. F. C. WHITTON.
Deseronto, April 12, 1887

FOR SALE.

GOOD second hand Pork Barrels suitable to put pork in for home use. Also a number of Iron Bedsteads which can be seen at The Big Store or our office, Deseronto.
THE RATHBUN CO.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 737 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVean, 232 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

GEO. E. SNIDER,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELER & DEALER
in all kinds of SILVERWARE, &c.
Corner Main & St. George Streets,
Deseronto.

"In Union is Strength."

Particularly is this the case in the union or combination of the vegetable oils which blended together compose

SIMSON'S LINIMENT.

Its penetrating powers in Cases of Rheumatism, Lame Back, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, etc., have been thoroughly proven.

Mr. James Avery, Mallorytown, Leeds Co., Ontario, writes: "Shortly after your agent was here last winter my son unfortunately strained the cords of his back and not paying attention to it at once caught cold which settled there. He was laid up for about a week and suffered considerably. I, as an experiment, gave your **Simpson's Liniment** a trial and it brought him around in twenty four hours. I heartily recommend it." Sold everywhere for 25c.

Manufactured by
BROWN BROS. & CO.,
Chemists,
Halifax, N. S.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from 85 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

FIRE INSURANCE!

We beg to advise those desiring insurance that we are Agents for

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, OF ENGLAND;
THE COMMERCIAL UNION INSURANCE CO'Y. OF ENGLAND;
THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY OF TORONTO, ONT.;
THE BRITISH AMERICAN INSURANCE CO'Y, OF TORONTO ONT.,
THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y.

Who will write Policies as low as any other *Stock* Company in the Dominion.

The standing of these Companies is such that all may be satisfied that in case of loss the settlement will be prompt and equitable.

Farmers will find it to their interest to insure with us.

Record kept of all Policies and Notices sent insurers before expiration of same.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
Deseronto, Ont.

DONT NEGLECT THE COUGH

COUGH, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS WHOOPING COUGH CROUP, INFLUENZA DIFFICULT BREATHING and all Throat and Lung complaints.

Pleasant to take; children are fond of it. Instant relief from first dose; heals and cures like magic. Prepared scientifically from the Pure Pine Tar.

Sold Everywhere at 25 cents a Bottle.

RECOMMENDED BY EVERYBODY.

I am acquainted with the composition of Perrin's Pine Tar Cordial, and can recommend it as being the most efficient Cough Remedy I know of.
P. PALMER BURROWS, M.D., C.M.
(Member of the American Public Health Association, and President of the Executive Association of Health Officers of Ontario.)

Perrin's Pine Tar Cordial Co.,
LINDSAY, ONT.

SUMMER GOODS MUST GO.

BARGAINS in PRINTS.
Bargains in Dress Goods.
Bargains in Parasols.
Bargains in Embroideries.
Bargains all over the Store.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

TERMS CASH.

Kerr & Wims

Mar. 9—3 mos. ST. GEORGE STREET, DESERONTO.

1888. SPRING. 1888

New and Seasonble Goods

are being shown in every department at

THE : BIG : STORE.

We are now offering special inducements in

SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

Many lines which we are showing cannot be got elsewhere, as we have imported them direct and in advance of the Wholesale Dealers, upon whom most retail merchants depend for their stock.

Many novelties will be found in the

FANCY : GOODS : DEPARTMENT,

As everything new is added to our Stock. When you want anything in this line come direct to THE BIG STORE.

STAPLE DRY GOODS, SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, COTTONADES, WHITE AND GREY COTTONS, DUCKS, etc.

We are in a position to sell at a lower price than any other house in the trade.

THE TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

A very complete line of ENGLISH AND SCOTCH TWEEDS are kept, and being bought from manufacturers all middle handling is avoided, and the cost to our patrons largely diminished. All the operations of the work are conducted under MR. STODDART'S close and practical supervsion.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—It is almost marvelous to contemplate the magnitude which this branch of our Store has attained. All who buy their foot-wear from us can rely upon getting Boots, Shoes, &c., of the highest standard of excellence and at the lowest prices considering the quality.

Groceries and Provisions.—This Department is so well known that comment is unnecessary. A large section of the surrounding country as well as nearly all the inhabitants of the village seeks their supplies at The Big Store, and the demand though large, has been amply provided for. Our Stock was never so complete as it now is, and consumers who leave their orders with us may rely with certainty on their being promptly and satisfactorily filled.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

—THE BIG STORE,—
MAIN STREET, DESERONTO.

FARMERS', -:- ATTENTION!

LOOK HERE!

H. M. SNIDER

HAS opened up ware-rooms on St. George Street, Deseronto, for the sale of agricultural implements of all descriptions. He is agent for J. O. Wisner, Son & Co's, of Brantford, manufacturers of the celebrated

WISNER COMBINED DRILL,
SINGLE DRILL AND SECTIONAL SEEDER,
SPRING-TOOTH CULTIVATORS,
SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS AND PERFECTION RAKES.

Also of A. Harris, Son & Co., of Brantford, manufacturers of

No. 2 STEEL FRAME BRANTFORD
—BINDERS,—
REAPERS AND MOWERS.

A full line of Repairs kept constantly on hand.

Plows. Shares for all kinds of Plows.
Deseronto, April 12, 1888. 6 mos.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION

A successful medicine tested over 30 years in thousands of cases. Promptly cures *Nervous Prostration, Weakness of Brain, Spinal Cord,* and *Generative Organs* of either sex, *Emissions* and all ills Are caused by indiscretion or over-exertion. Six packages is *guaranteed* to effect a cure when all other medicines fail. One package $1, six packages $5, by mail. Sold by druggists. *Write for Pamphlet.* EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., *Detroit, Mich*

DESERONTO.

We want to say a word to you this week about clothing. We are not strangers to you. Many of your most

STYLISH YOUNG MEN

have worn our Clothes for years, but there are others we want to know, and the sooner the better for both. Why not at once? You like

NICE FITTING GARMENTS.

You pay for them, why not have them? Our stock is large and our prices reasonable, We give you city goods and city cut at

COUNTRY FIGURES.

We look after the details. Nothing neglected to ensure satisfaction. You want the clothes, we want your orders. Why can't we deal?

We are to be found opposite The Beaver Office, Napanee.

McALISTER & CO.,
Popular Clothiers and Furnishers.

LEADING

TORONTO DAILY & WEEKLY

NEWSPAPERS

Always on sale at The TRIBUNE Office, Deseronto.

To the Public.

THE TRIBUNE

OFFICE

Has the best facilities for doing all kinds of

Job : : Printing.

NEW PRESSES,

NEW TYPE,

—AND—

OTHER EQUIPMENTS

Have been lately added to

OUR OUTFIT,

enabling work to be

Promptly and Artistically performed.

EVERYBODY

should call on us before leaving orders elsewhere.

Deseronto News Co.,
LIMITED),
DESERONTO, ONT.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Gen. Sheridan died on Sunday.

The potato disease is spreading in England.

Hon. Edward Blake has gone to Murray Bay.

Rain continues to fall in torrents in Germany.

Floods are doing enormous damage in Europe.

The Egyptian cotton crop is reported to be doing well.

C. J. Coursol, M. P. for Montreal East, died on Saturday.

The Jogglins raft reached Vineyard Haven, Mass., Wednesday.

Emperor William will stay in Alsace-Lorraine for ten days.

Relations between Italy and France are becoming seriously strained.

There is trouble among the directors of the Halifax Cotton Company.

Cyrus P. Dakin, inventor of the manifold and carbon papers, is dead.

Six persons were killed in a railway collision at Hampstowick, Eng.

Deaths from yellow fever have occurred on a vessel at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Emperor William intends to visit Queen Victoria at Windsor in November.

The United States Senate passed the Chinese Prohibition Bill Wednesday.

The Local Government Bill has passed the committee stage in the House of Lords.

Five children were burned in a house in the parish of Cape St. Ignace, near Quebec.

The children's jubilee tribute, amounting to £6,000 has been presented to the Queen.

Carl Von Dolmer has accepted command of the expedition for the relief of Stanley.

A flouring mill and a residence were burned at Wingham. Loss about $38,000.

Volcanic eruptions in the Lipari Islands have done an immense amount of damage.

One or more warships will be sent to protect American fishermen in Canadian waters.

At a recent banquet, Gen. Ignatieff said Russia would advance westward in spite of Austria.

The glass factories in the States will resume work next Monday, prospects of a brisk season.

Lord Claud John Hamilton, M. P. for the West Derby division of Liverpool, has resigned his seat.

Major General Schofield has been ordered to Washington to take command of the United States army.

The Mark Lane Express says the damage done to the British grain crops by the wet weather is irreparable.

Governor Moorehouse, of Missouri, has refused to interfere in the case of Maxwell, the murderer of Preller.

C. P. R. surveyors are at work in the Battleford district, apparently for the purpose of locating a branch.

Word has been received at Victoria from Mr. Wm. Ogilvie, who is exploring the Yukon and Mackenzie Rivers.

Minister West has been instructed to ask that the sale of the seized sealing schooners at Port Townsend be delayed.

September 20th is appointed election day in Eastern Assiniboia, where Minister Dewdney is to be a candidate.

Mr. Chamberlain has accepted Mr. Parnell's challenge to publish the communications that passed between them.

Mr. Parnell challenges Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. O'Shea to publish the documents in his handwriting which they claim to possess.

Henry George's disciples in England are taking comfort from the report of the House of Commons Select Committee on Town Holdings.

There was a riotous Communist demonstration in Paris yesterday at the funeral of General Eudes, once a prominent member of the red flag party.

At a general meeting of railway employees at Minneapolis steps were taken towards the amalgamation of the different railwaymen's organizations.

It is understood that Mr. Collingwood Schreiber will shortly take the position of chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific at $12,000 per year.

New Westminster, B. C., has carried a by-law bonussing the New Westminster Southern railway, which will make connections with Seattle, W. T.

Mr. Lane, M. P. for Cork, writes to the press that he was subjected to inhuman treatment while undergoing imprisonment under the Crimes Act.

Cyrus Eaton, Liberal Prohibitionist, Sir A. Archibald, Conservative, and Edward Fulton, Third Party Prohibitionist, were nominated in Colchester, N. S., Wednesday.

Two freight trains on the northern division of the Grand Trunk came into collision Wednesday near Holland Landing. The loss of property was heavy, but no one was injured.

SUNSHINE AND GOOD HEALTH.

After thirty years of traveling in all climates of the earth, we are satisfied that sunlight is one of the most important factors of life, and indispensable to vigorous health. Shade tends to weaken the skin, and acts deleteriously on the nerves and liver. We always, therefore, wherever we sojourn select a room on the sunny side of the house, making little account of the outlook in other respects. The finest prospect toward the north is not for a moment to weigh against the rays of the cheering, life giving orb of day. We recommend this practice to our readers.—Dr. Joseph Simms.

GO TO YOUR DENTIST.

When your teeth ache or trouble you in any way, don't consult a doctor. Go to your dentist and lay the case before him. Doctors will prescribe for an ulcerated tooth, for instance, a poultice on the outside of the face. This is really very dangerous. It is apt to draw the ulceration out to the surface of the skin, and very likely produce an abcess which will leave a disfiguring scar. The dentist has now small mustard plasters, which are to be applied directly to the troublesome tooth, and relieves it at once without any danger of disfigurement. Remember this, and you may save yourself no little uneasiness some time in the future, when you succumb to toothache, which is certainly one of the most distressing ills that flesh is heir to.—*Boston Herald.*

Much injury is done by the use of irritating, griping compounds taken as purgatives. In Ayer's Pills, the patient has a mild but effective cathartic, that can be confidently recommended alike for the most delicate patients as well as the most robust.

THE THREAD OF LIFE

OR

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XII.—The Plan in Execution.

Hugh hurried along the dike that bounded the salt-marsh meadows seaward, till he reached the point in his march up where the river narrowed abruptly into a mere third-class upland stream. There he jumped in, and swam across, as well as he was able in the cold dark water, to the opposite bank. Once over, he had still to struggle as best he might through two or three swampy fields, and to climb a thickset hedge or so—regular bullfinches—before he fairly gained the belated little high-road. His head swam. Wet and cold and miserable without, he was torn within by conflicting passions; but he walked firm and erect now along the winding road in the deep gloom, fortunately never meeting a soul in the half-mile or so of lonely way that lay between the point where he had crossed the stream and the *Fisherman's Rest* by the bank at Whitestrand. He was glad of that, for it was his cue now to escape observation. In his own mind, he felt himself a murderer; and every flicker of the wind among the honeysuckle in the hedge, every rustle of the leaves on the trees overhead, every splash of the waves upon the distant shore, made his heart flutter, and his breath stop short in response, though he gave no outer sign of fear or compunction in his even tread and erect bearing—the even tread and erect bearing of a proud, self-confident, English gentleman.

How lucky that his rooms at the inn happened to be placed on the ground-floor, and that they opened by French windows down to the ground on to the little garden! How lucky, too, that they lay on the hither side of the door and the taproom, where men were sitting late over their mug of beer, singing and rollicking in vulgar mirth with their loud half Danish, East-Anglian merriment! He stole through the garden on tiptoe, unperceived, and glided like a ghost into the tiny sitting-room. The lamp burned brightly on the parlour table, as it had burnt all evening, in readiness for his arrival. He slipped quietly, on tiptoe still, into the bedroom behind, tossed off a stiff glassful of brandy-and-water cold, and changed his clothes from head to foot with as much speed and noiselessness as circumstances permitted. Then, treading more easily, he went out once more with a bold front into the other room, flung himself down at his ease in the big armchair, took up a book, pretending to read, and rang the bell with ostentatious clamour for the good landlady. His Plan was matured; he would proceed to put it into execution.

The landlady, a plentiful body of about fifty, came in with evident surprise and hesitation. "Lord, sir," she cried aloud in a slight flurry, "to think of that now! I took it you was out; an them men a-singing an' ballyin' like that over there in the bar-room! Stannaway he'll be downright angry when he finds you've come in an' all that noise goin' on in the 'ouse, as is 'ardly respectable. We never heerd you, nor knowed you was in. I 'ope you'll excuse them, sir, bein' the fishermen from Snade, enjoyin' theirselves their own way in the cool o' the evenin'."

Hugh made a manful effort to appear unconcerned. "I came in an hour ago or more," he replied, smiling—a sugar-of-lead smile.—"But pray, don't interfere with these good people's merriment for worlds, I beg of you. I should be sorry, indeed, if I thought I put a stopper upon anybody's innocent amusement anywhere. I don't want to be considered a regular kill-joy.—I rang the bell, Mrs. Stannaway, for a bottle of seltzer."

It was a simple way of letting them know he was really there; and though the lie about the length of time he had been home was a fairly audacious one—for somebody might have come in meanwhile to trim the lamp, or look if he was about, and so detect the falsehood—he saw at once, by Mrs. Stannaway's face, that it passed muster without rousing the slightest suspicion.

"Why, William," he heard her say when she went out, in a hushed voice to her husband in the taproom, "Mr. Massinger, he's bin in his own room all this time, an' them men a-shoutin' an' swearin' out 'ere like a pack of savages."

Then, they hadn't noticed his absence, at any rate! That was well. He was so far safe. If the rest of his plan held water equally, all might yet come right—and he might yet succeed in marrying Winifred.

To save appearances—and marry Winifred! With Elsie still tossing on the breakers of the bar, he had it in his mind to marry Winifred!

When Mrs. Stannaway brought in the seltzer, Hugh Massinger merely looked up from the book he was reading with a pleasant nod and a murmured "Thank you." 'Twas the most he dared. His teeth chattered so he could hardly speak any further; but he tried with an agonized effort within to look as comfortable under the circumstances as possible. As soon as she was gone, however, he opened the seltzer, and pouring himself out a second strong dose of brandy, tossed it off at a gulp, almost neat, to steady his nerves for serious business. Then he opened his blotting book, with a furtive glane to right and left, and took out a few stray sheets of paper—to write a letter. The first sheet had some stanzas of verse scribbled loosely upon it, with many corrections. Hugh's eyes unconsciously fell upon one of them. It read to him just then like an act of accusation. They were some simple lines describing some ideal utopian world—a dream of the future—and the stanza on which his glance lighted so carelessly ran thus:—

> But fairer and purer still,
> True love is there to behold;
> And none may fetter his will
> With law or with gold:
> And none may sully his wings
> With the deadly tint of the lust;
> But freest of all free things
> He soars from the dust

"With law or with gold," indeed! Fool! Idiot! Jackanapes! He crumpled the verses angrily in his hand as he looked, and flung them with clenched teeth into the empty fireplace. His own words rose up in solemn judgment against him and condemned him remorselessly by anticipation. He had sold Elsie for Winifred's gold, and the Nemesis of his crime was already pursuing him like a deadly phantom through all his waking moments.

With a set cold look on his handsome dark face, he selected another sheet of clean white notepaper from the morocco-covered blotting-book, and then pulled a bundle of old, worn-edged letters from his breast-pocket—a bundle of letters in a girl's handwriting, secured by an elastic india-rubber band, and carefully numbered with red ink from one to seventy, in the order they were received in. Hugh was nothing, indeed, if not methodical. In his own way, he had loved Elsie, as well as he was capable of loving anybody: he had kept every word she ever wrote to him; and now that she was gone—dead and gone for ever—her letters were all he had left that belonged to her. He laid one down on the table before him, and yielding to a momentary impulse of ecstasy, he kissed it first with reverent tenderness. It was Elsie's letter—poor dead Elsie's—Elsie dead! He could hardly realize it.—His brain whirled and swam with the manifold emotions of that eventful evening. But he must brace himself up for his part like a man. He *must* not be weak. There was work to do; he must make haste to do it.

He took a broad-nibbed pen carefully from his desk—the broadest he could find—and fitted it with pains to his ivory holder. Elsie always used a broad nib—poor drowned Elsie—dear martyred Elsie! Then, glancing sideways at her last letter, he wrote on the sheet, in a large flowing angular hand, deep and black, most unlike his own, which was neat and small and cramped and rounded, the two solitary words, "My darling." He gazed at them when done with evident complacency They would do very well: an excellent imitation!

Was he going, then, to copy Elsie's letter! No; for its first words read plainly, "My own darling Hugh," he had allowed her to address him in such terms as that; but still, he muttered to himself even now, he was never engaged to her—never engaged to her. In copying, he omitted the word "own." That, he thought, would probably be considered quite too affectionate for any reasonable probability. Even in emergencies he was cool and collected. But "My darling" was just about the proper mean. Girls are always stupidly gushing in their expression of feeling to one another. No doubt Elsie herself would have begun, "My darling."

After that, he turned over the letters with careful scrutiny, as if looking down the pages one by one for some particular phrase or word he wanted. At last he came upon the exact thing: "Mrs. Meysey and Winifred are going out to-morrow."—"That'll do," he said in his soul to himself: "a curl to the *w*"—and laying the blank sheet once more before him, he wrote down boldly, in the same free hand, with thick black down strokes, "My darling Winifred."

The Plan was shaping itself clearly in his mind now. Word by word he fitted in so, copying each direct from Elsie's letters, and dovetailing the whole with skilled literary craftsmanship into a curious cento of her pet phrases, till at last, after an hour's hard and anxious work, round drops of sweat standing meanwhile cold and clammy upon his hot forehead, he read it over with unmixed approbation to himself—an excellent letter both in design and execution.

WHITESTRAND HALL, Sept. 17.

MY DARLING WINIFRED—I can hardly make up my mind to write you this letter; and yet I must; I can no longer avoid it I know you will think me so wicked, so ungrateful: I know Mrs. Meysey will never forgive me; but I can't help it. Circumstances are too strong for me. By the time this reaches you, I shall have left Whitestrand, I fear for ever. Why I am leaving, I can never, never, never tell you. If you try to find out, you won't succeed in discovering it. I know what you'll think; but you're quite mistaken. It's something about which you have never heard; something that I've told to nobody anywhere; something I can never, never tell, even to you, darling. I've written a line to explain to Hugh; but it's no use either of you trying to trace me. I shall write to you some day again to let you know how I'm getting on—but never my whereabouts.—Darling, for Heaven's sake, do try to hush this up as much as you can. To have myself discussed by half the county would drive me mad with despair and shame Get Mrs. Meysey to say I've been called away suddenly by private business, and will not return. If only you knew all, you would forgive me everything.—Good-bye, darling. Don't think too harshly of me. Ever your affectionate, but heart-broken

ELSIE.

His soul approved the style and the matter. Would it answer his purpose? he wondered, half tremulously. Would they really believe Elsie had written it, and Elsie was gone? How account for her never having been seen to quit the grounds of the Hall? For her not having been observed at Almundham Station? For no trace being left of her by rail or road, by by sea or river? It was a desperate card to play, he knew, but he held no other; and fortune often favours the brave. How often at loo had he stood against all precedent upon a hopeless hand, and swept the board in the end by some audacious stroke of inspired good play, or some strange turn of the favouring chances! He would stand to win now in the same spirit on the forged letter. It was his one good card. Nobody could ever prove he wrote it. And perhaps, with the unthinking readiness of the world at large, they would all accept it without further question.

If ever Elsie's body were recovered! Ah, yes: true: that would indeed be fatal. But then, the chances were enormously against it. The deep sea holds its own: it yields up its dead only to patient and careful search; and who would ever dream of searching for Elsie? Except himself, she had no one to search for her. The letter was vague and uncertain, to be sure; but its very vagueness was infinitely better than the most definite lie; it left open the door to so much width of conjecture. Every man could invent his own solution. If he had tried to tell a plausible story, it might have broken down when confronted with the inconvenient detail of stern reality; but he had trusted everything to imagination. And imagination is such a charmingly elastic faculty! The Meyseys might put their own construction upon it. Each, no doubt, would put a different one; and each would be convinced that his own was the truest.

He folded it up and thrust it into an envelope. Then he addressed the face boldly, in the same free black hand as the letter itself, to "Miss Meysey, The Hall, Whitestrand." In the corner he stuck the identical little monogram, E. C., written with strokes crossing each other, that Elsie put on all her letters. His power of imitating the minutest details of any autograph stood him here in good stead. It was a perfect fac-simile, letter and address; and tortured as he was in his own mind by remorse and fear, he smiled to himself an approving smile as he gazed at the absolutely undetectable forgery. No expert on earth could ever detect it. "That'll clinch all," he thought serenely. "They'll never for a moment doubt that it comes from Elsie."

He knew the Meyseys had gone out to dinner at the vicarage that evening, and would not return until after the hour at which Elsie usually retired. As soon as they got back, they would take it for granted she had gone to bed, as she always did, and would in all probability never inquire for her. If so, nothing would be known till to-morrow at breakfast. He must drop the letter into the box unperceived to-night, and then it would be delivered at Whitestrand in due course by the first post to-morrow.

He shut the front window, put out the lamp, and stole quietly into the bedroom behind. That done, he opened the little lattice into the back garden, and slipped out, closing the window loosely after him, and blowing out the candle. The post-office lay just beyond the church. He walked there fast, dropped his letter in safety into the box, and turned, unseen, into the highroad once more in the dusky moonlight.

Wearied and faint and half delirious as he was after his long immersion, he couldn't even now go back to the inn to rest quietly. Elsie's image haunted him still. A strange fascination led him across the fields and through the lane to the Hall—to Elsie's last dwelling place. He walked in by the little side-gate, the way he usually came to visit Elsie, and prowled guiltily to the back of the house. The family had evidently returned, and suspected nothing; no sign of bustle or commotion or disturbance betrayed itself anywhere; not a light showed from a single window all was dark and still from end to end, as if poor dead Elsie were sleeping calmly in her own little bedroom in the main building. It was close on one in the morning now. Hugh skulked and prowled around the east wing on cautious tiptoe, like a convicted burglar.

As he passed Elsie's room, all dark and empty, a mad desire seized upon him all at once to look in at the window and see how everything lay within there. At first, he had no more reason for the act in his head than that: the Plan only developed itself further as he thought of it. It wouldn't be difficult to climb to the sill by the aid of the porch and the clambering wistaria. He hesitated a moment; then remorse and curiosity finally conquered. The romantic suggestion came to him, like a dream, in his fevered and almost delirious condition; like a dream, he carried it at once into effect. Groping and feeling his way with dumb fingers, dim eyes, and head that still reeled and swam in terrible giddiness from his long spell of continued asphyxia, he raised himself cautiously to the level of the sill, and prised the window open with his dead white hand. The lamp on the table, though turned down so low that he hadn't observed its glimmer from the outside, was still alight and burning faintly. He turned it up just far enough to see through the gloom his way about the bedroom. The door was closed, but not locked. He twisted the key noiselessly with dexterous pressure, so as to leave it fastened from the inside.—That was a clever touch!—They would think Elsie had climbed out of the window.

A few letters and things lay loose about the room. The devil within him was revelling now in hideous suggestions. Why not make everything clear behind him? He gathered them up and stuck them in his pocket. Elsie's small black leather bag stood on a wooden frame in the far corner. He pushed into it hastily the nightdress on the bed, the brush and comb, and a few selected articles of underclothing from the chest of drawers by the tiled fireplace. The drawers themselves he lift sedulously open. It argued haste. If you choose to play for a high stake, you must play boldly, but you must play well. Hugh never for a moment concealed from himself the fact that the adversary against whom he was playing now was the public hangman, and that his own neck was the stake at issue.

If ever it was discovered that Elsie was drowned, all the world, including the enlightened British jury—twelve butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers, selected at random from the Whitestrand rabble, he said to himself angrily—would draw the inevitable inference for themselves that Hugh had murdered her. His own neck was the stake at issue—his own neck, and honour and honesty.

He glanced around the room with an approving eye once more. It was capital! Splendid! Everything was indeed in most admired disorder. The very spot it looked, in truth, from which a girl had escaped in a breathless hurry. He left the lamp still burning at half-height: that fitted well; lowered the bag by a piece of tape to the garden below; littered a few stray handkerchiefs and lace bodices loosely on the floor; and crawling out of the window with anxious care, tried to let himself down hand over hand by a branch of the wistaria. The branch snapped short with an ugly crack; and Hugh found himself one second later on the shrubbery below, bruised and shaken.

CHAPTER XIII.—WHAT SUCCESS?

At the Meyseys' next morning, all was turmoil and surprise. The servants' hall fluttered with unwonted excitememt. No less an event than an elopement was suspected. Miss Elsie had not come down to breakfast; and when Miss Winifred went up, on the lady's-maid's report, to ask what was the matter, she had found the door securely locked on the inside, and received no answer to her repeated questions. The butler, hastily summoned to the rescue, broke open the lock; and Winifred entered, to find the lamp still feebly burning at half-height, and a huddled confusion everywhere pervading the disordered room. Clearly, some strange thing had occurred. Elsie's drawers had been opened and searched; the black bag was gone from the stand in the corner; and the little jewel-case with the silver shield on the top was missing from its accustomed place on the dressing-table. With a sudden cry, Winifred rushed forward, terrified. Her first idea was the usual feminine one of robbery and murder. Elsie was killed—killed by a burglar. But one glance at the bed dispelled that allusion; it had never been slept in. The nightdress and the little embroidered nightdress bag in red silk were neither of them there in their familiar fashion. The brush and comb had disappeared from the base of the looking-glass. The hairpins even had been removed from the glass hairpin box. These indications seemed frankly inconsistent with the theory of mere intrusive burglary. The enterprising burglar doesn't make up the bed of the robbed and murdered, after pocketing their watches; nor does he walk off, as a rule, with ordinary hairbrushes and embroidered nightdress bags. Surprised and alarmed, Winifred rushed to the window; it was open still; a branch of the wistaria lay broken on the ground, and the mark of a falling body might be easily observed among the plants and soil in the shrubbery border.

By this time, the Squire had appeared upon the scene, bringing in his hand a letter for Winifred. With the cool commonsense of advancing years, he surveyed the room in its littery condition, and gazed over his daughter's shoulder as she read the shadowy and incoherent jumble of phrases Hugh Massinger had strung together so carefully in Elsie's name last night at the *Fisherman's Rest*. "Whew!" he whistled to himself in sharp surprise as the state of the case dawned slowly upon him. "Depend upon it, there's a young man at the bottom of this. "Cherchez la femme," says the French proverb. When a young women's in the question, "Cherchez l'homme" comes very much nearer it. The girl's run off with *somebody*, you may be sure. I only hope she's run off all straight and above-board, and not gone away with a groom or a gamekeeper or married a clergyman."

"Papa!" Winifred cried, laying down the letter in haste and bursting into tears, "do you think Mr. Massinger can have anything to do with it?"

The Squire had been duly apprised last night by Mrs. Meysey—in successive instalments—as to the state of relations between Hugh and Winifred; but his blunt English nature cavalierly rejected the suggested explanation of Elsie's departure, and he brushed it aside at once after the fashion of his kind with an easy "Bless my soul! no, child. The girl's run off with some fool somewhere. It's always fools who run off with women. Do you think a man would be idiot enough to"—he was just going to say "propose to one woman in the morning, and elope with another the evening after?" but he checked himself in time, before the faces of the servants, and finished his sentence lamely by saying instead, "commit himself so with a girl of that sort?"

"That wasn't what I meant, papa," Winifred whispered low. "I meant, could she have fancied?—— You understand me."

The squire gave a snort in place of *No*. Impossible, impossible; the young man was so well connected. She could never have thought he meant to make up to *her*. Much more likely, if it came to that, the girl would run away *with* him than *from* him Young women don't really run away from a man because their hearts are broken. They go up to their own bedrooms instead, and muse and mope over it, and cry their eyes red.

Still, he felt distinctly relieved in his own mind when, at half-past ten, Hugh Massinger strolled idly in, a rose in his button hole and a smile on his face—though a little lame of the left leg—all unconscious, apparently, that anything out of the common had happened since last night at the great house.

Hugh was one of the very finest and most finished actors then performing on the stage of social England; but even he had a difficult part to play that stormy morning, and he went through his role, taking it altogether, with but indifferent success, though with sufficient candour to float him through unsuspected somehow. The circumstances, indeed, were terribly against him. When he fell the night before from Elsie's window, he had bruised and shaken himself, already fatigued as he was by his desperate swim and his long unconsciousness; and it was with a violent effort, goaded on by the sense of absolute necessity alone, that he picked himself up, black bag and all, and staggered home, with one ankle strained, to his rooms at Stannaway's. Once arrived there, he locked away Elsie's belongings cautiously in a back cupboard—incriminating evidence, indeed, if anything should ever happen to come out—and flung himself half undressed at last in a fever of fatigue upon the bed in the corner.

Strange to say, he slept—slept soundly. Worn out with overwork and exertion and faintness, he slept on peacefully like a tired child, till at nine o'clock Mrs. Stannaway rapped hard at the door to rouse him. Then he woke with a start from a heavy sleep, his head aching, but drowsy still, and with feverish pains in all his limbs from his desperate swim and his long immersion. He was quite unfit to get up and dress; but he rose for all that, as if all was well, and even pretended to eat some breakfast, though a cup of tea was the only thing he could really gulp down his parched throat in his horror and excitement. Last night's events came clearly home to him now in their naked ghastliness, and with sinking heart and throbbing head he realised the full extent of his guilt and his danger, the depth of his remorse and the profundity of his folly.

Elsie was gone—that was his first thought. There was no more an Elsie to reckon with in all this world. Her place was blank—how blank he could never before have truly realised. The whole world itself was blank too. What he loved best in it all was gone clean out of it.

"If not, what resolution from despair?"—That was all the comfort his philosophy could give him.

Elsie's things were locked up in the cupboard. If suspicion lighted upon him in any way now, it was all up with him. Elsie's bag and jewelcase and clothing in the cupboard would alone be more than enough to hang him. Hang him! What did he care any longer for hanging? They might hang him and welcome, if they chose to try. For sixpence he would save them the trouble and drown himself. He wanted to die. It was fate prevented him. Why hadn't he drowned when he might, last night? An ugly proverb that, about the man who is born to be hanged, &c., &c. Some of these proverbs are downright rude—positively vulgar in the coarse simplicity and directness of their language.

He gulped down the tea with a terrible effort: it was scalding hot, and it burnt his mouth, but he scarcely noticed it, Then he pulled about the sole on his fork for a moment, to dirty the plate, and boning it roughly, gave the flesh to the cat, who ate it purring on the rug by the fireplace. He waited for a reasonable interval next before ringing the bell—it takes a lone man ten minutes to breakfast—but as soon as that necessary time had passed, he put on his hat, crushing it down on his head, and with fiery soul and bursting temples, strolled up, with the jauntiest air he could assume, to the Meyseys' after breakfast.

Winifred met him at the front door. His new sweetheart was pale and terrified, but not now crying. Hugh felt himself afraid to presume upon their novel relations and insist upon a kiss—she would expect it of him. It wat the very first time he had ever kissed her, and, oh, evil omen, it revolted him at last that he had now to do it—with Elsie's body tossed about that very moment by the cruel waves upon that angry bar or on the cold sea-bottom. It was treason to Elsie—to poor dead Elsie—that he should ever kiss any other woman. His kisses were hers, his heart was hers, for ever and ever. But what would you have? He looked on, as he had said, as if from above as circumstances wafting his own actions hither and thither wherever they willed—and this was the pass to which they had now brought him. He must play out the game—play it out to the end, whatever it might cost him.

Winifred took the kiss mechanically and coldly, and handed him Elsie's letter—his own forged letter—without one word of preface or explanation. Hugh was glad she did so at the very first moment—it allowed him to relieve himself at once from the terrible strain of the affected gayety he was keeping up just to save appearances. He couldn't have kept it up much longer. His countenance fell visibly as he read the note—or pretended to read it, for he had no need really to glance at its words—every word of them all now burnt into the very fibres and fabric of his being.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bees Relation with Fruit and Flowers.

There has always been more or less prejudice against bees by those who grow fruit, and are ignorant of a bee's organism and habits. You frequently hear people talk about bees eating up their peaches, grapes, and other fruit in a way that would lead any one who did not know better to think that the bees had jaws, teeth and tusks like a tiger. Now, the truth of the matter is, a bee cannot eat up anything in that way, it has no teeth to do it with, and its jaw is so constructed that it cannot break even the skin of a sound grape. It can only suck or lick up the juice after the grape has burst open from over ripeness, or dry weather, or has been punctured by wasps or other insects. Bees are not only not a detriment to fruits and flowers, but I propose to explain how they are a great benefit, and that we owe it to them that we have many of our fruits and flowers at all. Sir John Lubbock well says: "Most botanists are now agreed that insects, and especially bees, have played a very important part in the development of flowers." It has been demonstrated by such men as Darwin and others, that the flowers need the bees as much as the bees need the flowers, and that one is the complement of the other. The honey and pollen which the bees take from the flowers is the pay which the flowers give to the bees for services rendered, and the flowers are not injured by removing that which they are glad to give. In fact, the bright color of the flower and the nectar in its bosom are the allurements which it throws out to the busy bee to pay it a visit, and do the plant a service thereby. It has been truly said "there is a protest made in nature, for some profound, perhaps inscrutable reason, against continuous in-breeding, which applies no less to plants than to animals, to flowers than to bees." To make my point clear let me briefly call your attention to the structure of a flower, and the law of the perpetuation of plant and animal organism. A plant flowers, of course, that it may produce fruit and seed, but the flower will never mature into fruit unless certain laws are complied with, namely: The male element of the flower must be brought in contact with its complement, the female. A flower is composed of two sets of organs, the essential and non-essential. The outside of an ideal flower is composed of two rows or whorls of modified leaves. The outer is called the calyx, and the inner the corolla, and these make up the non essential organs, or floral envelops. The essential organs are of two kinds, also, placed one above and within the other. They are called stamens, or fertilizing organs, and pistils, which are the organs to be fertilized. We will need to look a little more closely into their construction. On top of the stamens of the flowers there is a little organ called an anther. This is filled with fine dust, which is named pollen or "fertilizing dust." The pistil is composed of three parts, two of which are very important, and we must remember their names; they are called ovary and stigma. the middle and less important one is called the style. The stigma is on the tip or some other portion of the style, is composed of loose tissue and is not covered like the rest of the plant with skin or epidermis. The ovary is a hollow case or young pod containing rudimentary seeds called ovules. Now these ovules contain the embryo of the future fruit and plant, but they will never mature unless they come in contact with some of the "pollen dust" of the anther found on top of the stamens of this or some other flower of the same kind. The moment the pollen touches the stigma, if the stigma is at the proper state of development, and in a receptive condition it bigins to grow and form what is known as the "pollen tube." This tube reaches down through the style and in some inscrutable way finds and enters the ovule, reaching the embryo sack, and causes the germ there to form into a cell, and thus the new plant life begins, You say what has all of this to do with bees, and what have bees to do with this wonderful and intricate process? Simply this and nothing more: they aid the plant by bringing the pollen to the stigma. They not only bring pollen, but they bring it from another plant, and thus avoid in-breeding which would be injurious to the future plant and fruit. It has been demonstrated that many plants are so constructed as to prevent the pollen of their own stamen coming in contact with their own stigma. At the same time the flower is so arranged that a bee cannot visit it and secure its nectar without bringing some of the pollen of another plant of the same kind to its stigma. As it leaves, the the bee takes with it pollen from this flower to fall upon the stigma of the flower next visited. Thus it is the plant aids the bee, and the bee the plant, and so the chain of nature is complete. Bees never go from one kind of flower to another, but always to one of the same kind.

The bees always go from clover head to clover head, and never from clover to any other kind of flower.

You no doubt have noticed how imperfect the apples are some years. This is caused by cold weather during the fruit bloom, which prevents the bee from visiting the blossom sufficiently to secure the perfect fertilization of them. An apple is the result of the fertilization of five pistils; and if any of these fail to be fertilized it is sure to be imperfect. So you now see we need the bees in order to raise perfect fruits. In fact, in many cases, any fruit at all. There was no Red clover in Australia, and they could not raise seed there until they imported nests of bumble bees to fertilize the clover. Italian bees would have answered the same purpose.—*E. T. Abbot, St. Joseph, Mo.*

BROTHER JONATHAN.

The Unity, Equality and Extent of His Republic

A gentleman recently returned from a visit to the States gives his impressions as follows:—Whenever I go over the border for a few days, some of my good-natured friends start to rubbing me against the grain on the questions of annexation, the fisheries, etc. There is a good deal to admire in the motives of patriotism, which prompt them to use inflated language about their institutions and progress; and though we may laugh in our sleeves at the absurd comparisons and extravagant self glorification, we might learn a lesson ourselves. I never find it difficult to make Brother Jonathan pull in his horns when he boasts of the unity, equality and extent of the Republic. A hundred years is nothing in the life of a nation. Many men have lived beyond that age. Even with all the peculiar advantages and uninterrupted scope; with all the capital and population supplied it by Europe, the Republic is really till an experiment, and only twenty-five years have passed since the Civil war; great expectations were held out that the "reunion" of the North and South on the battle field of Gettysburg on the 4th July would be like the meeting of brothers, but there was tremendous disappointment, and the self-laudatory orators of the North returned convinced that the so-called "unity" is yet a myth. The discordant echoes were many. Generals bragged here, and generals boasted there. The world had never seen such heroes or such deeds of valor as these people declared they were and they had done. The Northern men gushed as usual, and took it for granted that the Southerners would "swallow the taffy," but they in dignity did not. The ex-Confederates showed their idea of "unity" by wearing a badge with the starred and barred flag printed in colors upon it. That was the flag of treason and rebellion in 1861, and it is the flag of treason and rebellion in 1888." They did not fail to show that they were only

BEATEN BY SUPERIOR NUMBERS,

and they did not gush in the least. General Gobin got disgusted, and protested against "this gush and glorification of a rebel." He said it was not elevating in its effects upon the youth of this country. "The men who wore the blue and fought upon this field were lastingly and eternally right, and the men who wore the gray were lastingly and eternally wrong." The Quartermaster-General of the Grand Army of the Republic endorsed General Gobin's remarks, and said he "coveted no part or lot in this intolerable amount of gushing platitudes that were slobbered all over the Southerners." General Wagner and others spoke in the same strain. Yet many good people in the North deceive themselves with the idea that the South is sorry for its rebellion, and is now loyally penitent.

Our good cousins hardly seem yet to realize the fact that Canada is really a bigger country than the United States; that its 3,610,000 square miles is soon, we hope, to be further extended by the admission of Newfoundland, with its 40,200 square miles. They overlook the fact, too, that we are part of the Colonial Empire of Britain; a realm 8,000,000 square miles in extent, and that while Brother Jonathan can find no national rest for his foot beyond his States, a Canadian finds all the privileges and protection of a British subject in a commonwealth extending over every part of the globe. He is as much a British subject in Hong Kong, the West Indies, West Africa, India, Australia as in the Province of Quebec. What greater glory of "Empire" can he want? And is it any wonder that there are a few people in Canada favorable to

ANNEXATION WITH THE STATES?

But what, *per contra*, about the millions in the South still unfavorable to the Union? Were Canada on the borders of a Turkey or a Russia, there would still be advocates of annexation. The causes are not far to search, yet you cannot pick out one man of any good reputation in our business community, or one politician who openly favours such a change. I have no doubt but that there are rabid persons who hate Canada because it owes allegiance to Britain, just as they hate New Zealand or Bermuda, for the same insane reason. Every country possesses a stock of these speculators in national honor. Canada is bound to go ahead, free from many of the dangerous elements which have recently shown themselves over the border; free from the flood of the very worst classes of Europe. I have no doubt but that the annexation of Canada, would now be popular over the border, but our cousins would do well to make greater efforts for unity among their brothers down South before turning their attention to the absorption of their hardy and pugnacious cousins of the North. We really have no disloyal element in Canada of any extent. It is easy to excite people on national and religious questions in Quebec, and that great wrongs should be done the minority; but

THIS IS A BRITISH COUNTRY

and must and will be kept such, and it must not be imagined that Britons everywhere else in our great empire preserve their pluck and determination to have liberty for all, and have lost those characteristics in Canada. Now you can imagine that this was the sort of talk I bestowed upon one of my cousins as we were spinning on the train down to Atlantic city—the "City by the Sea."

The Sultan's Tyranny.

The sultan of Turkey, who is so constantly bullied and snubbed by his fellow rulers in Russia, Germany, and England, seems to take pleasure in relieving his feelings when he gets a chance upon somebody else. Poor Ismail Pasha has been the last to feel the Sultan's petty tyranny. This gentleman, once Viceroy of Egypt, went to Turkey to gratify his taste for intrigue, but he might just as well have gone to some respectable place and lived comfortably on the huge sums of money he gets from Egypt. He probably regrets not having taken the latter course. In his palace at Mirghian he is now practically a prisoner, as was demonstrated the other day when he pretended to fall ill and asked leave to go to Germany and take baths. The Sultan replied that, considering the delicate state of his Highness's health, it would be much better for him not to leave the neighborhood of the Bosphorus, which is known to be very excellent for delicate folk, and if he found the palace a little too near the water, he could move higher up to the hills and find bracing air, and go in for bathing to any extent that might please him.

Better Than A Burial.

Cholly. "I say, Binx, did you ever witness a burial at sea?"

Binx. "No, never saw a burial, but we had a wake behind us all the way over last trip."

The Boulanger-Floquet Duel.

The Boulanger-Floquet duel is likely to have important results. It is somewhat odd at this time of day to see two infuriated fellows flying at each other like madmen and trying to vindicate their honor by committing something very like murder. But so it does not appear to the average French mind. It was all right in their estimation for these two gentlemen to do their best to make corpses of each other. What has disgusted and confounded the most fire-eating of the Franks is that the youngest and most distinguished French General should have allowed himself to be "pinked" by an elderly lawyer of sixty. This is terrible, and Boulanger's stock has accordingly fallen at least fifty per cent. since the affair came off. In fact it would almost appear as if the would-be Dictator had put himself down by the very means he employed to boom his credit. There is nothing more awful among Frenchmen than to be made ridiculous, and Boulanger, poor fellow, is almost if not altogether in that disagreeable plight. The talk is that he is bound to get up a civil war in order to rehabilitate himself. It is not prudent to prophecy in any case, but we are strongly persuaded that the proposed rebellion will not come off. France has not yet got the length of the Puritan Fathers of New England. They tied the would be duellist's neck and crop together and let them lie in this plight in the street for twenty four hours, a spectacle and a laughing stock to all. Perhaps the Boulanger duel may help in a similar direction.

A beetle can draw twenty times its own weight. So can a mustard plaster.

A DAY IN QUEBEC.

BY "AMERICAN."

Never was there a greater mistake than taking this trip to Quebec so hurriedly and without warning; it would seem as if any half-educated person would know better; would be more conscious of the eternal proprieties than, without proper study and preparation, to thrust his ignorant curiosity into the midst of surroundings whose smallest part savors of history, real and legendary: Indian legend, French romance and English history, history Canadian and, above all, American history, for one of the keenest pleasures the place affords is the sensation that this spot is American; that the landscape, with its autumnal glories in their height, is such as can be seen only on the American continent; and, while gazing at the varied views, far-stretching and dissimilar on one side and the other, with broad reaches of water and hillsides both rugged and those which lure the climber through promise of much reward for little toil, one forgets political distinctions between Canadian and Yankee, and feels at once at home, and yet, when the eye leaves the work of nature and seeks that which man's hands have produced, the feeling of being a stranger in a foreign country is overpowering.

The place is rich in sensations and impressions.

HERE
DIED
WOLFE
VICTORIOUS
SEPT. 13,
1759.

strikes the reader as he stands beside the lonely column on the verge of the Plains of Abraham as the most impressive epitaph chisel ever graved. Its very simplicity is

THE EMBODIMENT OF SOLEMNITY.

Its brevity tells a longer tale than would many and high-sounding words. Its lack of title or particulars of any kind is the most flattering tribute that great achievement could seek at the hands of posterity. It quietly sets aside the possibility that any one in any age might ask "Who was Wolfe, and what did he do?" It is a noble and a fitting record, and perhaps helps to keep his memory green—fresher than that of any soldier that ever died on American soil. The inhabitants have a way of speaking of him as of a man they had themselves known, in whose exploits they had a personal share, whose fame sheds a reflected glory on all.

No, it does not do to visit Quebec without first refreshing the memory as to some of the events in its history and the particulars of the histories of the men whose thread of life has been several at one point or another of America's most famous battlefield. If one would be spared the humiliation of wondering who Montgomery was—when the house where that really illustrious American general breathed his last is pointed out, he must have skimmed through a guide-book at least, and not trust to inspiration and the long-forgotten studies of his school days. A proper course of investigation might possibly mitigate the surprise with which he would encounter in the charming little village of Beauport, near by, the life-size and animated wooden statue of a French colonel, who, in all the glory of freshly-painted coat of gray with white facings, cocked hat and plume, curling black whiskers, polished boots and waving sword, is advancing with vigorous step upon the main door of the Church of Notre Dame just across the footpath. The driver called him Colonel Selliere—or some such name, but for

WANT OF PREVIOUS PERUSAL

of guide-books the gentleman could not be historically placed. Evidently, the painters who had been decorating the interior of the church with some $50,000 worth of their handiwork—and very creditable work it was too—conceived that this military personage would winter more comfortably if he were furnished with a thicker coat and had acted accordingly. The statue was not half a bad one, but being placed *a plein pied*, without a pedestal, and seemingly bursting his way through the tall and tangled grass in his eagerness to get at the priest, perhaps, the effect was somewhat provocative of laughter. But all the same, one does not encounter such memorials as this in non-historic towns.

St. Augustine and Quebec are the only fortified towns in this country where the help of the real military engineer was bought into play, and in both places the fortifications are amongst the most attractive points of interest, yet, as one looks at Quebec, with its natural advantages re-inforced by the works of the engineer, and reflects how small a spot this is compared with all the vast country around,

THE UTTER ABSURDITY OF WARS

and conquests is very suggestively presented, and the audacious claim of the handful of men that could be gathered there in pretending to hold the vast outer territory in subjection, while there were a thousand other points which other groups of men could occupy in the same way without interfering with the actual living rights of any other group, finds a perfect parallel in the practice of pugilists and oarsmen who give themselve out as "champions" of this or that, and feel that they are so simply because a stronger or better man does not take the trouble to convince them that they are not.

The lower gates having been done away with, the visitor does not realize that in mounting the hill from the steamboat landing he has passed within the walls, and when, not long after, he comes to the gates rebuilt by Lord Dufferin, he imagines that at length he is entering the stronghold, but on looking back at the view finds that if the embrasures were filled with cannon they would be pointing at him, and that he has already passed through and beyond the fortifications. The real esteem in which the present inhabitant regards these fortifications is betokened by the doing away with the lower gates and the building of the new Houses of Parliament just outside the walls. The site chosen for this building is a commanding one—almost or quite the highest spot in the city; but the building suffers for want of space about it—space which could not be easily obtained, for just here are three roads of equal importance passing out of the city by three gates, not more than two hundred yards apart, and advancing into the country in nearly parallel lines. Between two of these roads lies the Parliament House with a side facade abutting upon each. The ground in front is approximately a square, with sides of the length of the main front of the building—obviously too small an area to furnish proper setting for so large a building. So excellent a design was worthy of all the embellishment that the landscape architect could give it, but it seems hopeless to expect that anything will be done that will be of much avail. One thing could be carried out which would probably prove effective; while the building stands on perhaps the highest spot in the city the land falls away more abruptly toward the road that passes it on the west side, and if the main approach of the building were to be over this road and the ground properly terraced, and broad flights of steps, half the length of the front, built up from below, an effect would be gained which would be in consonance with the general type of

THE SURFACE OF THE ISLAND.

But now the building is nothing other than would be built in any flat country, and so seems a little tame and out of key with its surroundings. For all this, taken by itself, it is one that gives much pleasure to the beholder, as there is a general air of elegance and refinement about it bespeaking the work of one trained in French rather than English schools. To confess that no attempt was made to see the building from every side, nor yet to discover whether the internal treatment was as praiseworthy as the exterior does not imply lack of interest or energy, but only shows how potent was the feeling that the city contained enough of things unique to fill all the scanty hours at command without spending any of them on an object which, however good in itself, might be as appropriately placed in Omaha as in Quebec. The desire to be penetrated by the spirit of the place as a whole stood in the way of spending time in a conscientious architectural examination of the many other buildings of interest.

Descriptions of any particular building can be found in the guide-books in quite as reliable and interesting form as it would be possible to give them here. It was pleasure enough to drive about the town without definite itinerary, turning down one street or another according as the first glance seemed to promise something of interest; now driving down a hill so precipitous that the carriage threatened to turn a somersault over the horse's back, the skilful descent of which won respect both for the surefootedness of the beast and the soundness of his harness; now winding about through the lower part of the town, destroyed by fire some six years ago, but still having an air of picturesqueness in spite of the buildings being little more than one and two-story, flat-roofed brick boxes of perhaps four rooms each; now taking along the water-front on the other side of the town, where the ocean-liners and some few vessels give the place

QUITE A MARITIME AIR,

while the little French corvette in the roadstead, with its white-painted guns, cream-colored hull, and white-clad sailors, give the place a gala air and remind one that the French sailor is considered by his English brother rather a fair-weather creature when all is said. From this lower level to the rampart above runs the inclined railway, or rather, elevator, which makes trips every few minutes, and which is a most popular contrivance.

Building material of all kinds, save iron and terra-cotta, are used in the most catholic manner: stone, brick and wooden buildings stand cheek by jowl and have a home-like air, vastly different from the melancholy formalism of Montreal. The stone used is of several kinds and colors, the most common a whitish limestone about the color of Concord granite. Other than this the most noticeable material was an exceedingly agreeable dark green limestone, too solid in color to be called serpentine, of which was built the large jail just beside Wolfe's moument. It had just enough color to seem to be an integral part of the landscape, to be an outgrowth of the soil itself, and not an imposition upon it.

Here, again, the charming effect that, at certain stages of its existence, an unpainted tin roof may give to a spire or a dome could be noted in every direction; it seemed altogether a noble metal, and its modest sheen was quite superior to

THE BOLD EFFRONTERY

of the gilded saints and crosses that crowned some of the buildings. Attention being called in this way to the tin roofs, it could not escape notice that the local method of laying a tin roof was peculiar; the plates were laid with a simple locked joint without solder, and were laid in inclined courses, the angle of inclination seeming to approximate the pitch of the root, though on some steep roofs the inclination was certainly less than the pitch. However tight a roof this manner of laying the plates may give, it certainly produces a very ugly effect, as the whole roof covering has the air of sliding with more or less rapidity into the street. From the terraces and the Place d'Armes there is an admirable chance to study the roofs in the lower town, which lie just below and wisely have no glazed skylights to irresistibly tempt the small boy to drop missiles upon them. Whether he abstain from throwing things down the yawning and unprotected chimney flues may be doubted. From this point could also be discovered another local custom which may be enforced by law or advocated only by experience; against almost every chimney was reared a wooden ladder, while another led from it to the scuttle or to the eaves for the use of the home fire-brigade. The only other local peculiarity noticed, for naturally a lookout was kept for any device which had been found useful in this northern latitude, was the treatment of the down-spouts. The inevitable is frankly accepted; water will freeze, cause a bursting of choked conductors and when the thaw comes do damage which is as likely to befall the walls of the house as the clothes and person of the unwary wayfarer. Like prudent souls, the inhabitants prefer that their house walls shall be kept as dry as possible, and consider that it is their neighbor's affair

TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF

as he passes their houses; and as the best relief the circumstances afford and the best protection they can give their own walls, they use iron conductors with holes about a quarter of an inch in diameter drilled in the pipe every three or four inches up the whole length of the pipe. The system has in some cases been carried farther, and some pipes are used which have a slot running the full length of each joint, the cylinder being complete only at each hub. Little building seemed to be going on, so that nothing could be noted as to local methods of building practice. The directory, however, contains the names of thirteen architects, all but two of which were French, so that there is probably a good deal of work going on, and—judging by the Parliament House and the Church of St. John the Baptist, just rebuilt—work of extremely good character.

A little fact that came to light in answer to a question about taxes seems to show how strong is the tendency to cherish tradition. The currency of Canada has long been one of dollars and cents, and no one thinks of naming a price in any other terms, but taxes are still assessed in pounds and pence.

If any one has any misgiving as to whether his nature fits him to enjoy and profit by a trip to Europe, let him take fifty dollars and spend a week at Quebec. If he finds enjoyment and feels enthusiasm there, he can safely spend the larger sum a European trip requires; but if he finds it dull, perfunctory work, and cannot see what there is to admire or amuse in crooked buildings, steep and narrow streets and an unintelligible *patois* that cannot be found in the slums of his own neighborhood, let him stay at home.

Quebec and its surroundings is a memory that will not lose lustre as time passes, even if one has seen Edinburgh, Gibraltar, Ehrenbreitstein or any of the famous European places which belong to the same general class.

A RIDE TO RUSSIA.

With a Passing Glance at Cologne.

BY HENRY M. WRIGHT.

From Amsterdam to the ancient City of Cologne (or "Koln")—from Colonia, an old Roman colony of Agrippi's time—is a ride of about sixty miles through a country, part of which is very beautiful, and part of which is very sandy, bare and uninteresting. But when Cologne comes into view and the great cathedral lifts up its tower above the city, one forgets all the fatigue of a hot, dusty day's trip. There is only one thing that I regret, and that is that the cathedral faces the town and not the Rhine. As it now stands the front is surrounded with old, tumble-down structures, which are so close to the towers that it is almost impossible to secure a view from any distance. However, this is being remedied as rapidly as possible, and every year a large appropriation is made by the city, which is a very rich city, for the purchase and removal of these buildings near the cathedral, which are being torn down one by one and replaced by gardens and beds of flowers.

An antiquarian would revel in Cologne, there is so much of the old to trace down to the new. There is an old Roman tower and a part of the wall and many houses dating back to the thirteenth century.

The foundations of the Cathedral were laid in 1248, although it was not completed and consecrated until 1880. The engravings of it give little idea of its length, breadth and height, or the

MAGNIFICENCE OF THE FINE CARVING

with which it is covered from the foundation to the summit of its two great towers. The interior is equally fine and the beauty of the stained windows and chapels and carved stalls and tapestries can hardly be surpassed.

I was fortunate in having friends residing in the city, who spared no pains to make my visit as interesting and enjoyable as possible. They were very proud of the improvements which are rapidly being made in all directions—the new streets, which have been laid out, the fine enbankment which will soon follow the Rhine for miles in front of the town, etc. But we have enough that is new at home; and we desire to spend all the time possible in and around the Cathedral, which has given the city its world-wide fame, and through the quaint, old, narrow streets there is an old paved market place, in the center of which is a beautifully carved and lofty stone drinking fountain, and we stop to listen to its story.

About the year 1593 there lived a farmer's boy, Jan Van Werth by name, and he fell in love with a pretty serving maid by the name of Margaretta or Greta. They plighted their troth, but Jan was forced into the army and obliged to go off to the wars and fight the battles of his country. Fifty years and more went by and in the meantime the farmer's son had risen step by step until he returned home for the first time, a Commanding General, and right here in the year 1652 he finds his Greta, old, and yet with a wonderfully

YOUNG AND LOVELY FACE,

but forced to earn her bread by selling fruit in this same market place. He recognizes her at once and, of course, her life is sunshine ever after. You don't believe the tale? Well, the people of the City of Cologne did, at any rate; and the whole story is woven in and about this lovely fountain rected by her citizens to commemorate the event; and there you may have every vestige of your doubt removed to-day.

A fine stone bridge crosses the Rhine in front of the city. A rapid night's ride through Dusseldorf and Hanover brings us to Berlin. As we pass through Charlottenburg we can see the tower of the palace which poor Kaiser Frederick made his home. Of Berlin, something later on. I am off for St. Petersburg to-night, and, unfortunately for us, the fast train has not yet been put on, so we have a ride of two nights and two days before we can reach the "Tsar's Window."

If it is May or June do not come to Russia without the heaviest winter clothing and the heaviest of winter wraps, even tho' you may have left England all ablaze with hawthorne blossoms, Holland carpeted with tulips, and Berlin at summer heat. Remember that the Russian calendar is twelve days later than ours. Remember that St. Petersburg is on the shores of the Baltic Sea. Remember also that you are on the direct road to the North Pole. Already I have seen two hard snow storms, and our teeth have been on a continual chatter since reaching here. In the country (May 28) the peasants are just plowing and sowing for their summer crops, and in the city

HEAVY OVERCOATS AND FURS

seem quite at home. There is one thing, however, that strikes a Canadian very agreeably as well as strangely, and that is the suddenly increased length of the days. Even now the sun does not set until about 9 o'clock and rises no one knows how early; and soon the longest days will have reached here when the sun is only nominally below the horizon from one-quarter past 10 till one-quarter before 2, but really the twilight is so bright that one can read with ease all night. No doubt this has much to do in maturing the harvest so rapidly in the few months of summer.

The journey from Berlin presents nothing of special interest until you reach the little stream which makes all the difference between Germany and Russia. Wirballen is the first town on the frontier after passing the border, and there of course passports are examined and baggage searched, but no more thoroughly and with quite as much politeness as a foreigner is apt to meet on landing in America. In fact, I have received no more courteous treatment anywhere than right here in Russia from the first day I entered it, both on the part of army officers, police and civilians, and I believe that no one, unless he is very obstreperous and bound to disobey the laws, need have the least difficulty in going everywhere and with the utmost freedom. Of course, with a swarming population, composed of such varied elements, regulations must be strict and obeyed to the letter; but would it not be well if some of the American cities, which are similarly situated, were under discipline as strict? There is very little show of force here; one sees more armed soldiers in Berlin in an hour than in Petersburg in a day, and everything is more quiet and orderly here than in any Canadian city of its size that I know of. We have been educated to think that the Emperor sits all day, cowering in his palace, entirly unapproachable, and

SURROUNDED WITH GUARDS

on every side. Don't you believe it! The facts are that he rides about the street in an open carriage frequently and utterly unattended, except by his driver. Of course there are parts of the city where he probably would not venture in that way; and are there not in London and New York sections where it would not be wise for anyone to go without protection? He is not only one of the most fearless but kindest hearted of men, and it is said to be a very common ocurrence for himself and the Empress to visit the hospitals and asylums entirely alone. He seems to be very popular and his picture is exhibited in almost every window. So much for the facts which I have been careful to verify.

St. Petersburg is a most interesting city. The streets are very broad and well paved with stone and wood, and they are kept in a manner which would put our authorities to the blush. The buildings are many of them very fine, especially the cathedrals, one of which, that of St. Isaac, is magnificent. On either side of the altar are large columns of lapis lazuli not less than thirty feet high, and outside of these still larger columns of malachite, four on each side at least fifty feet in height, while between these columns are very large and finely executed pictures in mosaic. The wealth of gold, silver and precious stones used in ornamentation one would scarcely believe without having seen.

The music in all the cathedrals is very fine. There are no instruments in any of the Greek churches, but the effect of the great choir composed of men and boys is grand. The Russians are

A VERY RELIGIOUS PEOPLE.

There are hundreds of churches besides the cathedrals, and also little buildings for prayer in many places on the streets; they are very careful not to pass one of any of them without the utmost reverence. You are riding in a street car when suddenly every hat will come off and all are crossing themselves. You look around to see what is the matter and find you are passing some church, though it may be at a distance from it. Even the "drosky" drivers, though it must necessitate the utmost ingenuity at times to pick their way through the crowded streets at the pace they go, still are always on the lookout for the praying places, and seldom pass one without removing their hat bowing and crossing themselves.

Of all the cities we have seen St. Petersburg is the most bewildering, and one can scarcely be placed in a more confused position than to be set down alone in one of these streets. The signs are all Russian, of course, and look like Greek written backwards, while the strange language on every side renders the position still more difficult. However, as long as one can make signs he can manage in some way—but more of this hereafter, as this letter must go to the mail.

Indians Dancing.

The Indians at Betshiamits, Canada, and at Moisie honored me with an exhibition of their national dances. The ballroom was a bare log-house, dimly lighted by a lamp on a high shelf. A great shadow covered the tawny faces just under the beams of the ceiling, and fell aslant the circle of men, squaws, and children squatting on the floor in front of those standing about the walls. An aged couple and some dogs occupied a bed in one corner, along with a number of babies done up in rolls and corded against the wall. The old woman gave the dogs and her husband to drink from a saucepan, and the old man often lay back on the pillow with one leg across the other to finger his toes.

Now and then a squaw picked her way among the crouching figures on the floor to the bed, hauled out her roll of baby, and gave it to suck. The women wore their national caps of black and red, but the men presented more variety, wearing felt hats, or red handkerchiefs that floated about the shoulders, or letting their long, black, straight, greasy hair whip up and down on their cheeks. The band consisted of a drum like a common sieve, hung from the ceiling by a string in front of the drummersinger. His score was very simple, and yet the low notes of the voice, at a fifty and a fourth below the drum, were quite effective with a sombre color suited to the shadowy, fantastic scene.

The first set was like all the rest in general form: a number of men came out of the crowd, and began following one another around the stove near the centre of the room. Their steps consisted in advancing one foot, ducking, by bending the knees, then sliding back the advanced foot nearly to the other one.

Their chief motion was therefore, ducking, as if the entire company in unison had trodden upon one another's corns: and although they took three steps forward on each foot, yet by drawing this back, they advanced but an inch or two in each measure, and their legs, like those of a dancing-jack, seemed to be jointed only at the knees. The keeping of time was in the ducking, for there was no stamping. After a number of rounds thus in single file about the stove they retired, and some of the squaws came reluctantly out to perform.

They danced as the men did, ducking, however, still more suddenly, and advancing still less at each step. They were extremely funny, notwithstanding their great decorum, their rather heavy figures, erect and rigid as statues, with downcast eyes and a shy turn of the head, bobbed up and down with overpowering solemnity. They soon gave place to the men again. The young Huron Indian now took the drum, and sang a more spirited and a varied air to enliven the dance. The men closed up the file formimg a continuous circle of ducking figure. Their steps were longer and freer, and they began moving their arms about, and grunting, "He! he! he!"

As the drumming quickened, they increased their grotesque contortions and their shouting; here and there a man turned about to face his neighbor, and the two carried on with the ducking an extravagant pantomime, portraying the hunt or the war; the music rose in the most frantic *crescendos* and savage discords; the actors, bounding about, bent over and tore the scalps from their prostrate victims, while yells and groans filled the air. It was the ancient war-dance, lacking only the lurid fire on the plumes and bloody tomahawks of the naked, painted savages.—C. H. FARNHAM, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Queer Deaths for Horses.

Singular accidents have befallen eastern Connecticut horses recently. A few days ago F. X. River's fine pair, at Woodstock, ran away with the mowing machine in a field, and the keen saw-toothed blade, worked at a terrific speed by the furious pace, slashed off both the hind legs of one of the animals. The wounded horse was shot. The other horse was not scratched. Not long ago Henry Burk of Brockville while out driving, trotted his fast stepper, valued at $600, over a stable fork that had dropped in the road from a cart which had just passed; the horse's hoof tilted the handle, and the animal was spitted upon the tines. So fiercely was the weapon driven that it penetrated the inguinal region, backward through the pelvic cavity to the vertibræ, thence forward into the diaphragm, passing through the left lung, and nearly perforating the skin at the left shoulder, a distance of four feet. The horse lived several hours and was then shot. At New London, Tyler B. Earl's livery horse not long ago nearly ended its life in scratching its ear with its left hind foot. The calk of the shoe was caught in the horse's teeth, and wedged in so tightly that it could not be removed. In its struggle the horse fell, and the force of the fall ripped the shoe off the hoof. The shoe was dangling from the horse's mouth when its owner, alarmed by the tumult in the stable, arrived.

MISCELLANEOUS

A New Haven artist has painted a one dollar bill so realistically that he got $900 for the picture.

A British vessel is now surveying a route between Australia and Canada, preliminary to laying a telagraph cable. The cable will be 7 5000 miles long, and the work of laying it will take three years.

An English spirit medium claims to have paid a visit to the planet Mars. She says that the inhabitants of that planet are great engineers, that they are of large, powerful physique, and that the men are very handsome. Being a woman, she does not appear to have noticed what kind of women there are in Mars.

Thomas Stevens, a Bangor lawyer, had for a client a widow living in Etna, Me. She refused to pay him what he demanded, and he had her arrested and thrown into jail for debt, a thing that has not occurred there for years. He pays her board in the jail, and she says she will make him pay it for years before she gives in.

As Zachariah T. Wiley of Marblehead, Mass, was strolling along the shore the other day and sadly wondering why he was so poor, and why he couldn't get a job, he saw something uncommon on the sand. He picked it up and carried it to town. It was a lump of ambergris weighing 14½ pounds, and Zachariah sold it for $320.

Just what punishment ought in Justice to be meted out to Lawrence Russell of Springfield, Mo., is a question. He has been arrested for shutting up his ten-year-old boy in a box four feet high, and making him stand bent over in it for five hours; also for tying the boy to a plank and smearing molasses over his face so as to attract flies to torture him.

A Minnesota farmer near Clearwater, while digging a cellar, came upon seven skeletons in good condition. They were found in a sort of mound, and the bodies had been buried head downward. The skeletons were from seven to eight feet in height, and the shape of the skulls indicated a low order of intelligence. It is thought that the bodies were buried 200 years ago.

There is a man in Palatka, Fla., who imagines that he is a teapot. He is perfectly sane on every other subject, but nothing can convince him that he is not a teapot, and an earthern one at that. He sticks out one arm to represent the spout, bends the other to represent the handle, makes a hissing noise to represent the escaping steam, and then, if any one comes near him, is very uneasy lest they hit him and break off either his handle or his spout.

One of the good signs of the times is the fact that for nearly two years while their synagogue was building, the Temple Israel congregation of St. Louis worshipped in the First Christian Church of that city. In returning thanks for this hospitality, Rabbi Sonneschein characterized it as "one of those precious links in the golden chain of mutual recognition, which, under the fostering arms of civilization, reconciles the disciples of Moses to the disciples of Jesus." He closed by invoking God's blessing on the church and all its aims.

At Aux-la Chapell there is a newspaper museum, founded by Oscar Von Forckenbeck, which contains files of specimens of more than 17,000 different newspapers in the world, and it is daily receiving copies of the remainder from all quarters of the globe. The great curiosity of the collection is No. 46 of the *Texas Democrat*, published at Houston on March 11,1864, when the exigencies of war time made it necessary to print it on wall paper.

Giles Moss, an aged negro preacher near Rochester, who is said by his congregation to have prophesied emancipation, last year's earthquake, and other important events, now declares that he has been delegated by Heaven to lead all of his people back to Africa where they are to evangelize all the dwellers of that land; that he converses daily with the angel Gabriel and that the hour for departure is near at hand. The result is that the Rochester negroes are in a state of intense excitement.

Twenty-five years ago Peter Rasmussen came from Norway to the States. Shortly after his arrival he was converted at a revival in the first German Methodist Church of Baltimore. He then vowed that if God would bless him in business and give him enough money to enable him to go back to Norway and preach the Gospel to his countrymen without pay he would go back and preach. He did prosper in buisness, and has just sailed for Norway with his family, intending to go among his countrymen as an evangelist.

St. John's Day in Italy is thus observed at Revello, Italy, according to a private letter dated "St. John's Day:" "The people here have a curious superstition connected with this eve of St. John's Day, which is observed by many; they repeat their rosaries until midnight, and then look out, firmly believing that they will see Herodias and her daughter pass, riding on a fiery plank, the daughter saying: 'Mother, why did you say it? and the mother: 'Daughter, why did you do it? and then plunge into the sea; the reason why, after St. John's Day, the temperature of the sea rises, and bathing begins."

Lewanee county, Michigan, has a co-operative telegraph line which began by two farmers connecting their houses with a wire, and which has extended, until now it has sixty-five miles of wire and ninety offices, two-thirds of which are in farmhouses and the others in stores where the farmers trade. Every farmer is his own operator, battery man, and line repairer, and can use the lines as much as he pleases. They communicate with each other, give orders to the stores, and receive early information of important news over their wire. One farmer had his life saved by it. He took poison by accident, and there was no doctor within several miles, but he telegraphed to the nearest one, told what was the trouble, and was directed to fill himself up with sweet milk and keep filled until the doctor could get there. The prescription was successful.

Some months ago Joshua R. Locke was tried for the murder of William R. Jenkins, and was convicted at Clarke, Va. A motion for a new trial has just been granted on the testimony of George W. Lee, one of the journeymen who convicted Locke. Lee swore that during the trial he had his eyes on young Locke and Gertie Zumbro, a witness for the State and daughter of Mrs Jenkins by a former marriage, and while watching them saw an angel flit from one to the other and he concluded that young Locke was in love with Gertie, and that Jenkins was jealous of him; that he was not willing to render a verdict on the evening the case was given to the jury, but during the night he had made up his mind that Locke was guilty and in the morning when he woke up a spirit seemed to say to him, "Justified, justfied, justified." He also stated that during the trial a spirit was whispering to him, "Mercy, mercy."

Sir Richard Burton's Opinion.

Sir Richard Burton, the veteran African traveller, who is at present staying in Paris, has written the following letter;—

"I do not despair of Stanley even if the mysterious white Pasha of the Bahr-el Ghazel should turn out to be Emin, which is probable. Stanley is an artist in the surprises, catastrophes, and properties of a drama, as well as in its *denouement*. He is, in fact, a sort of geographical Sardon, and when the world pulls out its cambric handkerchief he will probably come up smiling and ask, 'what the deuce is the matter?' I am a great admirer of Stanley. He is simply the prince of African explorers of this day or of any day. But as an administrator I rank him below par, and the best proof of this is that of all the new stations he has founded on the Congo, at a cruel expense and waste of life and labour, as well as of gold, there is hardly one that has not been abandoned and left to fall in ruins.

MR. STANLEY'S AVOWED OBJECT.

"On the present occasion his avowed object was the rescue of Emin Pasha, who has distinctly and determinedly declined to be rescued, but Stanley's real object was to divert the ivory trade from the long and expensive Zanzibar line to the cheap and safe waterway of the Congo. The idea is excellent. By this means Belgium recoups the millions wasted upon expeditions and stations. Zanzibar also, under the unprejudiced annexationist, our cousins German, can have the profit of the slave exportation; nor would a Teuton of them all raise a hand against what brings grit to their mills. Stanley has thus, by one touch of his magic wand, converted the Congo Free State, the happy hunting ground of Tippoo Tip and his merry Sawahili men—absurdly named Arabs—into a Congo Slave State *par excellence*. The great slave mines are now transferred from the Unyamwezi country, the old Mountains of the Moon, to the Upper Congo. These fresh diggings remain to be exploited, Tippoo Tib is made governor. (God save the mark!) of those new slave reserves, at a salary of £300 a year, where he can easily make £30 000 a year, and where his followers are pretty sure to shoot him if he talks any nonsense about the abolition of slavery. You must not expect to to hear any truths of this kind in England, where the imperious and tyrannical opinion of society subdues even the boldest spirit.

Failed to Suit.

There are times when it behooves the wisest and most dignified of men to descend to the level of more commonplace people. A learned and good but very grave and reserved minister, making his first round of pastoral calls, visited the family of a member of his church, and was so favorably impressed with the lady that he stayed a long time. Unfortunately, he had not made an equally pleasing impression on her.

"How did you like Mr. Battie?' asked her husband, over the tea-table.

"Well, I can't say that I liked him particularly," was the reply.

"Why, I felt sure you would be pleased with him, he is such a thoughly good and earnest man."

"Oh, I don't doubt that, and I do like his sermons. But I don't think much of him for a pastor."

"Why, what is the trouble?"

The wrath and disappointment that has been increasing ever since the minister's departure broke forth.

"Well, I don't care *who* a man is or *how* learned he is, when he comes to make a friendly call at my house, and I have my baby all fixed up and brought in for hid special benefit, I think it's as little as the man can do to pay *some* attention to the child, and that man sat here a *full hour*, with that dear, sweet baby under his very nose, and never even looked at her, or asked her name. He don't seem sympathetic, and I know I sha'nt like him."

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Art may err, but nature cannot miss.

A kind No is often more agreeable than a rough Yes.

Be courageous and noble-minded; our own heart, and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.

Do the best you can where you are, and when that is done, you will see an opening for something better.

Temperance is that due restraint upon the affections and passions which renders the body tame and governable, and frees the mind from the allurements of vice.

Laziness grows on people. It begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

No Use for Her.

She was a poor creature with a weird look on her face and a threadbare shawl thrown over her shoulders. She went to the office of the bank president and asked.

"Don't you want to hire a scrub-woman, sir?"

"Tha-a-anks no," drawled the president. "There's no work for you—or for me either. The cashier has cleaned out the bank so thoroughty that we are going to give up biz."

The Swiss canton of Zurich had compulsory vaccination in 1882, and there were no deaths from small-pox. Then the law was repealed and the deaths annually increased till in one year they reached the alarming figure of 85 in 1,000.

The annual rifle contest just held at Wimbledon passed off in the usual way, although the marksmen of the British isles had been taking the Duke of Cambridge to task for preventing them from using his property there for their purposes. So long as these matches continue to stimulate rifle practice as in the past among British volunteers, they are likely to be kept up; and so long as great numbers of rich rewards, like the Queen's prize and many others, are annually offered, there will continue to be throngs of competitors. A drawback in the Wimbledon system pointed out by a British military critic, is that while about $50,000 is given away every year as prizes for shooting at fixed targets and known distances, only about a twentieth of that sum is offered for success at unknown distances and moving targets. Yet this latter is really the condition presented by practical campaigning in the majority of cases; and the great attention paid to skirmish firing in the foreign regular service recognizes the fact.

The Tribune

FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1888.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Wm. Shier is visiting friends in Enterprise.

Mr. W. J. Gracey is recovering from his recent illness.

Mr. Thos. Beggs, of Toronto, spent Sunday in Deseronto.

Miss Emma Solmes, Main street, is seriously ill.

Wm, Ralston spent Thursday in town visiting friends.

Capt. Wm. Hall, of Toronto, spent last Monday in this city.

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Irvine spent last Saturday in the City of the Bay.

Mr. W. E. Barker, Northport, gave us the pleasure of a visit yesterday.

Miss Minnie Fleming, of Belleville, is the guest of Miss Pigden, Mill street.

Miss Cropper, of Toronto, is visiting at Mr. George Field's, Main street.

Mr. W. G. Egar enjoyed a trip to Shannonville yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Wm. Bick has returned home from a prolonged visit to Bobcaygeen, &c.

Mrs. Thos. G. Watson, of Tamworth, has been spending the past week in town.

Mr. F. D. Mott, of Belleville, passed through here on Saturday *en route* to Oswego.

Mr. Frank Murphy, of the O'Connor House, has been on the sick list this week.

Mr. Hopkins, landscape architect, arrived in town from Oswego last Wednesday morning.

Miss Annie Countryman, of Queensboro, is visiting at Dr. Vandervoort's, St. George street.

Miss Hoppins, of Kingston, is visiting in town as the guest of Mrs. L. Hoppins, Fourth street.

Mr. G. M. Taylor, of the Central Office, spent last Sunday under the parental roof at Napanee.

The Misses E. and V. Thistlewaite, of Napanee, are the guests of Mrs. R. Bowen, Napanee Road.

Mr. E. W. Rathbun and Mrs. E. C. French left on Wednesday for Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Evans and family left on Wednesday to enjoy a visit to friends in Quebec City.

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Ney are enjoying a trip to Plattsburg, the Adirondacks and other places in New York.

Mr. Edward Hermiston, of Kingston, was in town this week on a visit to his sister, Mrs. D. R. McRae.

Mr. E. J. Butler has successfully passed the matriculation examinations at Queen's College, Kingston.

Miss Condin, of Belleville, and Miss McGrath, of Napanee, have been the guests of Miss Hunt, Oriental Hotel.

Mrs. D. R. McRae and family have been camping out on the Prince Edward shore near Telegraph Island.

Miss Campbell, of the Parsonage, has passed the matriculation examinations for entrance into Victoria University.

Mr. & Mrs. E. W. Scott are enjoying a week or two very pleasantly by visiting friends in Oswego, Syracuse, &c.

Mr. G. A. Anderson, of the Mohawk Parsonage, has returned home after spending a week very pleasantly in Toronto.

Master Hubert Nasmith left for Quebec on Wednesday with Mr. Geo. Evans to spend a week or two in the Ancient Capital.

Mr. Howard Burnup who has been residing in Shaumont, N.Y. is at present enjoying a visit at his father's near Marysville.

Miss Laura Burgess, of Hyde Park, N. Y., is visiting friends in Deseronto, being during her stay the guest of Miss Deans, Fourth street.

Mrs. Wm. Wood left on Tuesday for Oswego, whence after a week's visit she proceeds to her home in Ogalallah, Nebraska.

Mr. Wm. Deans and Mr. Percy Cole, of the Central Office, have a camp at Grassy Point whither they retreat at the close of their diurnal duties.

Mrs. John Prickett left on Tuesday to take the steamer from Quebec for England where she will spend a month or two visiting friends in London, Chatham and other parts of that country.

Mr. Thos. Shandraw, of Buffalo, N. Y., is visiting his brother Mr. Peter Shandraw, Brant street. He left Deseronto over twenty years ago and finds much pleasure in renewing old associations in town.

MILLTOWN.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. R. F. Pegan has had his house newly painted and is now repairing his warerooms and all together makes a very tidy appearance.

Miss Eva Carscallen, of Belleville, is visiting at her uncle's, Mr. R. F. Pegan.

Mrs. Pennick and her son Wesley spent a few days last week in Marmora with her son and daughter there.

Miss Ella Pegan passed for third class certificate in the recent examinations.

Mrs. N. S. Appleby is visiting at her son's T. D. Appleby.

Master Harry Appleby caught a longe weighing 10 lbs. The little fellow is only 10 years old and thinks he done something wonderful.

Judging from the number of buggies passing here Sunday evenings, the young people seem to be enjoying themselves regardless of poor crops and hard times.

LONSDALE.

The farmers have most of their grain gathered in good condition; the straw is very short with short crop, but grain said to be bright and good.

The McAuley brothers have commenced thrashing.

We have had two refreshing showers of late, and everything is beginning to show of renewed life.

Quite a number of our neighbors are taking in the cheap excursion to the north west to visit friends in different localities, and many expect to make it their future home if pleased with the country. Among the number who left here on Tuesday are Messrs Jas. McCullogh, merchant, Timothy Murphy and Peter Ryan, farmers, with others. We wish them a pleasant trip and safe return.

DEATH OF MR. JAMES S. McCUAIG, EX-M. P.

Mr. Jas. S. McCuaig, ex-M. P. for Prince Edward, died Saturday afternoon at two o'clock. Mr. McCuaig had been confined to his room for some weeks, but was thought to be improving till Thursday night, when a change for the worse took place and he sank rapidly.

For the last thirty-five years Mr. McCuaig has been a prominent figure in Prince Edward in political and business circles. For years he was president and general manager of the River St. Lawrence and Bay of Quinte Steamboat Co. He was the originator and energetic manager of many other business ventures, the last being the Neebing Lumber Co. He was the Conservative candidate in 1867, 1872 and 1874 for the Commons and was each time defeated by Walter Ross. In 1875 he was elected to the Ontario Legislature as a supporter of Sandfield Macdonald, Mr. G. Striker being h's opponent. He sat for one session and was unseated. He was again a candidate but was defeated by Mr. Striker.

In the general elections of 1878 he was elected to the Commons, defeating Dr. Platt. In 1882 he was again a candidate, but this time he was defeated by Dr. Platt. He was always a warm supporter of Sir John Macdonald. His smiling face and genial manner will be missed. He had hosts of warm friends in the country, who in his death will feel they have lost a friend. The funeral took place on Monday and was very largely attended by all classes of people from the bay district.

SHANNONVILLE.

From Our Own Correspondent

Mr. & Mrs. W. E. Pearsall and daughters spent Sabbath last in Deseronto as the guests of Mr. A. S. Valleau.

Mrs. Clark and Miss Nettie Clark are visiting friends at a distance.

Mr. A. Roberts will leave in a few days for Toronto to attend his examinations.

Mrs. A. L. Loberts will leave soon for Cohoes, N. Y., to spend the coming winter with her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Houston.

The first quarterly service of the M. Church of this conference year was conducted last Sabbath by our new minister the Rev. E. D. Lewis and was largely attended and in the evening his discourse which was intended for the young, was very impressive and suitable for the old, as well as the young.

DEMORESTVILLE.

From Our Own Correspondent

Mr. Conrad Carr, of Big Island, who died Sunday, after a short illness, was buried yesterday, (Tuesday.) A large crowd gathered to pay their last respects to the dead.

Rev. J. C. Ash, formerly of Demorestville, now of Adolphustown, made us a friendly call yesterday on his way from Mr. Carr's funeral. He is looking hale and hearty as ever.

Miss Minnie Sprague, grandaughter of Mr. N. Sprague, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. (Rev.) Duke, of Trenton.

Our base ball team and Northport had a friendly game Saturday. Our boys are too much for them. Come Northport, practice about a month and then give Demorestville a challenge.

The late rains have wonderfully helped the late potato and corn crop; both crops will far exceed our expectations.

The Salvation Army holds a jubilee here to-night. I think it would be a good idea to have a couple of constables (as we have no policemen) watching about the door to dampen the ardour of the country ruffians who come to disturb the meetings.

KINGSFORD.

From Our Own Correspondent

Mrs. George Gordon returned to Napanee on Monday.

Mr. James Hanley, Miss Hanley, and Miss Jones were visiting friends here and in Lonsdale this week.

A large number left on Tuesday for Winnipeg by the excursion trains.

Several applications were received for our school rendered vacant by the resignation of Mr. Grange. The trustees appointed Miss Lamphior of Newburgh. This young lady had excellent testimonials and is highly recommended by Mr. Burroughs the School Inspector.

Miss Sarah McCullough is visiting her sister Mrs. McClavie near Brighton.

The harvest is nearly over in this section in fact many of our farmers have already finished.

Mr. John Nelson Hewitt and Mr. William Samson left for Watertown, N. Y., on Wednesday.

We had a heavy thunderstorm on Monday night accompanied by a fine rain.

The Council met in Selby on Monday. They have not yet fenced our dangerous hills.

MARYSVILLE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Two ladies were upset out of a buggy near the railway crossing on Sunday last through their horse shying. They fortunately escaped without injury.

Miss Etta Brethen, who spent last winter with Mrs. Stapleton, passed here on Tuesday on her way to Dakota where she expects to reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Scanlon have just returned from a two week's visit pleasantly spent in Tweed.

The Farrell Bros. have purchased a new improved separator from Haggert Bros. Mfg. Co. of Brampton, and will be able to do first class work for their patrons during the coming season.

A party composed of J. McCullough, T. Murphy, R. McAlister, and P. Ryan left here on Tuesday for a trip to Manitoba and Dakota.

Mr. J. Carwin came near being burned out on Sunday afternoon his house having caught fire. His furniture was damaged consideraly by handling.

Mrs. Stapleton and children are visiting with friends in Bowmanville and Oshawa, during the hot weather.

The barley has been nearly all harvested and is very light. Other grains and pastures will no doubt be much improved by the recent rains.

Here is one sample of the many cases of "intellectual poverty" that exists in this vicinity. One day this week a man came and requested change for a $5 bank note. I handed him in exchange a Canadian $2 note, a U. S. silver certificate, and one dollar in Canadian silver. He put the money in his pocket and went away, returning in about ten minutes requesting me to change the U. S. note for "good money" not knowing that outside of our own Dominion notes, U. S. paper is the safest paper money we handle. An average of four out of every six men whom one meets are unable to converse intelligently on subjects other than barley, horses, and bug juice, so you see that you haven't all the "intellectual poverty" in your little town.

Do you know Dalton is agent for The Dominion, The Karn and The Thomas Organs.

Do you know Dalton is agent for The White, The New Williams and Wanzer sewing machines.

A SPECIAL LINE OF

COUCHES

At Greatly Reduced Rates for the Next 30 Days

DALTON'S,

ST. GEORGE STREET, DESERONTO.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the **Vigor**, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

43rd

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Agriculture and Arts Association of Ontario

WILL BE HELD IN THE

CITY OF KINGSTON

FROM SEPT. 10TH TO 15TH.

Entries close on Aug. 18th. For Prize Lists and all other information apply to the Secretary.

IRA MORGAN, Metcalfe, President. HENRY WADE, Toronto, Secretary.

EXHIBITION AT KINGSTON.

IN ADDITION to the general attractions of the Provincial Exhibition, held at Kingston, SEPT. 10th to 15th, there will be, under the auspices of the Midland Agricultural Association,

SPEEDING IN THE HORSE RING

—ON—

Thursday and Friday, SEPT. 13th & 14th.

Five events, as follows: Farmers' Trotting Trial, $25, $15 and $10; Farmers' Racing Test, $25, $15, and $10; Exhibition of Walking, Trotting and Running, to saddle, $35; Lady Riding, Gold and Silver Medals and Silver Mounted Whip; and Matched Team test of speed, $30 and $20. Entrance Free.

Entries to close with the undersigned on SATURDAY, SEPT. 8th.

R. MEEK, Secretary.

Kingston, Aug. 8th.

FOR -:- SALE

OR TO LET.

THAT desirable property just opposite Deseronto, lately occupied by Mrs. Walmsley. Fine Garden; excellent Orchard; beautiful view. A grand opportunity for some one to open a general store.

Apply to

J. E. WALMSLEY, Belleville.

or to

W. H. VANBLARICOM, Deseronto.

May 25, 1888.

THE FAVORITE

STMR. "VARUNA,"

Will, on and after APRIL 29TH, leave DESERONTO as follows: for PICTON at 10 a m; returning, will leave BELLEVILLE and TRENTON at 2.30 p. m.

April 27th, 1888.

BAY OF QUINTE.

Railway & Navigation Company.

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE TRAINS on this road make sure connection with all G. T. R. trains both East and West, and with Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company or all Bay and River ports.

1888. TIME TABLE. 1883.

DESERONTO & GRAND TRUNK LINE.

BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS	EXP. WEST.	MIXED EAST.	MIXED WEST.	MIXED EAST.	EXP. WEST	MIXED M.&W.	EXP. EAST
	NO.1	NO.3	NO.5	NO.7	NO.9	NO.11	
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Des. lve	2:45	7:45	9:15	11:10	4:45	8:55	12:45
E End, "	2:50	7:50	9:20	11:15	4:50	9:00	12:50
Des. Ju. ar.	3:05	3:05	9:35	11:30	5:05	9:15	10:05

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS	EXP. EAST.	MIXED WEST.	MIXED EAST.	EXP. WEST.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED E&W	EXP. WEST.
	NO 2	NO.4	NO. 6	NO.8	NO.10	NO.12	NO14
	A.M.	A.M	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M
Des. J. lve.	3:20	8:20	9:45	11:40	5:20	10:05	12:00
East End	3:45	8:35	10:06	11.55	5:35	10:20	1:35
Des. arrive.	3:50	8:40	10:05	12:00	5:40	10:25	1:40

Trains Nos. 1 and 13 run daily, (Sundays included.) Sure connections to and from Bay of Quinte Ports Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

This Time-Table shows the times at which the Trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations; but, as the regularity of Trains depends on connection with other lines, the Arrivals and Departure at the time stated are not guaranteed, nor will the Company hold itself responsible for delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER, Gen. Manager.

Deseronto, Ont.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

ECAR'S DRUG STORE

—FOR PURE—

Drugs, Chemicals and medicines of all kinds.

Horse, Cattle and Patent Medicines.

WALL PAPER AND STATIONERY.

☞ EVERYTHING AT ECARS'. ☜

DR. NEWTON'S OFFICE.

Canada Life Assurance Co'y.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

A. G. RAMSAY, PRESIDENT. R. HILLS, Secy. ALEX. RAMSEY, Supt.

THIS is the leading Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Assets over 9,000,000 dollars.

Annual Income for year ending April 30th, $1,600,000.

Applications made before April 30th, 1888, will participate in the division of profits in April 1890. For information apply to

S. G. CHAMBERLAIN, Special Agent, Toronto

THE RATHBUN COMPANY, Agents, Deseronto.

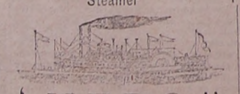
THE BAY OF QUINTE

STEAMBOAT ROUTE.

CHANGE OF TIME. NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

Daily to Kingston and 1000 Islands.

The Fast and Elegantly Furnished Steamer



'HERO,"

CAPT. C. H. NICHOLSION.

Will on and after Monday, July 30th, sail as follows:

	Mon, Wed. & Friday.	Tues, Thur. & Saturday.
Leave Belleville,	6.00 a.m.	3.30 a.m.
" Deseronto,	7.30 a.m.	5.00 "
" Picton,	9.00 a.m.	6.30 "
Arrive Kingston,	1.30 p.m.	11.00 "

Returning leaves Kingston at 3:30 p.m., Deseronto 9 p.m. daily, (Saturday excepted) for Belleville.

Connecting every day at Kingston with

STEAMER PRINCESS LOUISE

—FOR—

GANANOQUE, CLAYTON, 1000 ISLAND PARK AND ALEXANDRIA BAY.

Through ticket arrangement complete. Sure connections and Best Route.

Passengers and Baggage transferred at Kingston free of charge.

CONNECTIONS.—The "Hero" at Kingston with Cape Vincent, Rideau Canal and Lake Steamers; "Princess Louise" at Clayton with R.W. & O. Ry. and Steamers for Alexandria Bay.

On Saturdays the "Hero" will make a Grand Cheap Excursion from all Bay Ports to 1000 Islands on regular time and leaving Kingston at 1:45 p.m.; returning leaves Kingston for Bay Ports at 8:00 p.m. Tickets from Deseronto $1 00, good to return from 1000 Island Park, not Kingston, any Saturday during season.

For information apply to Capt. Nicholsion on board or

THE RATHBUN CO., Agents.

DESERONTO

Navigation -:- Company,

(LIMITED.)

RUNNING in connection with the Grand Trunk and Bay of Quinte Railways, for Picton and all Bay of Quinte Ports.

SURE CONNECTION WITH ALL TRAINS.

STR. "QUINTE"

Will, until further notice sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Picton....6:00 a.m.	Leave Trenton.. 1:00 p.m.
" Deseronto, 7:15 "	" Belleville, 3:00 "
" Northport, 8:10 "	" Northport, 4:30 "
" Belleville, 10:00 "	" Deseronto, 5:30 "
Arrive Trenton, 11:30 "	Arrive Picton.. 6:15 "

STR. "DESERONTO"

Will sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Napanee, 6:00 a.m.	Leave Picton... 3:00 p.m.
" Deseronto, 7:00 "	" Deseronto, 5:00 "
Arrive Picton,.. 8:30 "	Arrive Napanee, 6:00 "

This Steamer makes one extra trip between Picton and Deseronto with Mails and Passengers for G.T.R. going East as follows:—

Leave Picton... 9:30 a.m.	Lev. Deseronto, 1:00 p.m.
Arr. Deseronto, 11:00 "	Arrive Picton, 2:30 "

DESERONTO : TO : OSWEGO

—AND—

ALL U. S. POINTS.

THE comfortable and fast sailing Steamers will sail as follows (weather permitting.)

"RESOLUTE."	"RELIANCE."
TUESDAY.	MONDAY.
THURSDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
SATURDAY.	FRIDAY.

Parties for New York and other U. S. points will find it to their advantage to travel by this line.

CHEAP RATES FOR FREIGHT.

FARES MODERATE.

Purchase your Tickets Reading via. Deseronto Junction.

The Steamers are open for engagements for Excursions at all times. For further particulars apply to

THE RATHBUN COMPANY.

May 2nd, 1888.

Napanee, Tamworth

—AND—

QUEBEC RAILWAY.

NAPANEE VALLEY LINE.

TIME TABLE No. 13.

IN EFFECT NOV 28TH 1887.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 2. A.M.	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee	Leave	11 50	5 10
Napanee Mills	"	12 05	5 25
Newburgh	"	12 15	5 30
Thomson's Mills*	"	12 20	5 38
Camden East	"	12 25	5 43
Yarker	"	12 40	6 00
Colebrooke*	"	12 43	6 02
Galbraith Road*	"	12 45	6 05
Varty Lake, (Excursion Ground)		12 50	6 10
Moscow	"	12 55	6 15
Mudlake Bridge*	"	1 03	6 25
Enterprise	"	1 10	6 30
Wilson's Crossing*	"	1 18	6 28
Tamworth	Arrive	1 30	6 50

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1. A.M.	No. 3 P.M.
Tamworth	Leave	6 40	30
Wilson's Crossing*	"	6 55	40
Enterprise	"	7 00	
Mudlake Bridge*	"	7 07	3 00
Moscow	"	7 15	3 05
Varty Lake, (Excursion Ground)			
Galbraith Road*	"	7 25	3 15
Colebrooke*	"	7 28	3 17
Yarker	"	7 30	3 20
Camden East	"	7 45	3 35
Thomson's Mills*	"	7 50	3 42
Newburgh	"	7 55	3 50
Napanee Mills	"	8 05	4 00
Napanee	Arrive	8 20	4 15

*Stop only when Passengers at or for.

R. C. CARTER, Gen. Mgr. H. B. SHERWOOD, Superintendent. E. W. RATHBUN, Gen Manager

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the

Municipal Council

—OF THE—

VILLAGE

—OF—

DESERONTO

In the County of Hastings, after the expiration of three months from the publication of this notice in THE TRIBUNE, of Deseronto, intend to apply for the erection of the Village of Deseronto and a part of the Township of Tyendinaga, adjoining the village on the north side, into a town

——TO BE CALLED——

THE

Town of Deseronto

With boundaries as follows, that is to say:—

Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte at the western limit of township lot number thirty-six (36) in the Third Concession, south of the slash road, of the Township of Tyendinaga, and running thence northerly along the said western limit of said lot thirty-six, and along the western limit of township lot thirty-six (36) in the Second Concession south of the slash road of the Township of Tyendinaga aforesaid, eighty-five chains; thence easterly at right angles to the said western limit of said lot thirty-six in the said Second Concession of Tyendinaga, one hundred and four chains, more or less, to the western limit of the boundary road between the Township of Richmond in the County of Lennox and Addington and the said Township of Tyendinaga; thence southerly along the western limit of said boundary road sixty-five chains, more or less, to the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte; and thence, following the said water's edge westerly to the place of beginning, containing 859 acres, more or less, and including the water frontage in front thereof.

And that the said Town of Deseronto shall be divided into three wards to be called the "Centre Ward," the "East Ward," and the "West Ward," and that the said Wards be constituted as follows, that is to say:—

THE "CENTRE WARD"

shall comprise that part of said town embraced within these boundaries, namely:—Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte, at the western limit of Fourth street, thence northerly along said limit to the north side of Main street, thence westerly along the north side of Main street to the west side of Prince street, thence northerly along the west side of Prince street to Dundas street, and then across Dundas street and northerly along the centre line of township lot thirty-nine to the northern boundary of the town; thence westerly along the north boundary line of the town to the centre line of east half of township lot thirty eight, thence southerly along the last mentioned centre line, and through St. George street to Main street; thence westerly along Main street to Mill street, and thence southerly along Mill street to the water's edge, and thence along the water's edge easterly to the place of beginning. together with the water front in front thereof.

THE "EAST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of the said town which lies east of the Centre Ward, and

THE "WEST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of said town which lies west of Centre Ward.

By order of the Council,

ROBERT N. IRVINE, Village Clerk.

Deseronto, May 28th, 1888.

June 1st—3mos.

The Tribune.

VOL. V — DESERONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, AUG. 17, 1888 — NO 47

THE TRIBUNE.

Published every Friday Morning.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO.

(LIMITED.)

publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One copy, $1.00 per year. 50 cents per six months. Strictly in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE	1 Year.	6 mos.	3 Mos.
Column	$50.00	30.00	$18.00
Half Column	30.00	18.00	10.00
Quarter Column	20.00	12.00	7.00
One Inch	6.00	3.00	2.00
Business Cards, (less than one inch.)	4.00	2.50	1.75

Wants, Lost, Found, Strayed, etc 25 cts each insertion or on a contract at the rate of 75 cents per month.

Casual advertisements 5 cents per line first insertion each subsequent insertion 3 cts. per line.

Advertisements for insertion among the local items 6 cents per line each insertion

Communications should be addressed to THE DESERONTO NEWS CO., (LIMITED), Deseronto Ont.

DESERONTO POST OFFICE.

Office open daily (Sundays excepted) from 7:30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Mails for despatch are closed at the office as follows:—

For Napanee and Kingston and all points East at 10:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

For Belleville and Toronto and all points West at 4:20 p.m. and 8:00 p.m.

For Picton at 10:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

Mails arriving are due as follows:—

From Kingston, Napanee, and all points East at 7:30 a.m. and 3:45 p.m.

From Belleville, Toronto and all points West at 7:30 a.m. and 12:00 noon.

From Picton at 11:30 a.m., and 5:00 p.m.

Registered letters must be posted half an hour before the close of each mail.

N.B.—A mail is made up for all points at 6 p.m. on Sundays.

F. S. RATHBUN, *Postmaster*

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

T. G. PILE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES, Deseronto Ontario 3

JOHN A. FORIN.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. OFFICE, ASHLEY BLOCK, Front Street, Belleville, Ont.

COAL.

FOR HOUSE USE OR BLACKSMITH SHOPS, AT lowest market rates. Write for prices. THE RATHBUN CO.

WATER LIME.

WATER LIME, PORTLAND CEMENT, AND Plaster Paris for sale, cheap, and full directions given how to use successfully. Write for prices. THE RATHBUN CO.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto; Fellow of Trinity Medical School; Late Clinical assistant in Toronto General Hospital

OFFICE:—Malley's Drug Store, Deseronto.

RESIDENCE—Next house north of Cameron's Store

A. R. WEESE, L.D.S.,

DENTIST, Honor Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.

Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty.

Artificial teeth inserted on all the leading bases.

Operations made as painless as possible.

OFFICE:—TRIBUNE BLOCK, Main Street, Deseronto

NOTICE.

INSURANCE ON FARM OR VILLAGE PROPERTY at low rates in Standard Stock Companies—the Royal Insurance Company and Commercial Union of England, Western and British American of Toronto.

THE RATHBUN CO., Agents

REVERE HOUSE,

CORNER KING AND YORK STREETS, TORONTO, ONT.

ROBERT McDONALD, PROPRIETOR. Parties from this section visiting Toronto will find this house most convenient to stop at, and will be sure of a very cordial welcome. A call solicited.

O'CONNOR HOUSE.

THIS HOTEL IS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED throughout, in the latest styles. Large and convenient Sample Rooms; and every accommodation and comfort for guests. The Bar is supplied with best imported and domestic Liquors and Cigars. Charges moderate First-class Livery in connection. Good Yard and Stables attached.

P. O'CONNOR, Prop'r

*3-1 Deseronto, Ont.

ORIENTAL HOTEL.

W. J. HUNT, Proprietor (formerly of Napanee) As I have leased this fine Hotel for a term of years I have refurnished and refitted it throughout, making it one of the best hotels in Deseronto. The bar will always be supplied with the finest liquors and Cigars. Good stabling in connection.

W. J. HUNT, Proprietor

GEO. E. SNIDER,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELER & DEALER

in all kinds of SILVERWARE, &c.

Corner Main & St. George Streets, Deseronto.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,

DESERONTO

SAVING BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits received and Interest allowed at rate of

FIVE PER CENT PER ANNUM.

DESERONTO :-: AGENCY

—OF THE—

KINGSTON & PEMBROKE AND CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

TICKETS may be obtained from the undersigned for all points in

MANITOBA, NORTHWEST TERRITORIES BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE WESTERN STATES.

If you wish to go to any point along the line of these Railways, secure your ticket in advance at this agency and thus save time and expense.

For other information apply to

S. RUSSELL,

TRIBUNE Office, Deseronto.

LIME FOR SALE.

BY CAR LOADS, WAGON LOADS or by B at low prices. Special terms given to parties handling who require a quantity. Leave orders Mr. F. C. WHITTON, or at the Rathbun Co's. office

HARD TIMES OFTEN

Make Cheap Goods!

We have just bought from a Toronto firm a lot of Colored Rhadamais Silks, 50 per cent. less than regular prices, and will sell a good quality Silk, same as other houses charge 0 cents and $1.00, fo 5 cents.

We will sell all Summer Dress Goods at away down prices.

We will clear all Remnants and ends of Goods at your own prices nearly.

All Light Prints at cost price.

We are selling Ginghams, Seersuckers, etc., awfully cheap.

The values of our Shirtings, Cottonades, Cottons, Looms, etc., are right.

Our Millinery business has kept up wonderfully, hats going out every day. Everything in this department reduced in price.

We are giving astonishing bargains in Black Silks. Here is where close buying tells.

HOSIERY AND GLOVES.

It's surprising the quantity of Gloves and Hosiery we sell. Our assortment is still good, and the prices such as no person will complain of.

OUR TOWEL SALE

has been a great success. The table has been newly sorted up and all the lot will be cleared off this next week.

NEW FALL GOODS,

such as Grey Flannels, Tapestry and Brussels Carpets, Dress Goods, Fall Hats, Etc., are just to hand, and we are in a position to give unapproachable bargains in them.

Despite the cry of hard times, our July business this year shows a considerable increase over last year. We want a bigger increase for August.

HINCH & CO.

NAPANEE.

HAMILTON is SHOWING

New Dress Goods,

New Prints,

New Seersuckers,

Shambrae in Pink, Blue and Grey,

extra value, with embroidery to match.

A Full line of Gents Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Ties, &c

Ready-Made Clothing in Boy's, Children's and Men's. A large line of light summer wear.

Prices Low. Quality the best. In fact everything to be found in a first-class Dry Goods Store.

M. C. HAMILTON'S, McCullough's Block.

Lardine Machine Oil.

FARMERS, THRESHERS AND MECHANICS

Will save money by using Lardine. No gum, no grit, and will wear out Lard or Castor Oil.

Manufactured by McCOLL BROS., Toronto.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the Village of Deseronto intend to pass a By-Law for stopping up and also a By-Law for selling to the Rathbun Co. that part of Third street in the said Village of Deseronto which lies between Water street and the Bay of Quinte and said by-law will be considered at the first meeting of the Council held next after the expiration of one month from the posting up and publication of the notices required by the statute.

The posting up and publication of the said Notices will take place on Friday, the 29th day of June, 1888.

R. N. IRVINE, Village Clerk.

Deseronto, Ont., 27th June, 1888.

C. H. OTTO,

BOOKBINDER,

over the TRIBUNE office, DESERONTO.

MAGAZINES and MUSIC bound in any style.

BLANK BOOKS ruled and bound to any pattern desired.

June 7, 1888—37.

THE TRIBUNE

Will be sent to new subscribers from now till the 1st of January, 1889, for 25 cents in advance. No person should miss this opportunity.

PURITY.

Like a shy, startled thing she stood
In the wild tangle of the wood;
Her violet eyes in sweet surprise
Seemed some fair shadowing of the skies;
In her white hands some bluebells spent
Their dying breath in soft content;
Her parted lips their white pearls showing,
Her cheeks like rose hues paling, glowing,
And all her childlike innocence
Guide, guard, protector and defense.
What startled her? A heavy tread
Through the dim aisles, arched overhead
By sunflecked leaves and vibrant boughs,
And what of heaven such shade allows.
All day sweet sounds had been astir—
The soft, far reaching orchestra
Of birds, bees, whispering winds—and over
The nearer fields of grass and clover
Came tinkling cow bells sifting through,
As violets tint the dusk and dew.

A tramp comes on! the pine leaves sweet
Shudder beneath his naked feet;
He stops, wild, hungry, outlawed, fierce;
His haggard eyes the girl's eyes pierce;
But something in their tender light
Checks his half savage mood, despite
The lawless, desperate soul within,
That seldom stops at soil or sin;
He moves aside—his way is by,
Saved by the power of purity.

—Mary A. Denison in Frank Leslie's.

AUSTRALIA'S POPULATION.

Official tables have been issued showing the population of the Australian provinces on 1st January, 1888. At that date the aggregate population of the group was, 802, 586, distributed as follows:—

Victoria	1,036,118
New South Wales	1,042,619
Queensland	366,940
South Australia	312,421
West Australia	42,488
Northern territories, etc	5,000
	2,805,586

The adjacent colonies of Tasmania and New Zealand had a population of 142,478 for the former and 603,361 for the latter, making the grand total of 3,557,425. The immigration, as represented by the excess of arrivals over departures by sea, for 1887 was 64,856. A remarkable feature of the vital statistics of the Australian colonies is the low death rate reported, which was for the year in New Zealand 10.29 per 1,000; in South Australia, 12.62; New South Wales, 13.15; Queensland, 14.56; Tasmania, 15.45; Victoria, 15.70; and West Australia, 17.10. The excess of births over deaths as reported varies from 106.4 per cent. in Victoria to 214.8 per cent. in Victoria to 214.8 per cent. in New Zealand. If these figures are reliable the antipodean colonies are among the most healthful countries in the world.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION AT KINGSTON.

Reduced fares on all the railways and steamboats.

The provincial exhibition will be opened formally by Sir John Macdonald on Tuesday, Sept. 11th.

During the week Hon. H. G. Joly will address a meeting on forestry. He has made of the subject a special study.

The grounds and buildings will be lit by electricity on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and the local association will provide special attractions.

The new grounds are the finest, and perhaps the best, in Ontario. The association has spent a great many thousand dollars in making the arrangements complete for the show.

There will be speeding in the ring on the 13th and 14th September, and for it liberal prizes will be offered. Three of the tests will be confined to farmers, one to the ladies, and one will be open to all.

The governor-general visits it on Wednesday Sept. 12th at 4 o'clock. He remains in the city until noon of the next day, and may, with Lady Stanley of Preston and suite, visit the show on Thursday morning, Sept. 13th.

HOW TO KILL AND DRESS A FOWL

To dress a fowl with the least trouble, hang it up by the feet so that it will drop a convenient hight, and attach a wire hook to the under beak of the fowl, to which hang half a brick. Sever the jugular vein with a sharp knife, and proceed to pick, holding the wings with one hand while you pick with the other. Work quickly. Get most of the feathers off the breast side with three or four hand pulls, and change the wings to the other hand held across the breast of the fowl, and with a few pulls get most of the feathers off the back. Grasp one wing at a time, and pull out the long feathers at one stroke. Then finish up the picking entirely before the fowl is taken down. When done, chop off the head, take a sharp knife and cut through the skin around the vent, being careful not to sever the intestine. Pull gently, and as the intestine comes out insert the forefinger and bring out the intestines rapidly, but do not break them. Get them out up to the gizzard, and break off there by the thumb and forefinger, and your fowl is ready for market. If you wish to make ready to cook, the bowels must be slightly enlarged and the gizzard pulled out, cut open, and the inner lining removed, with all gravel, food, etc. A slit must be made in the breast and the crop removed, which should be empty when the fowl is killed. Some people remove the lungs. It is not necessary. The heart should be removed and washed, as some clotted blood is usually around it. The operation of preparing a fowl for market can be done by an expert sometimes in three minutes.—*American Agriculturist* for August.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR restores color and vitality to weak and gray hair. Through its healing and cleansing qualities, it prevents the accumulation of dandruff and cures all scalp diseases. The best hair-dressing ever made, and by far the most economical.

The contractor found great trouble in tearing down the walls of old St. Andrew's Church, Kingston. They used to know how to make good mortar in those days.

TYENDINAGA RESERVE

From Our Own Correspondent.

Miss Cornell, of Napanee, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Mary Brant, on the Reserve.

A mammoth Sunday School pic-nic will be held on Wednesday, the 22nd inst. Service at Christ Church at 11 a. m. and an address from the Rev. S. Daw, of Christ Church, Belleville. Dinner at High Noon in the grove then games and fun in abundance. A cordial invitation to all.

A. Dingman, Esq., Inspector of Indian Agencies, spent Sunday last amongst his friends here. After transacting a good deal of business on Monday he left in the evening for Picton.

James Cobus Brant with his wife and son Charlie, left on Monday evening for Syracuse, N. Y., on important business.

Pedigree of those claiming hereditary chieftainship comes through very questionable channels.

Miss Flo Maracle, after spending a pleasant holiday with her relatives here, returned to Brantford on Tuesday leaving some sad hearts.

Mr. Wallace, of the Marchmont Home, Belleville, visited the Reserve on Saturday to claim a child which had been taken from his establishment by mistake.

We regret to learn from the daily papers of the sudden death of a warm friend of the Band the Rev. T. Bousfield who was adopted by our people 35 years ago under the name of Ochechuskoh. In olden times he was a frequent visitor at the Parsonage.

The Presbyterian Sunday School of Napanee, will hold its annual picnic in the Parsonage grove at an early date.

Mrs. Fleming, wife of the Rector of Vankleek Hill, Ont. paid a friendly visit to the Parsonage on Tuesday. She was at one time a prominent Sunday School pupil in this Parish, and afterwards an active church worker.

We are pleased to learn that Ackland Oronhyatekha received an important appointment in the High Court of Foresters which was held at Toronto last week.

TYENDINAGA COUNCIL.

Council met on Tuesday, August the 7th, 1888, present:—William McLaren, Reeve, Patrick Nash, 1st Deputy Reeve; John C. Milligan, 2nd Deputy Reeve; George Monro and John C. Meagher, Councillors.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

On motion of Mr. Nash, seconded by Mr. Meagher, $40 was granted on the road at lot 27, 8th concession, and $20 at lot 25, on the 9th concession.

Moved by Mr. Milligan, seconded by Mr. Meagher, that the resolution passed at the June meeting, that $75 be paid for right of way for road leading to Wyman's bridge, and the balance of the grant of $245 be expended on said road, be, and is hereby rescinded. Mr. Milligan and Mr. Meagher voting for, and Mr. Nash against the motion.

On motion the following bills were ordered paid, viz:—Timothy Heffernan, grading and gravel between lots 10 and 21, $10; John Goodfellow, grading between lots 20 and 21, 8th concession, $9; David Tripp, gravel at lot 14, 7th line; $16.50; Daniel McCauley, stone at lot 25, 2nd line, $10; Henry Hill, ditching at lot 27, York road, $5; John McFarlan, job near Mathew Hill's, York road, $33.20; Robert Smith, gravel on side road between lots 22 & 23, $15; Alexander Meagher, gravel on slash road, $10; James Little, gravel on Milltown side road, $20; Randall Smith, gravel at Battise's, York road, $45; Michael Walsh, balance on job at Parks' creek, $10; David Kilty, job on road at Wyman's bridge, $10; Richard Gough, culvert at Lonsdale, $5; Henry O. Cole, repairs on scraper, $2; James O'Sullivan, 30 yds. gravel, $1.50; Robert Sparrow, 30 yds. gravel, $1.50; Medcalf Palmer, 120 yds. gravel, $6; Thomas McHenry, 32 yds, gravel, $1.60; John Skelly, 120 yds. gravel, $6; Alexander Anderson, furnishing material and building bridge, $22.30; Intelligencer printing Co., $22.42; Hart & Co., Municipal Law, $2.58; the Clerk, postage, $6.16; R. C. Clute, re Equalization, $3.33; W. E. Pearsall, commutation statute labor, $1.20; Donald McRae, approaches to culvert on 3rd line, $13.50; John McFarlan, valuing lands for assessment at Court of Revision $3.

On motion Mrs. McCarty was granted $4; the poor on the list their quarterly allowance, $26; and the House of Providence, Kingston, care of Mrs. O'Neill, $16.30.

The Reeve laid the following requirements for 1888 before the committee on Estimates, viz:—For county purposes, $9,926.20. For township purposes, $2,539. For public school purposes, $6,700.

The amount of ratable property on the Revised Assessment Roll being $1,522,153, six and six-tenths mills on the dollar will be required to meet the County requirements, and one and five-tenths mills on the dollar for Township purposes.

On motion Council adjourned till the first Tuesday in November.

A. B. RANDALL, Township Clerk.

DON'T

Let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and "know how it is themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

The Legislative Council of Cape Colony has rejected the bill to establish a South African Customs Union.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by purifying and enriching the blood, improves the appetite, aids the assimilative process, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the system. It is, therefore, the best and most thoroughly reliable alterative that can be found for old and young.

DISTRICT ITEMS.

Crops in North Hastings are excellent.

Diptheria is still prevalent at Huff's Island.

The first barber's pole has been erected in Marmora.

Oddfellows' decoration day at Cobourg on the 22nd inst.

The Roman Catholic picnic at Tweed takes place on the 22nd inst.

A Peterborough barber has been fined for selling cigars on Sunday.

Frank D. McKay, of Belleville, is now a reporter on the Peterboro *Review*.

Smith's Falls suffered from a severe scorching last Saturday morning.

It is probable there will be a lawsuit over the Ameliasburg bridge by-law.

It is probable that a new wing will be added to the Kingston military college.

Alnwick Indians go into Cobourg when they wish to get a supply of firewater.

An Ogdensburgh man has caught a six foot sturgeon which weighed 150 pounds.

The Picton *Times* favours the abolition of net fishing from Trenton to Indian Point.

Soby & Son, of Picton, are reported to have sold the yacht Geraldine for $2,550.

The Brockville & Westport railway is working up quite a large passenger business.

A regular grasshopper plague has struck several parts of the counties of Russell and Carleton.

Alonzo Black has sold the Point Ann quarry to Shippen and Quinlan, Belleville, for $2,000.

Owen Weese, of Thurlow, sowed three pounds of Ladoga wheat and reaped fifty-three pounds.

There are 309 voters, including forty widows and unmarried women, in the village of Colborne.

C. O. Doran, a Canadian giant weighing 400 lbs., will be exhibited at the fall fairs in this district.

Boyd Caldwell, one of Canada's most wealthy lumbermen, died at Lanark last week, aged 70 years.

Kingston is very anxious to have the next Normal school. Kingston wants the whole of this subluinary sphere.

Mr. Robert McKay, of Morven, has remitted the whole amount of this year's rent to the tenant of his farm.

The N. T. & Q. Ry employees hold their annual picnic at Napanee next Wednesday. They offer $175 in prizes.

The Bowmanville Band has met with great success having carried off three first prizes lately at tournaments.

Gananoque people have gone excursion mad; business is almost suspended in that village; all off to the Islands.

Campbellford has organized a bicyclist club. The same town has its rate of taxation 16½ mills on the dollar.

Z. Palmatier, South Marysburg, has purchased the brick residence of J. T. Reynolds opposite the Picton high school.

The man Roblin who had attempted to burn Dafoe's driving shed at Roblin was sentenced to six months imprisonment.

A petition is being circulated in Trenton to rescind the by-law passed by the council limiting the number of hotels in the town.

Miss Dell Harkness, who took first place out of 107 candidates at the recent Collegiate Institute at Kingston, is only eleven years of age.

Carleton Place has been made the headquarters of the C. P. R. freight service in that district. Smith's Falls feels bad over it.

Moira Lodge, A. F. & A. M., Belleville was instituted in 1802. Joseph P. Huyck has been a member for the past seventy years.

Mr. A. F. Wood, father of the factories act, states that the cheese factories are everywhere gaining immeasurably by its enforcement.

A burglar made an attempt on the *Intelligencer* office lately. He got a few cents, much more than he would get in the average newspaper office.

The *Intelligencer* says that the organist of Bridge street Church is absent on a wedding tour, and on Sunday the choir sang "Oh Sinner, Come Home."

Seven tons of rock from the Richardson gold mine is said to have yielded from $40 to $60 per ton, and a boom is expected in the sweet by and by.

Mr. Givens, general merchant and postmaster at Havergal, in Carlow, was burned out last week, losing stock, furniture and $800 in cash. Insured for $1,000.

The presence of the soldiers by unsettling the minds of the young idea of Gananoque prevented them from making a good showing at the entrance examinations.

The boss of the Grand Trunk double tracking gang between Belleville and Sidney says the men he has raked up in that vicinity are the laziest he ever struck.

Jasper Dingman, of Picton, had on one raspberry sprout of this season's growth ten ripe and forty unripe raspberries. On an older sprout he had seventy raspberries.

The Brockville *Times* says eight men there have taken 425 tons of coal out of a vessel in eight hours and on another occasion 1000 tons were taken out in 15 hours by 12 men.

The Trenton council has purchased Flindall's grove—eighteen acres—for a fair ground and park. Deseronto must follow Trenton's good example as soon as it has acquired incorporation as a town.

During a thunderstorm the electric fluid struck a house in Picton, passed down the chimney and through the stove pipe, wrecking the stove and rendering Mrs. Dolman, the occupant, speechless.

The *Ontario* says that mechanics complain that never before were the labour markets so dull in Belleville. One of the largest manufacturing industries in the city has been shut down for a month and thirteen employes in another factory have been laid off. This is sad but it is satisfactory to know that Toronto is growing at the expense of Belleville and other towns.

The Mysterious Tapping

AN ENGLISH RAILROAD STORY.

It was a bleak and cheerless night, about the end of January, some few years ago, when I drove up to X—— Station. I had nothing with me but a small bag, so dismissing the cabman with his hire, I walked into the station, and going to the booking-office, took my ticket. Having got it, I turned towards the platform to wait for the train, which was not due for two or three minutes. The station was unusually quiet, and I was forcibly struck with the scarcity of people about. There were barely half a dozen persons walking quickly backwards and forwards to keep themselves warm (for the night was bitterly cold), though well muffled in thick overcoats and cloaks. They seemed in no mood for talking, so, turning away, I began to follow their example, and took several quick turns up and down the platform; but there was something that seemed to chill and oppress my spirits with a foreboding of something about to happen.

I drew my coat higher on my neck, and walked to and fro in moody silence, till I was aroused from my reverie by the whistle of the approaching train.

I waited till it drew up, and then sought for a carriage. I opened several doors, but the carriages seemed very full, and the people inside appeared to be also depressed and cheerless, and sat huddled together and covered with as many wraps as possible.

At last I came to an empty first-class; it seemed warm and well lighted, and opening the door I sprang in. There was a newly filled warming-pan on the floor, so wrapping my travelling-rug round my legs, and putting my feet on the pan, I got out my paper and began to read.

I was just getting interested in a leading article, and was beginning to think that I had been a great fool to have been so put out of sorts by the weather, when I was roused by the noise of people rushing along the platform, and before I had time to put my head out of the window, I heard them get into the compartment adjoining mine.

The whistle had sounded, the train had begun to move, when the door of the compartment in which I was was suddenly thrown open, and in jumped a man. The new-comer in his haste had seemingly not noticed me, but as he was stooping down to look at the bag he had been carrying, I had an opportunity of observing his appearance.

He was over the ordinary height, and wore a broad felt hat slouched over his eyes. His whiskers and moustache seemed to have grown in rather unnatural luxuriance, and instinctively I felt an aversion to him.

During this time I had been so engrossed that I remained perfectly still, but at last, making unintentionally a slight movement, the paper I had in my hand rustled, on hearing which my fellow-passenger started violently and looked up.

He seemed perplexed and annoyed for a moment, but soon calmed down, and unfolded a rug he had with him, wrapped it round his legs, and getting into a corner, took out a paper, and to all appearances began to get deeply engrossed in its contents.

But I could not shake off my suspicions, so I sat, pretending to read but occasionally glancing over the top of my paper to look at him.

The train was soon going at express speed, though the snow was falling heavily, and a biting east wind was causing it to drift most unpleasantly, and I began to ruminate on the chances of being blocked.

I had fallen into a sort of reverie whilst thinking of this, when I was aroused by a curious tapping. I was at that time an expert telegraphist, and my suspicions being at once reawakened by the peculiar noise, I involuntarily listened, not daring to move lest I should lose a syllable.

My fellow-traveller appeared at first to be only tapping on the partition for amusement, but here and there I noticed a word was put in, to find out apparently if I understood any of the signs, or displayed any uneasiness or suspicion; but perceiving that I paid no attention, being to all appearances deeply engrossed in my paper, he began to tap to some purpose.

Gradually I made out the words—"Get out at C——Time explosion half-way between C——and F——."

At once the fearful scheme they had in hand flashed upon me. Here were nigh a hundred people in the power of some unscrupulous ruffians, who for some fancied wrong were about to take some terrible revenge, which might be fatal to many. I instantly determined that if possible I should outwit the would-be-murderers, and at once formed a plan to defeat their purpose. I rashly did not take time to consider what the effects of my first move would be, but jumping up, confronted the scoundrel. Ho, ho! "I exclaimed;" that's your little game, is it? You want to wreck the train, and murder a lot of innocent and unsuspecting people? We'll see about that."

He was so taken aback on seeing that I understood his message, that for a few moments he was silent; but I saw his eyes flash, and before I had time to think he was upon me. Here my athletic training stood me in good stead, though I soon found that I had by no means a contemptible antagonist.

We clutched each other, and fought like two demons. It was, for me, a matter of life or death, for the man seemed determined if possible to end my career in this world. He managed to clutch me by the throat, and was trying to strangle me.

I felt myself getting fainter and fainter, and the carriage was beginning to swim round, when with a last despairing effort I freed one of my hands, and struck him with all the force I could muster right between the eyes.

Being in a very awkward position at the moment, as well as weak from the effects of his terrible clutch at my throat, my blow was not very effective, but it was sufficient for my purpose: it caused my antagonist to loose his hold for a moment, and instantly I was on my feet. Scarcely had I done so when he sprang on me again, and this time I saw that I would require all my strength and agility to deal with him, for in his hand there now gleamed a murderous-looking knife.

How the noise of our struggle was not heard in the adjoining compartments I can't say, but as the encounter only occupied a few minutes (although to me it seemed hours), and as the train was going very fast at the time and made a considerable rattle, the noise of our struggle must have been drowned by the noise made by the train.

But to return to my narrative. My antagonist now seemed as though he had entirely lost his reason, and went on for all the world like a madman. His eyes glared and flashed, while his mouth foamed as he brandished his knife. I think it was to this madness or blind fury that I owed my life, for so enraged was he that he did not seem to see or know what he was doing, and I soon saw my opportunity to overcome him.

With a sudden movement I caught hold of the wrist of his right hand, in which was the knife; but the difficulty then was to keep it. In his madness he strained and struck wildly with his other hand, until bringing it too near mine I obtained a hold of it.

The rest was now easy; I gave the hand in which he held the weapon a peculiar twist, and the knife fell to the floor, and then with a turn I had learnt in wrestling I threw him, and in falling he struck his head on the edge of the seat and became unconscious.

I had now but a minute or two to think over what I should do when the train stopped at L—— Station, which was the station before C——, at which the dynamitards, for such they proved to be, were to get out.

I soon made up my mind how to act. I had not intended to get out at L——, but for the furtherance of the plan I had outlined in my mind I now purposed doing so.

Having pushed the inanimate form of the ruffian under the seat, I took up my stick and signalled into the adjoining compartment. I got the answer.

"We're listening," on which I telegraphed.

"Sit well back in carriage at L——," to which I received the answer, "All right."

By this time the speed of the train had greatly lessened, which made me aware that we were approaching L——, so seizing my bag, I prepared to get out.

In another minute the train had stopped at the platform, and the purpose of my message, "Sit well back in carriage at L——," became clear.

I silently opened the door, stepped on to the platform and as silently closed it again. As the men, in obedience to my message, were sitting well back, they did not perceive me, and were quite ignorant of the fact of any one but their confederate being in their adjoining apartment.

I now turned and walked *up towards* the engine, and then turning crossed the platform, thus making it appear as though I had come out of one of the front carriages. Some other people were getting out at this station also, so I was not specially noticed.

They soon disappeared, and chuckling to myself at the way the plotters would be outwitted, I made my way to the station-master's room. The train had by this time departed, but I had plenty of time to carry out my plan, as there was about an hour's run between L—— and C——.

I knew the station-master slightly. He was very kind and pleasant, and seeing me in my torn condition (the effect of the fight), which I had not till now noticed, he at once divined that something was wrong. I briefly related the principal facts of my story, and then seizing the operating handles, sent the following message to C——:

"Train to be blown up between C—— and F——. Stop train and search at ——C, and arrest men in carriage No.——, and one man under seat, carriage No.——. Will follow soon."

I was able to tell the numbers of the carriages, having noted down the number of mine before leaving. I now turned round to have a chat with the station-master, feeling happy in the consciousness that I had been the means of saving very many lives, and the station-master busied himself in getting ready a cup of hot coffee for me; but hardly had I done so before I got the answer:

"All right; thanks," to my message. In twenty minutes a message came:

"All prepared; carriages Nos.———— and——?"

I telegraphed back simply "Yes." Quarter of an hour afterwards I got the message:

"Train arrived and searched; captured."

Next morning I went to C——by the first train, which was at seven o'clock, and on arriving I went straight to the police office, where I was expected, having telegraphed to that effect, and recounted my adventure.

I was informed that, thanks to my timely message, they had been enabled to prevent the blowing up of the train. It had been duly searched, and the men in the carriages I had mentioned arrested.

Two bags were found in the compartment in which the ruffians were, containing dynamite, and by a system of clockwork they were timed to explode when the train would be almost half way between C——and F——.

In the course of the day the prisoners were identified, and were recognized as being men on whom the police had been keeping a watch for some time. The man who had been in my carriage was just returning to consciousness when arrested. The ruffians were afterwards tried, convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude.

As for me, it was with difficulty I managed to get away from the continual thanks that the people who had been in the doomed train showered on me and to reach my, original destination. Time, however, can never efface from my memory the recolection of that midnight adventure.

New York's Tenements.

The tenements of New York city have long been notorious for their overcrowded state, rivalling in certain districts the famous slums of London. The Board of Health has been unusually watchful this season and has looked into a vast number of these dens. The first beneficial results is that the number of inmates in twenty-four tenements has been reduced of by order of the authorities to the landlord's from 504 to 295 adults and from 135 to 101 children. When this is considered necessary an idea may be had of their previous condition. The owner of one rookery ordered to be demolished appeared before the board and begged for an extension, declaring that the people who lived there were mostly blind and did not require the sanitary and other improvements ordeted by the authorities. Poverty, misery and dirt are not the exclusive property of ancient and disreputable quarters in Old World cities, but thrive equally well in the New.

Opium Smuggling on a Big Scale.

Advices from British Columbia say that receipts of crude opium are assuming enormous proportions. The quantity consumed in the country has within the past few years increased at an alarming rate. Fifteen factories for refining the crude material are in operation in Victoria, which, according to returns now at hand, used 170,000 pounds of crude opium in the manufacture of the refined article. Nine tenths of this, an officer of the Dominion customs says, is smuggled across the border into the United States, as any one of the fifteen factories has capacity for producing more than sufficient to supply the whole Dominion.

The people of the State of New York some time ago voted in favour of the abolition of the contract convict labour system. The Legislature of last year neglected to make provision for the employment of the convicts upon the expiration of the then existing contracts, and the result is that it has had to be called together to vote money to maintain the States penal and reformatory institutions. The action of the Legislature is awaited with much curiosity, as it was not explained why the house omitted to take up the question last year.

FOREIGN NOTES.

The French Government is letting the Palace of Versailles and the Trianons go to ruin. A few days ago some of the furniture of the Little Trianon, where Marie Antoinette used to play at being dairy maid, was sold at auction in Paris.

The Island of Foula, one of the Shetlands, is for sale. It is three miles long by two broad, and is famed for its rocky coasts and abundant wild fowl, and is one of the two spots in Great Britain in which the Great Skua, a very rare bird, still breeds.

Charles Demachy, a French banker, died recently in Paris. He was one of those who, during the seige of Paris, gave his bond to Bismarck at the office of the Rothschilds for the 200,000,000 francs in gold which the Germans demanded as the price of not marching their army through Paris.

Coin collectors are excited by the news that a small issue of coin was made from the Berlin Mint before the death of the late Emperor, and a limited number of gold Fredericks got into circulation. They already command fancy prices. The Mint is busy with the first issue of coin of the new Emperor.

During a trial for libel near Udina, Austria, the defendant drew a revolver and shot dead the woman who had made the complaint against him. He then attempted to commit suicide, but his pistol missed fire, and, seeing the confusion which he had created, he concluded to try to escape instead, and did so successfully.

A society called the Columbia has started a carrier pigeon service between Strasburg and Vienna, and recently a number of pigeons were started at the latter city at 5 o'clock one evening, and the first of them reached Strasburg at 6 o'clock the next morning, having travelled at the rate of over thirty-one miles an hour all night.

A railway employee in Vienna who had just been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for ill treating his wife drew a revolver from his pocket and shot at random into the audience, wounding one person. Then he shot himself in the head, and will probably die. The police officials who failed to search him properly will be disciplined.

General Harrrison finds, among the other cares that the Presidential nomination brings, difficulty in arranging the long list of pending law cases wherein he has been retained. In court the other day he suggested the continuance of one case till November 21st, saying facetiously, to the judge, "I shall know by that time, your honor, whether I am to be permitted to continue my practice before you."

Dogs are said to be raised regularly in some parts of China for their skins. The skins from the dog farms of Mongolia and Manchuria are said to be of better quality than can be obtained anywhere else in the world, and fetch good prices when got to market; but the farmers receive only about fifty-five cents for each skin, and have to eat the meat of the animals in order to support themselves.

English law carefully regulates the subject of the sailors' grog. Every ship must carry a quantity of lime or lemon juice as an anti-scorbutic, containing 15 per cent of palatable fruit spirits, that is, sound rum of a specific gravity fixed by the statute, or sound brandy of a quality similarly fixed. The board of trade tells how the grog shall be mixed. One ounce of the lime juice is to be mixed with one ounce of sugar and at least half a pint of water, and must be served out in time for dinner.

This remarkable tale comes from France and no affidavit goes with it. In the forest of Estrel a man and woman were at work while their infant child, aged six months, lay in a cradle in front of their cottage within their sight. Suddenly an enormous eagle swooped down, seized the babe, and flew off. The father rushed into the hut, picked up his gun, and, returning, fired at the bird, which dropped to the earth dead, while the father, holding out his hands, caught the infant as it fell and returned it to the cradle without a scratch.

Five persons were imprisoned by the caving in of a wall at a quarry at Chancelade, near Perigeux, France, recently, and there were no means at hand to rescue them. To find out where they were, a shaft twelve inches in diameter was bored, down which was slid a tube, near the end of which was a small camera surrounded by a battery of electric lights. With this apparatus a number of negatives were taken, and the effect of the disaster shown, even to the faces of two corpses. It was thus known that the men were dead, and that effort to succor them would be useless.

At 11 o'clock at night in the Avenue de l'Opera, one of the most brilliantly lighted and most populous streets of Paris, an elderly gentleman was stopped near the theatre Francais by two well-dressed, perfumed, and polite highwaymen, who first asked him what play was being performed, and then garroted him, profusely apologizing as they did so. A third member of the gang came up while they held him and took his watch and money, after which they released him and made off without being arrested.

A worthy pork butcher, sitting quietly in his shop at the foot of a small hill at Evreux, France, a few days ago, was surprised to see a dragoon in full uniform come sailing through the window and land on the counter at his side. A military wagon loaded with stores had been coming down the hill when the horses had run away, and, being brought up with a round turn at the foot of the hill, had projected the soldier, who was part of the freight, bodily through the pork butcher's window. The soldier and another one recived serious injuries, and the butcher is suffering from shock.

A marvellous flash of lightning scared Paris out of its wits a few days ago. It struck somewhere about Montmartre, and seemed to fill the air with electricity. An omnibus at the entrance of the Rue Clignancourt stopped suddenly, the horses being dazed and the passengers jumped out and ran screaming in all directions. Women fell fainting on the sidewalks, and even the dogs ran about howling with their tails between their legs. Mlle. Rejane, a well-known actress, was going along the street in a cab. She shrieked to the driver to let her out, and when he had done so she ran wildly into a barber shop for shelter. And nobody was hurt after all.

An extraordinary scene took place at the funeral in Penzance of Thomas Oates, who had drowned himself in consequence, it was said, of an unhappy home. He had lived with his wife and mother-in-law. Two thousand persons attended the funeral. When the clergyman left the mob tried to hustle the young widow and her mother into the grave. Failing this, they stripped the young woman of her widow's dress, bonnet, gloves, and wedding ring. A policeman got her into the sexton's house, and he and three volunteer preservers of the peace saw her safely home. They were followed by a jeering and shouting crowd, the worst among whom were women.

The Marchioness of Varela has been murdered in a sensational manner in Madrid. Neighbors heard cries and groans coming from her flat in a house in the centre of the city, but some time elapsed before the police were summoned. They found the Countess lying dead with several stabs on her face and neck and with her skirts on fire and her legs badly burned. The assassin had poured petroleum on her clothing and set it on fire. In the kitchen was the servant girl bound but unhurt, and a large bulldog. The servant said that the assassin had knocked her down and stunned her. The dead woman's jewelry was upon her person, and no money or valuable papers were missing. No one seems to have thought of suspecting the servant of the crime.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

What makes me dreary is want of motive.

Rationalism accepts truth for its authority, and asks no authority for truth.

A man can never be happy unless his first objects are outside of himself.

The happiness or unhappiness of old age is often nothing but the extract of a past life.

Thanksgiving is good, thanksliving it better.

An ounce of good cheer is worth a ton of melancholy.

I think it is best not to dispute where there is no probability of convincing.

Many people are busy in this world gathering together a handful of thorns to sin upon.

Expect nothing from him who promises great deal.

No man will take counsel, but any man will take money; therefore money is better than counsel.

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please us by its resemblance to it.

A curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtue of patience and long suffering.

There is no use in trying to give an inferior quality of metal a fine edge, and the same rule applies to mankind.

Poverty in youth when it succeeds, has this magnificent property about it, that it turns the will toward effort, and the whole soul toward inspiration.

Jesus, the Holiest among the mighty, and the Mightiest among the holy, has lifted with his pierced hands empires off their hinges, has turned the stream of centuries out of his channel, and still governs the ages.

Doing any one thing well—even setting stitches and plaiting frills—puts a key into one's hand to the opening of some different secret; and we can never know what may be to come out of the meanest drudgery.

Why can not we be content to live simply preferring to be unnoticed, knowing that what brings happiness is not praise, nor conspicuousness, nor elevation to office, but a clean conscience and a restful spirit. Be modest and serviceable. You may never be called to office, but you will surely be called to better service of your fellow-men, and this is the only greatness.

Politeness by Rule.

In China all the actions of life are supposed to be regulated by a book called the "Li Ki, or the book of Rites." This book, which is said to make it easier to be polite in China than anywhere else, because politeness is subject to more fixed regulations, has been in large part translated into English by Sir James Legge, professor of Chinese in the university at Oxford. The Chinese is surrounded with rites and regulations from his birth to his grave, very many of which are exceedingly grotesque and trivial to us.

When a Chinese makes a visit to an acquaintance, he sends in his ordinary visiting card or billet, on which is written, "The tender and sincere friend of your lordship, and the perpetual disciple of your doctrine, presents himself to pay his duty and make his reverence even to the earth."

The master of the house meets at the door his visitor, who firmly refuses to enter first; the host then makes him a profound bow, and they go in together. There is a similar scene at the stairway. After a long exchange of formalities, they go up side by side, but the visitor is obliged to step on the first stair with his right foot, while the man of the house puts his left foot first. Any Chinaman who omits these formalities is regarded as very ill-bred.

In conversation the host and guest never think of using the pronouns I and you. Instead of saying, "I am very sensible of the service you have done me," they will say, "The service that the lord or the doctor has done for his meanest servant or his scholar has greatly affected me." The guest's invitation card bears this sentence: "To what an elevation of splendor will your presence assist us to rise!"

If the visitor is asked to dinner, custom requires that he shall receive the following bit of advice:

"Do not make a noise in eating; do not crack the bones with your teeth; do not drink the sauces in long draughts."

All this is said and received with the utmost gravity. It the host is a person of consequence, and serves fruit containing stones at dinner, the guest is expected to put the fruit-stones in his pocket, as it would be impolite to refuse any of his entertainer's gifts.

The method of cutting a melon varies according to the rank of the eater; and of office-holders there are between the highest mandarin and the lowest constable nine classes, each distinguished by a dress peculiar to itself.

The military ceremonials are almost endless; even the killing of an enemy has to be done according to a certain ceremony, and there is a special carriage provided in which a messenger who brings news of a defeat has to ride.

Mourning is rigidly regulated. Here is an extract from the "Li Ki":

"When a father dies, the son must appear dumfounded, as if he knew not where he was. When the body has been placed in the coffin, the son must cast about him rapid and afflicted glances, as if he sought something which he could not find.

When the burial has taken place, he must were an agitated and alarmed expression as if he awaited some one who does not come. At the end of the first year of mourning, he must wear a sad and dejected air, and at the end of the second year a vague and restless expression."

At certain intervals the mourner must bare his throat and excute a series of jumps. For a distant relative the jumps alone suffice.

The "Li Ki" cites, as a perfect example of discretion in mourning the case of a woman named King-Kiang, who, having lost her husband and her son, mourned her son day and night, and her husband through the day only.

The Long Vacation.

Every year about this time the question discussed in school boards, "Is not the vacation too long?" The same question becomes a topic of conversation at breakfast-tables, when Tom and Jack are contemplating an excursion or a game which their mother regards as dangerous.

Often the subject is resumed between the parents in the evening, when the boys have sunk into the deep sleep that naturally follows a day's fishing, relieved by frequently joining the fish in their native element.

From two weeks, the summer holiday has grown to ten and twelve weeks within the memory of living persons. Ten weeks is the generally recognized period, though there are counties in Canada and the United States where the schools still close for two weeks only, and probably in high, northern latitudes it is best to make the most of the short summer, particularly for the younger children.

The experience of the last winter in some parts of the West seems to indicate that the long vacation for children under ten years of age might more properly occur in midwinter than in midsummer.

But, speaking generally, is the usual summer holiday too long?

"My boys don't know what to do in the long, long days," remarks one practical man.

"My boys," says another, "know a great deal too well what to do; they are always in mischief."

Both these parents, to use an expression that savors of slang, "give themselves away," for they confess their own incompetency as parents, and they admit that their sons especially need a lesson which a long vacation may teach them: How to use their own time.

It was said of the favorite of a king, that the favorite owed his ascendancy to the skill he had in killing the king's time for him. He knew how to invent foolish games and silly adventures adapted to the tastes and intellect of the monarch. During the school year, a child has little choice as to how or where he shall spend his time, but during the vacation his time is very much in his own custody, and he has an opportunity of learning how tedious and stupid a thing time is unless it is rationally used.

He is in a position resembling that of the king just mentioned after the dismissal of the favorite. He is thrown in some degree upon his own resources, and, though he is often at a loss for something to do, and passes some tedious hours, yet he is in a way to learn how to lay out and employ his time so as to get from it a fair average of pleasure and profit. He learns, for example, that there are portions of a summer day during which it is pleasant and good to get into a cool corner for reading, and other portions that invite to out-of-door employments.

Moreover, every one should remember that when the school-room is *vacated*, that is, emptied, the worst thing that a boy or girl can do, after coming to the years when usefulness in the world begins, is to take a complete vacation,—that is, to empty one's self of all occupation.

A change of interests and duties gives rest. Very young people, of course, properly give themselves up to enjoyment and freedom from care. The boy who cannot find rest in the hayfield, or the girl who has nothing useful to occupy her hands during vacation, does not know how to use the season aright.

If vacation is rightly employed, we mean by that if the time is devoted to rational recreation, to reasonable rest, to a certain amount of useful work, and thus to the preparation of the body for future mental work, then vacation is as beneficial to students, young and old, as term time, always provided their parents render them the aid and restraint which they need.

It is *never* good for boys and girls to "run wild." It is never good for the young to lose the aid or disregard the authority of their natural protectors and rulers. But supposing things to be about as they should be in the family, then vacation is an immeasurable good, and good to the very end.

What a Gentleman May Do.

He may carry a brace of partridges, but not a paper parcel two inches square.

He may be seen on the box of an omnibus, but not on a bootblack's box having his boots polished.

He may dust another person's jacket with a club, but he musn't brush it off with a whisk broom.

He may kill a man in a duel, but he musn't eat peas with his knife.

He may thrash a cab-driver, if he can, but he mustn't ask twice for soup.

He must pay his debts of honor, but he needen't trouble himself about his tailor's bills.

He may ride a horse as a jockey, but he musn't exert himself in the least to get his living.

He must never forget what he owes to himself as a gentleman, but he need not mind what he owes as a gentleman to his shoemaker and his hatter.

Imposing on a Hotel Keeper.

A few weeks ago there appeared at an inn in the east of France a traveller who said that he was a Russian nobleman driven into exile by the Czar, and anxious to convert the vast estates he had left behind into ready money. He ingratiated himself into the friendship of the innkeeper, and finally offered him the job of going to Russia and selling the estate for him. The innkeeper jumped at the chance and set off quickly. When he got to Russia he found that the alledged nobleman was a fraud and the estate a myth. He had just money enough to pay postage on a letter home telling the facts, but the swindler got wind of the letter, and with his wife and family left the place and an unpaid bill of $250 for board, incidentally taking along all of the innkeeper's clothes which he could lay his hands on, and even his revolver.

Keeping Within Bounds.

Said a distinguished patient to his physician: "Doctor, will you hand me my medicine, please?"

"Excuse me, sir," responded the man of science, "but I am only connected with the bulletin part of your case. Another doctor will be here directly."

Nerve and Pluck.

Railroad Superintendent (to applicant): Have you sufficient nerve and courage to do your duty in times of danger?

Applicant (with a superior smile): Nerve and courage, sir? I ate jest three of those railroad sandwiches down-stairs.

Superintendent (to clerk): Give this man an engine on the "limited" night run.

Will Strive to Please.

"What do you suppose the new Emperor will do with the German Socialists?"

"Oh, send them to Zweibeeria, I guess."

Two pure white robins have been taken from the nest of an ordinary redbreast in Galen, Ill.

The Weather.

The weather of the current year in Ontario has so far been remarkable, its most noticeable feature being the scant rainfall. Until recently many parts of the province had not had as much rain since the winter as would make an ordinarily heavy shower. The temperature, too, has been abnormally low, especially during last month, which has been characterized by an almost total absence of the great heat usually felt in July. Comparing the Observatory readings of the thermometer for the first twenty-five days of the month with those for the corresponding period of last year—excluding the Sunday readings, of which we have no record—we find that on only six out of twenty-one days in July this year was the highest recorded temperature 80° or over, while on only six out of twenty in July, 1887, was it under 80°. During the period mentioned the highest record last year was 97° and the lowest 57°; during the same period this year the highest record was 88° and the lowest 47°. During the twenty days last year the lowest recorded temperature was under 60° on only four days; during the twenty-one days this year it was under 60° on sixteen days. These figures will give our readers some idea of the great difference in temperature between the July of this year and that of last.

From English papers recently to hand we learn that the weather this year in Great Britain and on the Continent has also been extraordinary, and that the weatherwise there are at their wits' end. Since the middle of June repeated heavy rainfalls in Great Britain have destroyed a very large portion of the hay crop, and biting easterly winds, having often the force of a gale, have stripped the trees of their tender blossoms and budding fruits. In the north country there were even snow-falls in the early part of the present month. The result is that agricultural interests of immediate importance are suffering terribly. It may be mentioned, however, in passing, that in some of the Midland and Western counties of England there has been very little rain, and up to the beginning of July the rainfall for the year there was from two to five inches short of the average, much to the injury of the crops. Germany has had continued rainy and unsettled weather, and in France the coldness of the summer is almost unprecedented. The famous centenarian M. Chevreul recently said:—"The only weather I have seen like this was in 1816. That was the year of the great French famine. It is bad enough now, but not so bad as that. Six years later, in 1822, the weather was so lovely that the apple trees bloomed in January and the vineyards were ripe in July instead of September." To add to the discomfort of the French people, and of Europeans generally, M. Descroix, of the Montsouris Observatory, declares his belief that instead of any improvement the contrary may be expected. He thinks that a series of earthquakes is likely to occur, and says that he should not be surprised to see volcanic disturbances in some parts of Europe. The data upon which he bases these conclusions are not given, but M. Descroix is not a man given to speaking lightly on such matters.

It seems, therefore, that in other portions of the world as well as this the summer is an extraordinary one.

Leaf-Cutting Ants.

Mr. Thomas Belt gives in his book, "A Naturalist in Nicaragua," an entertaining account of the leaf-cutting ants as he had to study them in his garden in Central America. These insects strip trees and shrubs of all foliage, but the native trees do not suit them so well as cultivated ones. The result is that when they get into a garden it means the complete destruction of all fruit-trees and plants.

When the ants made one of their nests, or hills, in the garden of the naturalist he took measures to dislodge them by pouring carbolic acid mixed with water down their nest. This drove them out.

"Next day," says Mr. Belt, "I found them busily employed bringing up the ant-food from the old burrows and carrying it to a new one a few yards distant; and here I first noticed a wonderful instance of their reasoning powers.

"Between the old burrows and the new one was a steep slope. Instead of descending this with their burdens, they cast them down on the top of the slope, whence they rolled down to the bottom, where another relay of laborers picked them up and carried them to the new burrow. It was amusing to watch the ants hurrying out with bundles of food, dropping them over the slope, and rushing back immediately for more. They also brought out great numbers of dead ants that the fumes of the carbolic acid had killed.

"A few days afterwards, when I visited the locality again, I found both the old burrows and the new ones entirely deserted, and I thought they had died off; but subsequent events convinced me that the survivors had only moved away to a greater distance.

"It was fully twelve months before my garden was again invaded. I had then a number of rose-trees, and also cabbages growing, which the ants seemed to prefer to everything else. The rose trees were soon stripped of their leaves, and great havoc was made amongst the cabbages.

"I followed them to their nest, and found it about two hundred yards from the one of the year before. I poured down the burrows, as before, several buckets of water with carbolic acid. The ants, as before, were at once withdrawn from my garden; and two days afterwards, on visiting the place, I found all the survivors at work on one track that led directly to the old nest of the year before, where they were busily employed making excavations. It was a wholesale and entire migration."

Sensible Words.

I do not think that in order to show real love for our children, we must make for them costly, much-trimmed clothes, or give them all sorts of dainties to eat; neither is it necessary to buy them every pretty toy, or let them have their own sweet (?) way at whatever cost to those around them; nor yet need we repeat in their presence all their own quaint sayings, or other people's praise of them.

But, rather, let our great love for our little ones manifest itself in that ready sympathy and understanding which no other word defines so well as "mothering." In their minutes of fretfulness and obstinacy and dullness, let us exercise such kind patience that they may see that while mother is firm and strict, yet she loves the good in them, and that their faults cause her only sorrow and not anger.

Love springs up and thrives in a child's heart when he looks at his own act of naughtiness, and remembers that through all, though mother insisted that he must obey her, she showed no anger, no coldness, no impatience; but only a warm, loving, patient determination to teach him what was right, and for his best good.

AT FIRST SIGHT.

A TORONTO SKETCH.

BY NORA LAUGHER.

"By Jove! What a lovely face! What glorious eyes! I wonder if she lives there?"

The speaker, or ratner the soliloquiser, was Frank Clifford, a young Canadian artist and poet just returning home from his studio in the Arcade. The object of his remark was the fair, oval face of a young girl clad in a pale blue linen gown, gazing from the oriel window of a large red brick house exactly opposite to his own.

At dinner that evening young Clifford enquired of his sister "Who are the people who live opposite, Mary?"

"They have recently come there from London and Alfred told me that their name is Dennis and that they are an Irish family with one daughter."

"An awfully pretty girl whom I have just seen at the window."

"You seem very far gone, Frank," laughed his sister.

"Don't be absurd, Mollie," returned he, a boyish blush reddening his dark, handsome face.

Nevertheless Frank Clifford, aged twenty-seven and wholly——nay! wholly no longer—devoted to his art, was irretrievably in love with the fair face at the oriel window.

Most of the following day was spent by the young artist in sketching from memory a sweet little rosebud of a face surrounded by flossy golden curls and brightened by a pair of childish, dark blue, Irish eyes. His other work was labor in vain. When he attempted the continuation in oils of the Rosedale Ravine, he had to throw his brushes down in disgust. The half finished head of the church clergyman and the half sketched head of a mastiff shared the same fate. Nothing could he portray except a sweet, fair face with innocent heavy-fringed dark eyes.

"Confound it all, this is really the laziest and the longest day I ever spent. I can neither work nor write," he murmured putting away his brushes and returning home much earlier than usual.

Throwing himself down in a comfortable arm chair behind the lace curtains of his window, Frank lighted a cigar and watched for a face at the oriel casement opposite.

Nor was he disappointed, for presently Miss Dennis appeared. She was wearing a soft white dress and he noticed a little bouquet of green leaves nestling near her white throat which his imagination magnified into the emblematical leaf of her father's country.

"Such a face as that inspires me to finish that little poem. I could not get beyond the first verse some days ago," he murmured. Drawing from his pocket-book a sheet of paper he read the four roughly pencilled lines:—

"Oh! Norine, mavourneen, tho' long since we met,
"The light of thy blue eyes I ne'er shall forget;
"Tho' long since we parted on Erin's green shore,
"My heart is still thine, as 'twill be evermore."

Gazing intently at the pretty golden head bending over her work, he said to himself as he wrote rapidly: "Yes; such a pure, true face as that would inspire and strengthen me to sketch and write as I have never yet written. What can her name be? Not Norine I hope, for that should belong to a brunette. Still, I shall head it 'Norine,' and—yes! I will send her my poor little verse."

Carefully correcting and occasionally altering a word, the young artist re-wrote the following little poem, unworthy although he deemed it for such an offering:

NORINE.

Oh! Norine, mavourneen, tho' long since we met,
The light of thy blue eyes I ne'r shall forget;
Tho' long since we parted on Erin's green shore,
My heart is still thine, as 'twill be evermore.

Oh! Norine, dear Norine, we'll meet once again,
When pleasure shall banish our sorrow and pain;
When joy shall away with all foolish alarms,
As you welcome me home with your soft, clinging arms.

Believe me, my Norine, I've always been true,
For I could not be false, mavourneen to you;
Tho' beneath other skies I am still forced to roam,
My heart is with you and my old Irish home.

The shamrock you gave I wear on my breast,
Close, close to my heart where your head used to rest.
Tho' faded and brown is the leaf that was green,
Twas gathered in Ireland by my sweet Norine.

When lonely my path seems and bitter my lot,
I think of my Norine in her Irish cot;
And I stretch out my arms across the wide sea,
Crying, "Norine, mavourneen, I'm coming to thee!"

Yes! I'll hasten, mavourneen, hasten to thee,
Brave white, angry foam and a dark, stormy sea;
All thought of the perils and dangers I've seen
Will be chased quite away by the kiss of Norine.

After sketching a wreath of shamrocks around it, he wrote a few brief lines as a note, unwise perhaps they might be, yet in their honesty and sincerity thoroughly characteristic of Frank Clifford.

"Faith! I've written a letter, and like the far famed Irishman, shure I'll take it myself." With a merry, roguish laugh the young artist strode across the street, the golden June sunshine lighting up his wavy uncovered dark hair and showing to advantage his tall manly form clad in its negligent summer suit of grey check.

Fortune favors the brave! Coming from the large wooden porch at the side of the house was Miss Dennis herself. She blushed deeply at receiving the little manuscript from the young man's hand and at his few incoherent words as he raised his hat and strolled back to his own house.

Kathleen Dennis, although only nineteen, was no sickly sentimental school-girl, but an open-hearted lovable woman, idolized by her parents and friends. As a passionate lover of poetry she greatly overrated the poor little Irish poem, but she could not fail to trace truth in every word of the note she perused so eagerly and soon found ways and means to comply with the writer's earnest request for a formal introduction.

Days then passed pleasantly, the Dennis and the Clifford families becoming the greatest of friends. Mary Clifford, who was five years older than her brother and his only living relation was soon to leave his home for one of her own and was busy preparing for her marriage with Alfred Rubrington, a young English widower who had for the last few years managed one of the Toronto Banks.

"Well, this is a pretty state of affairs! Pray how did you come to fall in love with my little girl?" demanded the old Irish gentleman trying in vain to put on a stern look as the young couple with clasped hands stood before him on the lawn one lovely evening in the Fall and Frank pleaded his cause with Kathleen to help him.

"Why, you dear, cross old boy, don't you know that he fell in love with me at first sight," said Kathleen, laying her curly head affectionately against her father's shoulder.

"Well, young man, you were certainly not deceived that time, for my Kathie, God bless her, is as good as gold. But take my advice, Frank," and the old gentleman's eyes twinkled merrily, "don't believe everything at first sight."

Frank as an artist and poet and Kathleen as pianiste of no mean ability were admirably adapted for each other's society. Both were ardent admirers of Shakespeare, each agreeing to his assertion "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight:" but equally doubting the truth of their favorite's statement that "the course of true love never did run smooth."

The beautiful Indian summer waned into winter when Mary Clifford became Mrs. Rubrington and moved away to her charming residence on Wellesley street.

The young artist, feeling lonely in his bachelor establishment, pleaded that his marriage with Kathleen might take place soon. As their daughter would still reside so near to them, he at last won her parents' consent for their wedding to take place in the beginning of March.

However, unfortunately, early in February, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis were hastily summoned to Montreal through the serious illness of their son, a prominent merchant of that city.

It was a great grief to Kathleen that she must remain at home, for her brother's illness being infectious her parents deemed it best.

One evening, during their absence, Frank hastened across the street with the latest novel of Rider Haggard's for Kathleen. He was entering the drawing room as usual unannounced, but was horrified to see Kathleen, his little golden-haired love, with her dimpled arm clasped round the neck, her pretty face nestling on the broad shoulder of one of the handsomest men he had ever beheld.

Kathleen was weeping, but her tears appeared to be tears of joy.

Neither of them beheld the savage, almost diabolical look upon the lover's face in the doorway.

Mad with jealousy, Frank could have dashed this man to the ground, but controlled by some impulse he could not understand he walked home slowly, dazed and stunned. His brain seemed paralyzed at what he had seen for he could have staked his life upon the truth of Kathleen Dennis. And how he had been deceived—bitterly—cruelly—damnably.

He resolved never to look upon her face again. *Her* wedding could take place at the appointed time without *him*. *She* would not lack a bridegroom. He laughed wildly to himself as he furiously packed a small valise, stamping the contents in angrily with his foot, afterwards penning a few brief lines to the girl who had so greatly deceived him, words bitter with the anguish and anger he was enduring.

And when Kathleen Dennis read them over and over again through bitter, blinding tears she knew how much he loved her and how acutely he suffered.

With an aching heart poor Frank Clifford took the cars to New York. Uncertain as to what he should do eventually, yet having undertaken work which must be finished, he sent to his sister explaining all and requesting her to see that the contents of his studio be forwarded to him immediately. So crushed and heart-broken he felt that he could never return to Toronto, to look upon the false face of the woman he had loved so truly.

Some men would have plunged into the wildest dissipations, but Frank Clifford was too strong morally and intellectually to fall so low. He simply did nothing but work, work, work.

Finishing the pictures he had on hand he gave himself up entirely to literature and wrote until he became famous. Famous as one of the most bitter and satirical journalists of the great city.

But as the long, weary months dragged on his health and nerve gave way.

"Oh, God! If I could only drive her from my thoughts. If I could root her from my heart!" he groaned one evening, his head sinking wearily upon his thin transparent hands, too weak and exhausted to write more.

Almost as if in answer to his words the door of his sitting room opened, admitting the portly but somewhat angry-looking form of the old Irish gentleman.

"Mr. Dennis," ejaculated poor Clifford, almost too overcome to rise.

"Yes! and I should think you are thoroughly ashamed to meet me after leaving my little girl as you did with just a cruel note to say she could look for another bridegroom in the fellow whose arms you saw around her. Any other man would have waited to see who the other fellow was, but not *you*, *you* tore off here to New York like some great rampaging wild buffalo to hide yourself and your tantrums all these months up in this miserable, poky hole of a garret," looking round contemptuously at the apartment's scanty furniture, "and if Kathleen had not fallen thoroughly sick through worrying and weeping about you, I guess I'd never have troubled to look you up. You might have stayed away for ever for me. But," and here the old man began to grow calmer, "perhaps after all it was my confounded hot temper that was at the bottom of it all. If I had not forbade Mark to come home until he was thoroughly repentant, and if I had not forbade Kathleen ever to mention her youngest brother's name——"

"Her *brother*? Oh, Mr. Dennis, what an egregrious ass and fool I have made of myself," and springing joyously to his feet, Frank Clifford clasped the old gentleman's extended hand in both his own. "Do you think Kathleen ever can—ever will forgive me?"

"Yes! I guess she will. You come right away home to Toronto with me and see. But you should have remembered my words, lad, *don't believe in everything at first sight.*"

Struck With Lightning,

Neatly describes the position of a hard or soft corn when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is applied. It does its work so quickly and without pain that it seems magical in action. Try it. Recollect the name—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

London has fewer inhabitants to the house than any other of the great cities of Europe. Vienna has the most persons to the house, having five times as many as London.

"Oh, my love! my angel! To think that you will be my own little wife! May I speak to your father to-day?" "Better wait till to-morrow, dearest George. Papa would not feel that he could part with me were you to ask him to day, but my milliner's bill is due to morrow, and papa will jump at the chance to see me safely disposed of."

Talk about the bitterness of party politics in Canada, but for bitterness and narrow-mindedness commend us to the United States. The late President Garfield was hounded for something like $369 which was paid him in pursuance of a public duty, and now the New York Tribune has entered upon a campaign under the heading of President Cleveland's record, in which the personal character of every appointment made by him is reviewed, the private character of each officer, whose name is mentioned, being delved into in order to furnish material. If that sort of thing is continued, wages of public servants will have to be increased for men whose characters can stand strict probing are rather scarce.

Experience of a Vegetarian.

Mr. McCrone has always been a very hard worker, and in the field would outwork any of his numerous laborers, who were animal food eaters and troubled with a frequent desire for drink, to gratify which not only retarded them in their work, but was a source of relaxation as well. He never feels the need of water or other liquids as a beverage, but uses a generous supply of milk in his diet. His general diet consists of oatmeal and milk, Graham bread crackers, vegetable soups, potatoes, corn and other common vegetables, and also considerable fruit of various kinds. His use of drinking water, he thinks, will not average over a quart a year, fruit supplying a great deal of the moisture necessary for the body.

As regards the relish of food it is a well known fact that a more discriminating taste is acquired by entire abstinence from meat, and if this be doubted, a trial of a few weeks, even two weeks, will convince the most skeptical that it is not owing to a keener appetite consequent upon the stoppage of the habitual hearty diet, but that meat really does blunt the taste—and such a trial will injure no one. Mr. McCrone thinks three weeks a fair trial, and believes that any one at the end of that time will admit that he feels better and derives more enjoyment from the food he eats, and if continued, will be better in every way for it. He cites the healthy condition of the lower classes in foreign countries, who are unable from their small wages to obtain meat; while those of better means, in the cities principally, live upon animal food and are as a rule of more feeble constitution and in no way so well equipped for life's battle. Consequently the recruiting supply of the armies of those countries is drawn largely from the poorer classes, who have more endurance and are better fighters than their city cousins. They transmit stronger constitutions to their offspring, and are longer lived, and practically free from the pains and ills which humanity is commonly afflicted with. The history of various ancient nations furnishes strong arguments in favor of his doctrine in their rise, strength, progress and decadence.

A Haven of Rest.

"I have been reading so long, Mr. Sampson," she said, as he came up from the gate, "that my eyes are really very tired."

"Lay aside your book, Miss Clara," he replied, with tender sympathy, "and let your tired eyes rest on me."

Canada's Great Fair.

Since its inception in 1879, the Toronto Industrial Exhibition has proved a continued series of successes, and the one for the present year, to be held from the 10th to the 22nd of September, promises to again surpass in every respect those that have passed. Already applications for space in all departments are more numerous than ever before. A liberal Prize List and a long programme of first-class and novel special attractions is what the Toronto Fair offers, and success is always the result. Special exhibits will be sent from Manitoba, British Columbia and many other sections of the Dominion. The special attractions already contracted for are the best that money can secure, and there will be plenty to see, both to instruct and amuse, every day of the Fair. Programmes containing full details will be issued early in August, and will be sent free to any one desiring them. Prize Lists can also be secured by intending exhibitors on their dropping a post card to Mr. Hill, the Secretary, at Toronto. All entries have to be made before the 18th of August. The people of Ontario seem to have set down the time of the Toronto Fair as the occasion of their annual holiday outing, and the railway companies recognizing this fact have decided on giving cheaper fares than ever before for this great exhibition, which is so popular with all. It will be opened on the 11th Sept. by Lord Stanley, the new Governor-General.

Arrogance may break its neck where humility wins a crown.

$500 Reward.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, a standing reward of $500 for a case of chronic nasal catarrh which they cannot cure. No matter how bad the disease has become, or of how many years standing, it yields, in due time, to their skill. This famous remedy is sold by druggists at 50 cents.

Commending a right is a cheap substitute for doing it, and with this we are too apt to satisfy ourselves.

For Sweet Home Sake.

Mothers, wives, sisters! why that patient, hopless suffering, those pinched, melancholy faces that sadden home and cause anxiety to loved ones, while so potent and harmless a remedy as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can be obtained of your druggist? It is a panacea for all "female complaints," of marvelous efficacy and health-giving qualities. The debilitated, and sufferers from those excruciating periodical pains, "dragging-down" fellings, back-ache and kindred female disorders, should use this certain remedy at once, and be restored to the blessings of health, for home's sake. Of druggists.

Take care of your habits, and your health will take care of itself.

The Mistakes of Moses

and Ingersoll, are common topics of conversation, but the mistake we wish to comment on here is the great one so many people labor under that consumption (which is really only Scrofula of the Lungs) is an incurable disease, and that there is no hope for one suffering from it. This terrible malady, that yearly fills so many graves, can be surely cured, if not too long neglected. Be wise in time, if you are afflicted with it, and arrest the undermining influence that is sapping your life blood, and hurrying you to an untimely grave, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a remedy that never fails in its life giving mission, if taken in time. All druggists.

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Large Life Insurance Claim.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS PAID BY THE MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION —LETTER OF THANKS AND ENDORSEMENT OF THE ASSOCIATION BY WILMOT D MATTHEWS, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE TORONTO BOARD OF TRADE, ETC, ETC.

The large number of members of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association resident in Canada will read with satisfaction the following letter from Wilmot D. Matthews, Esq, in referring to the prompt payment of the large amount of life insurance held by his late father, W. D. Matthews, Esq.:—

There is probably no name in Canada more widely known than that of Mr. Matthews—and occupying as he does so many important positions of trust, such as President of the Toronto Board of Trade, Director of the Dominion Bank, and also of the Canadian Pacific Railway—his letter to the Canadian Managers of the Mutual Reserve carries with it more than ordinary weight.

The Mutual Reserve a few years since started out with the determination of demonstrating to the world that Life Insurance could be afforded with perfect security for less than half the cost charged by old-line or high-rate companies. While meeting with the most unscrupulous opposition it has pluckily pushed forward, overcoming all obstacles placed in its way, and to-day is pronounced a marvel of success, its system and financial position being endorsed by the best actuaries on this continent. It has paid for death claims over five millions of dollars, and at the same time accumulated nearly two millions of dollars in its Reserve Fund.

Mr. Matthews' insurance is an illustration of the small cost under the Mutual Reserve's System as compared with other companies The sum total of payment by him on $15,000 insurance has only been $1,665. The same amount under the old-line system would have cost him $4,657. It will be seen, therefore, that the actual saving in cost amounts to nearly ($3,000) three thousand dollars.

W. D. MATTHEWS & Co.,
Commission Merchants,
Pacific Buildings, 26 Front st. east.
Toronto, June 16, 1888.

Messrs. Wells & McMurtry, General Managers Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, Toronto:

DEAR SIRS,—In behalf of my mother I beg to express her thanks to the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association for receipt of cheque ($15,000) fifteen thousand dollars in full settlement of the claim under policies of life insurance held by my late father, W. D. Matthews. Although the claim does not mature for several weeks, the same has been promptly paid without the slightest trouble.

My father always held the Mutual Reserve in the highest estimation, and from his intimate acquaintance with President Harper and the chief executive officers of the Association, never hesitated to recommend it to all who applied to him for information. I, as well as other members of our family, hold large policies in the Association and believe it to be one of the best managed institutions represented in this country. The small cost of insurance, together with the precaution taken to protect the trust funds of the Association, in the appointment of a separate corporation as trustee for the policy-holders, and the simplicity and success of its system, cannot fail to make the Association deservedly popular with the insuring public.

Yours truly,
WILMOT D. MATTHEWS.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, to which the above letter of Mr. Matthews refers, is the largest and strongest open Assessment Association in the world. It has issued over seventy-five thousand policies of Life Insurance. It has a Cash Reserve Fund of nearly Two Millions of Dollars, and Full Government Deposit at Ottawa.

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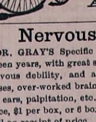

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CONTAINS EVERY ELEMENT OF A
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IT GIVES TONE TO THE NERVOUS SYSTEM
INCREASES MUSCULAR DEVELOPEMENT
AND ITS REGULAR USE WILL BUILD UP
A STRONG ROBUST CONSTITUTION
AND PROVE IT TO BE
THE GREAT STRENGTH GIVER.

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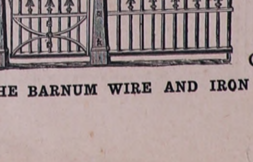

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LOOK! LOOK!!

AT THIS.

The GREAT BANKRUPT SALE has commenced in the Smith Block, near the O'Connor House.

GREAT BARGAINS IN

DRY GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING,

BOOTS & SHOES,

In fact in all Lines of Goods Bargains will be given.

Come one, come all, and inspect our Stock, as this is a Genuine Sale.

No Trouble to Show Goods.

Remember the Place,

SMITH'S BLOCK, DESERONTO.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO'Y (LIMITED) OUR JOBBING DEPARTMENT

Is replete with an abundant supply of new type and printing material. We are therefore in a position to execute Fine Job printing in all its branches in first class style and at rates to suit the times. Send or call and get prices. ☞ Orders by mail will receive our prompt and careful attention.

The Tribune.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1888

NOTICE:—New neckties. Gentlemen requiring neckties can have their case dismissed with costs for twenty-five cents. Kerr & Wims.

SOCIETY circles are agitated over certain approaching matrimonial events.

A WATCH found in Tyendinaga awaits an owner in the Marysville post office.

A NEW crossing has been laid down over Centre street opposite the Big Store.

PARTIES who throw the rind of watermelons on the street are subject to a fine.

THE best value in school books, slates, pencils, stationery, &c., at The Tribune office.

Mr. David R Smith, of the Reserve, is making many improvements on his fine property.

A HAPPY picnic party was that which settled on Unger's Island last Tuesday afternoon.

POLICE Magistrate Flint, of Belleville, has returned home from his holiday trip to British Columbia.

MR. ROBT. CLAPP, of Picton, is reported to be in a critical condition there being but small hopes of his recovery.

THE number of teaching days in the public schools for 1888 is for the first half of the school year 126, and for the second half 95; total 221.

MR. T. H. NASMITH and family have a pleasant cottage in the vicinity of Huff's dock where they are spending a very pleasant time this month.

THE Spencer Hill and Mount Pleasant Sunday schools drove out to town yesterday morning and proceeded by the Quinte to Massassaga Park where they enjoyed themselves picnicking in royal style.

THE Band Concert last Friday evening was a great success, the Band by general consent having acquitted itself most creditably. Many consider the music to have been the best yet rendered by the Band.

The great raft of logs from Nova Scotia has safely arrived at New York. It contains 3,000,000 ft. of spruce logs or enough to load a fleet of fifty schooners. The owner expects to clear $30,000 by the operation.

Mr. Dowd, of the firm of Smead, Dowd & Co., of Toronto, was in town last week looking over the school buildings, preparatory to presenting plans for introducing the Smead system of heating and ventilation.

THE Rathbun Company Band has given an order for several new instruments in order to greater efficiency. The Band have received several applications for their services during approaching fall exhibitions.

REV. A. Campbell went down with Rev. D. O. Crossley's excursion to the Thousand Islands and enjoyed the Missionary service on Sunday. In his absence the services in the church here were conducted by Mr. A. Vermilyea, of Belleville.

THE Local Government Bill has passed through the house of lords and English counties, cities, &c., will enjoy the modern system of self government which we have so long had in more happy Canada. This is the first result of Parnell's home rule movement.

JAMES HOWELL set out on Friday evening for a sail on the bay, but a little way from the dock a puff of wind upset his frail craft. He fell out, but managed to hang on to the nose of his boat, which continued to roll exposing him to a number of successive duckings until he was rescued.

MR. GEORGE E. SNIDER offered a handsomesilver watch to the young lady who should collect the largest sum for the organ fund of the Methodist church. There were three competitors and the prize was won by Miss Lena Walker who collected $32.26. Miss Ella Conley collected $20.45 and Miss Mary Huff $7.29. It will be seen that 60 dollars was thus collected. Good.

A FRENCHMAN, boasting in company that he had thoroughly mastered the English language, was asked to write the following from dictation:—"As Hugh Hughes was hewing a yule log from a yew tree, a man dressed in clothes of a dark hue came up to Hugh and said, "Have you seen my ewes' 'If you will wait until I hew this yew, I will go with you anywhere in Europe to look for your ewes, said Hugh."

THERE are seven "Johns" in the Dominion cabinet.

THERE was a heavy white frost on Monday night.

WHAT about painting the telegraph poles on Main street?

THE masons are rushing up the new chemical works building at a great rate.

MR. C. OLIVER is making several improvements on his residence on Dundas street.

NOW that the days are getting shorter the gas lamps should be lit earlier in the evening.

EVERYONE remarks the great number of strangers who daily strike town and wonders where they come from.

THE remnant table at the Big Store has still some wonderful bargains. The early bird catches the worm.

THE wire rope conveyor at the Big Mill got out of gear on Monday afternoon and was repaired on Tuesday.

MASONS are busy at the foundation of the new office for the shipyard department, which will be neat and capacious.

UNDER the aesthetic eye of Mr. Wm. McRae the lawn in front of the chemical works office is kept a thing of beauty.

SICKNESS is said to be decimating the ranks of one of the choirs at present—the old malady, love sickness, we presume.

Don't wait until the day school opens to buy your school books. Call early at The Tribune office next week and get your supply.

A BLACK ant can never be said to have performed its mission in life until it has crawled down a young lady's back at a pic-nic.

HAVE you any periodicals which you desire to have neatly bound? Leave them at C. H. Otto's bookbinding establishment in The Tribune block.

Mr. Wm. Stoddart and other farmers on St. George street assert that the recent rains will give a good crop of after grass and keep down the price of milk.

THE new Duchess of Marlborough is meeting with a good reception in London society. She has a large fortune and that in England as elsewhere ensures admission into the most aristocratic circles.

THE Big Store is showing a fine range of all wool tweed pants and they will offer them at fully ten per cent less than manufacturers prices. Now is your time gentlemen to secure a bargain.

REV. H. O. Tremayne conducted services in Holy Trinity Church, Shannonville, last Sunday morning, and also preached in S. Mark's church for the first time on the evening of the same day.

The joiners have been putting in the pews in the Methodist church this week. The work is advancing rapidly. Gas fixtures are placed in position. The edifice will be illuminated by a fine sun light.

ALL summer goods at the Big Store during the month of August will be cleared at prices that are beyond competition to make room for the immense fall importation of English, French and German Goods.

Those neat little parcels which young men were carrying home last Saturday evening were the latest styles in neckties, purchased at Kerr & Wims. They are preparing for the fall trade by selling off at cut prices.

MR. HOPKINS, of Oswego, is busy laying out Unger's Island into drives and walks, and will connect it with the main land by a bridge on which work has been already commenced. The Cemetery Company will make the island a beautiful spot.

"WHY I like The TRIBUNE better than any other newspaper," said an honest farmer, is because it does not believe in giving taffy to every person. It even dares to tell farmers their short comings and defects, and the farmers like that."

MR. J. W. DUNNET, of Belleville, has opened out a branch dry goods store in the Smith Block and offers at marvellously low prices a large bankrupt stock. Mr. Dunnett is one of the oldest and most substantial business men of Belleville, well-known to all the people in the bay district. Mr. T. J Ketcheson is manager of the local branch with Mr. W. Cobb as assistant. With two such popular salesmen the public may expect every attention and courtesy.

A peculiar case is before the police magistrate at Peterboro. A couple of days ago a cigar dealer was brought up on a charge of selling cigars on Sunday, and was fined. Now the authorities intend prosecuting the young man who bought the cigars, and have summoned him to appear. It appears according to legal authorities that the man who purchases goods on Sunday is equally guilty with the man who sells. This is very much the same as under the Crooks Act, by which a person may be fined for simply asking for liquor whether he obtained it or not. So far as is known this is the first case of the kind tried in Canada.

WORKMEN are busy excavating preparatory to the erection of the new charcoal kiln, number four.

PARTIES having copies of THE TRIBUNE of July 6th would confer a favour by forwarding same to this office.

FOR 25 cents you can send THE TRIBUNE to any address in England, United States, or Canada, for the balance of 1888.

THE Deseronto and Hay Bay baseball teams try conclusions here on Saturday. A stubborn game may be expected.

MR. JAMES CRONK, of Solmesville, has of late been very seriously ill, his condition being such as to render his friends very anxious.

EVERY Canadian young man should be a subscriber not only to the weekly local paper but to some one of the dailies as well. The young man who is not so is a clam.

THE axle of the trailing driving wheel of the locomotive of the B. of Q. Ry. was broken on Monday night. A Grand Trunk engine takes its place while repairs are being effected.

"OVERALLS, Overalls, Overalls," in blue, brown and fancy tweed checks and stripes. The working man is not complete without them and the Big Store supplies them at marvelously low prices.

COMMISSIONER Marrigan has laid down two elegant boardwalks on Mill street; one on the west side between Thomas and Dundas streets, the other on the east side between Dundas and Maple street.

MR. GEORGE SAGER is showing some splendid samples of tomatoes grown on his farm on the Napanee road and which he is selling in his grocery, Main street. They are well formed and large, fine fruit.

PROF. MORRIS, representing B. Laurance & Co., the celebrated English opticians, will be at Malley's drug store for one day only, Saturday, 25th, where parties desiring spectacles or eyeglasses may be fitted.

JUST received at the Big Store a lot of first class Yarn in greys, whites, blacks and cardinals, which they are offering at a small advance above cost. Now is your time ladies to buy your yarn for winter wear.

YOUNG ladies of Deseronto now calculate so closely before any undertaking that they consult the weather probabilities in Saturday's Toronto dailies before they proceed to make up a white dress for the coming Sunday.

MR. J. L. FERGUSON'S team ran away on Tuesday with a load of household effects belonging to Mr. James Wight who was removing to Mr. James Dryden's house on Fourth street. Considerable damage was the result.

THE weather has been cool and cloudy for the greater part of the past week. On Sunday night and Monday there was a welcome rain the fall being about two inches. Yesterday was hot and sultry the mercury reaching 85° in the shade.

BENJAMIN HOWELL who runs the double block machine in the shingle mill cut 64½ thousand shingles on Wednesday. This is wonderfully rapid work at any time, but it is especially so when the character of the stuff he handled is taken into consideration.

SEVERAL parties have recently purchased produce on the Deseronto market from some Richmond farmers but the latter have dishonestly departed from town without delivering the same. Some of them will yet be caught and punished if they persist in this dishonest practice.

REV. A Campbell and W. R. Aylsworth, Esq., attended the financial district meeting of the Napanee district of the Methodist Church held in the eastern church Napanee yesterday. The usual connexional levies were allocated to the various circuits and other business transacted.

SOME parties unknown have been in the habit of milking, in the day time at that, some cows belonging to Mr. P. O'Connor, of the O'Connor House, which are pastured a short distance from town. So far they have not been caught in the act.

THIEVES have been operating during the past week on the Boundary Road, having stolen sundry articles from the residences of Messrs James S. Bowen, D. Black and J. McAllister. It is thought that certain clews will lead to their detection.

MONDAY is Belleville's civic holiday and the date of the Knights of Labour picnic at that city. The Armenia carries an excursion from all bay ports, leaving Deseronto at 8:30 a. m. Fare from Picton, Napanee and Deseronto 50 cts; from Northport, 25 cts.

MR. CHAS. VADER, superintendent of the dry kilns and dry lumber and supply yard, is making several changes and improvements in his department. The lofty flues which have been shaken by frequent gales have been braced up and strengthened by the addition of heavy timbers, &c.

There will be more than an average crop in North Hastings. Fall wheat was never better; a large breadth was sown and above average acreage. One farmer from 35 acres threshed about 1,000 bushels, another from 30 acres some 800 bushels. Barley is a good crop and well saved. Rye extra good. Oats and hay fair crops. The root crops will be abundant.

HAVE you noticed with what an air of freedom some of the married men of the town promenade the streets these evenings, how jauntily and with what an elastic step they saunter forth after tea, not to lodge, but to the club, or Geddis', or Naylors? Why this revelry, this conviviality, this jollification? Their wives and families are away, resorts along bay, lake or sea side; therein lies the secret.

THE man who advertises is the man who gets the cash business now-a-days. The business man who is content to follow on in his grandfather's footsteps without letting the world know he is alive has his mission, it is true, but that mission is to sit idle behind his counter, give long credits, to doubtful customers, and growl because his wide-awake rival is taking in all the hard cash. Advertise, advertise.

MESSRS P. SLAVEN & Company, of Napanee, introduce themselves to the readers of The TRIBUNE through our advertising columns this week. This firm is too well known in the bay district to require any lengthened references from us. Suffice it to say that they always keep on hand a very large assortment of well selected goods and offer them at the lowest possible prices. They have long enjoyed a large patronage from the people of Deseronto, Tyendinaga, &c, and have been ever found obliging and honourable in their dealings. They ask our readers to study their advertisements from week to week feeling assured that they offer bargains which cannot be exceeded elsewhere. Visitors from Deseronto will meet with special consideration at their hands.

Madame Adam, the writer, says that Bismark is the most independent man in the world. What does Godfrey Colps think of that?

THE Sabbath schools of the Presbyterian congregation of Shannonville, Lonsdale and Melrose hold their annual picnic at Alex. McLaren's grove, Melrose, on Saturday, 18th inst.

REV. T. G. SMITH, D. D., of Kingston, will preach morning and evening on Sunday next, 19th inst., in the Presbyterian church. Many will remember the eloquent addresses of the Doctor at an anniversary service in the same church a few years since and will gladly welcome him again to Deseronto.

THE board of managers of the Presbyterian church have had the pews in the gallery neatly cushioned and the matting placed on the floors. Already there are applicants for seats to be allocated in that favourite part of the church. It is proposed to have changes made in the method of lighting.

Police Court.

The Chief Constable for the Reserve arrested Paul Deans on a charge of purchasing firewater for Indians. Police Commissioner McCullough sentenced the prisoner, who pleaded guilty to the charge, to the lowest penalty, viz. $50 and costs.

Mr. Crossley's Excursion.

Rev. D. O. Crossley's annual excursion to the Thousand Islands, despite the unfavourable weather, proved a gratifying success and amply testified to the popularity which these excursions have attained. The Hero was crowded when she left Belleville and the Quinte carried a large number from Napanee, Deseronto, Picton and the lower ports. Everything passed off very pleasantly. Mr. Crossley and the officers of both steamers leaving nothing undone to make things agreeable to their numerous patrons. Sunday at the park was greatly enjoyed, and the return trip on Monday, even though it rained incessantly, was made a time of amusement and enjoyment by all. Next year three steamers will be necessary for the occasion.

Coming Into a Fortune.

Alexander Quackenbush, one of the hands in the Deseronto Flour Mills, is with six or seven others in this district, likely to fall heir to a valuable property in Scotland. John Hannah, his uncle, a ship captain, died in Scotland about twenty years ago, leaving $100,000 in the bank and landed property worth as much more. At his death he left a widow but no children. She was his second wife and the estate reverted to the crown, who occupy the land for ordnance purposes. The crown gave $25,000 to a niece of the widow, although she had no legal claim. Mr. Snooks, a Kingston lawyer, is working up the matter and will soon proceed to Scotland to effect a settlement for the rightful heirs. Our friend Alexander is evidently in luck, and we congratulate him accordingly.

A Great Fish Story.

A correspondent of the Kingston *Whig* writing from Bath narrates the following extraordinary fish story:—"James Youngs, while engaged in raising sunken timber from the bottom of the bay on Thursday last, found securely pinned to one of the logs thus raised a large pike weighing 18½ pounds. The fish had run with such force against a large pointed sliver attached to the log, that it had penetrated his body and held him a prisoner. The fish was dead, but evidently had been so but for a very short time, as his flesh was hard and quite fresh. The strangest part of the whole affair was revealed on opening the pike, when, in addition to what is usually found in a fish, there tumbled out a four ounce coin silver watch, three trolling spoons, a pair of silver spectacles and a white porcelain door knob. It is supposed that the pike had picked this hardware from the bottom, intending to use it as ballast in heavy weather. The articles are to be seen at Youngs' mill at the foot of Davy street."

The Prentice Boys.

Victoria Lodge, No. 9, Prentice Boys, of Deseronto, was formally instituted last Friday evening at their hall, McCullough's Block, by Mr. J. R. Gerow, deputy grand master, A. M. Ketcheson, grand lecturer, and Messrs. Wedden, McCrudden, Sills, Morden, and Pettit, of Maiden City Lodge, No. 13, Belleville. Twenty members were initiated on the occasion. The officers of the new lodge are:—J. D. Monaghan, W. M.; Homer Solmes, D. M.; John Symons, Chap.; John Gordon, Rec. Sec'y.; W. J. Malley, Treas.; W. J. Huff, Dir. of Cer; M. Norton, O. T.; R. N. Fralick, I. T.; Hugh Dickey, 1st. Comm.; Wesley Terry, 2nd Comm.; Wm. Noble, 3rd Comm.; John Wright, 4th Comm.; J. D. Payne, 5th Comm. After the ceremony of initiation and installation the members of the lodge, the visiting brethren from Belleville and others, to the number of 36, repaired to the Deseronto House where they partook of a sumptuous repast prepared in nine lost's Stewart's very best style. After an hour spent in a most pleasant and profitable manner, the installing officers instructed the new officers in the degree work. Victoria Lodge, thus auspiciously instituted, starts out with every prospect of success, having an energetic staff of officers, a comfortable lodge room, and other encouraging surroundings. The lodge meets to-night and members of the order in town not connected with the new lodge are cordially invited to attend this and all meetings.

An Immense Establishment

The main building of the Terra Cotta Works is 202 feet in length and 77 feet wide. The south east extension is 180 x 40 ft. with three stories and is used chiefly for drying purposes. The south wing is 170 x 76 ft., three stories high. Part of its ground floor is fitted up with hot air tunnels for drying red brick; the other floors are used for drying terra cotta ware. In the south wing the different floors give an area of 38,760 feet for drying purposes, and this added to the 21,600 feet in the main build ing give a total area for drying purposes of 60,360 feet. A large trestle runs through the entire length of the main building on which run the railway cars carrying in clay and fuel for the works. The boilers and engine are situated in the southwest corner of the main building, the Wallace terra cotta press and elevator are in the centre, and the Jumbo press on the third floor in the centre of the same building. The Pennfield press, pug mill, red brick machine and spiral pug mill occupy a space in the south wing. Between the main building and drying funnels there is an elevator running to the third story to carry terra cotta from the Pennfield machine to the different drying funnels, and also a track from the red brick machine to the different tunnels of the drier. The new burning kiln has been finished and will contain about 80,000 brick. A track runs south of the large burning kiln for convenience of loading cars for shipment of material. The above facts give some idea of these important and extensive works.

THE concert on the Quinte held under the auspices of the Methodist Choir last evening proved a complete success. There was a good attendance. The singing by the members of the talented Walker family and others was very much appreciated and the whole programme was well carried out. The Rathbun Company Band was in attendance. Glenora was visited and its picturesque beauty enjoyed by moonlight. It is to be hoped the event will be repeated on some other evening before the end of the season.

To-morrow's Excursion.

The excursion to the Thousand Islands, August 18th, in aid of the Methodist parsonage fund at Hilton, promises to be the best excursion of the season. The popular str. Quinte carries the party, and leaves Deseronto at 9.30, Saturday, August 18th. Tickets $1.00. Meals on board: breakfast and dinner 35 cents; Tea 25 cts. Staterooms to be had from Captain on board.

Cold on the Chest.

For a cold on the chest there is no better specific, for most persons, than well boiled or roasted onions. They may not agree with every one, but to persons with good digestion they will not only be found to be a most excellent remedy for a cough, and the clogging of the bronchial tubes, which is usually the cause of the cough, but if eaten freely at the outset of a cold, they will break up what promised, from the severity of the attack, to have been a serious one.—*Boston Budget.*

Quinte's Excursions.

To-day the Quinte carries excursions from Napanee to Belleville and Trenton, and in the afternoon from Belleville and Trenton to Napanee; fare 25 cts. To-morrow she carries the Hilton circuit excursion to 1000 Islands Park returning on Monday; fare $1.00. On Tuesday, 21st, she carries a moonlight excursion out of Napanee, calling at Deseronto at 8 p. m.; fare 25 cts. On Friday, 24th, she carries an excursion to Trenton and Belleville, leaving Deseronto at 9:30, a. m; fare 25 cts.

Tall Corn.

Mr. Wm. Jamieson, of the Empress, showed us on Saturday some samples of his Australian corn which were simply magnificent. The stalks were as tall as Mr. Jamieson himself though planted only about six or seven weeks ago. Mr. Jamieson will cut his crop of two acres very soon and use it for fodder for which it appears to be excellently fitted. Cattle now find it rich and succulent and eat it with a relish, preferring it to other fodder. Mr. Jamieson's experiment with this corn this dry season will no doubt lead to the planting of large quantities of it next year by the farmers of this district.

Casualties.

On Tuesday, Ira Thompson, a young lad of Oswego fifteen years of age, while working at the heading machine in the Cedar Mill let his hand slip against the remorseless saw and as a result lost all the fingers of his left hand. Dr. Newton performed the necessary surgical operations and the young man is progressing as favourably as could be expected. Mr. Hampton Miller has received a letter from Cleveland conveying the information that Mr. J. W. Bradbeer had fallen from a staging while working in that city and sustained a fracture of his thigh bone. His numerous friends in Deseronto will regret to hear of such an untoward accident.

Monday's Storm.

On Sunday night and Monday a severe storm accompanied by heavy rain prevailed on the east end of lake Ontario. Considerable damage was done to shipping. On Monday the schr. Lady Macdonald ran in to Oswego harbour and before she could be stopped she ran into the iron bridge doing considerable damage to that structure and also incurring damage to herself to the extent of $500. She is held until her responsibility for the bridge accident is determined. The schr. D. Freeman went ashore high and dry seven miles west of Oswego. The Delaware is ashore at Sandy Creek and Fleetwing near Oak Orchard badly damaged. The King is on the beach at Poplar Point and the Gearing was ashore at same place but got off and is now in South Bay.

The Meat Question.

We hear that a petition is in circulation to be presented to the Council asking that body to grant permission to butchers to cut meat on the market. We doubt very much the propriety of the Council granting such a request. Deseronto has dealt very liberally with the farmers. It has given them the privilege of a free market. The farmers are paid cash down for their produce and get much better prices than they could elsewhere. With a few honourable exceptions well known to all our merchants, the farmers requite this kindness by transferring their trade elsewhere. The butchers of Deseronto should not meet with any unfair discrimination. If as is charged, the price of meat is kept up unreasonably high in Deseronto the state of affairs will soon be changed by other butchers coming in to share the excessive profits. We admit that with the low price of meat at present prevailing the butchers are acting probably too much and they will find it to their advantage to consider the situation and bring down the prices and thus avert the rising storm of discontent.

C. M. B. A.

A branch of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association will be formed in Deseronto in the course of a few weeks. This association provides a benefit for its deceased member's, families, according to class, of $1,000 or $2,000. It was first organized at Niagara Falls, N. Y., at its first meeting only fifteen persons being induced to send in their names. To-day the society counts 18,000 members, Canada having 82 branches and 3,200 members. The association has paid widows and orphans of its deceased members about $2,000,000 since 1876 and paid out $300,000 last year alone. During the past year it commenced accumulating a reserve fund, which has already reached $15,000. The first branch was started at Windsor in 1878 and for a few years the growth of the association was slow but of late years it has made rapid progress. Since the organization of the Grand Council, Feb. 10, 1880, there have been 88 deaths in Canada, and $176,000 was paid to deceased members' families. Persons outside of Deseronto desiring to become members of the new branch are requested to send in their application to Mr. E. J. Edwards, Deseronto, P. O.

BAND CONCERT.

The following is the programme for the Band Concert this evening.

Quick March, . . "Capis Colus" . . . . . Pettee
Serenade . . "Dreams of Glory" . . . Cogswell
March, ... "Helping Hand" . . . . . Ripley
Galop, ... "Hurricane" . . . . . White
Quick March, . . "Winthorp" . . . . . Thomas
Waltz, ... "Wedding Eve" . . . Southwell
March . . . . . "$500 Dollars" . . . Southwell
Song and dance, "Limma" . . . . . Pettee
"God Save the Queen,"

NO SHOW

for people these days who do not know the best place to make their purchases.

ROBINSON & CO.

can sell you the finest lot of SILKS, SATINS, FRENCH AND ENGLISH DRESS STUFFS with Trimmings to match to be had in the trade at the very lowest prices.

Robinson & Co.

are clearing out their entire stock of PARASOLS, GLOVES, HOSIERY AND FANCY GOODS at great bargains.

Robinson & Co

sells Cottons from 3c per yard up. St. Looms from 5c per yard up. Shirtings from 7c per yard up. All staple goods cheap.

Robinson & Co.

are clearing their entire line of Gent's Furnishings at big reductions.

A Suit of clothes Free

If Robinson & Co. cannot sell you a suit as cheap as any other house in Central Ontario, taking into consideration quality, fit, workmanship, etc.

MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING A SPECIALTY.

ROBINSON & CO.

Successors to Downey & Co.

Napanee.

DESERONTO MARKET.

Deseronto August 16, 1888.

Barley, 55 to 75 cents per bushel.
Oats, 45 to 50 " "
Butter, 16 to 18 cents per pound.
Lamb, 7 to 8 " "
Beef, 4 to 5 " "
Lard, 11 to 12 " "
Eggs, 12 to 15 cents per dozen.
Potatoes, $1.25 to $1.30 per bag.
Hay, 15 to 18 dollars per ton.
Chickens, 50 to 50 cents per pair.
Hides 3 to 3.50 dollars per cwt.
Pelts 25 cents each.
Tallow in rough 2 cents per lb.
Tallow rendered 5 " "
Hogs, live weight, $5.00 per cwt.
Hogs, dead, $6.50 to $7 per cwt.
Apples, 80 cents to $1.30 per bag.

BIRTHS.

Sweeny:—At Deseronto, on the 9th inst., the wife of Mr. James Sweeny, of a son.

DEATHS.

Featherstone:—At Deseronto, on the 31st July, Mabel Gertrude, infant daughter, of William and Eliza Featherstone, aged 2 months.

Dowling:—On the 9th inst., at his home in the 4th concession of Tyendinaga, Mr. John Dowling, aged sixty one years and four days.

Rogers:—At Deseronto, on the 13th inst., as the result of an accident, Mr. John Rogers, of Harwood, Co. Northumberland, aged 67 years.

Sills.—At Deseronto, on August 14th, Edward Wright, son of G. P. and Myra Sills, aged 8 months and 14 days.

Brant:—At the Mohawk Reserve, on the 16th inst., Maggie, second daughter, of Mr. Isaac B. Brant, aged 20 years and 6 months.

Janes:—At Richmond, Aug. 12th, 1888, Harold Scott, infant son of Mr. Manly Janes, aged 6 months and 23 days.

FOR SALE.

A SECOND-HAND FANNING MILL is offered for sale. For terms, etc., apply at

BAY VIEW RANCHE.

Deseronto, Aug. 15th, 1888.

WATCH FOUND.

A WATCH was found some time since in Tyendinaga. The owner can secure it by calling at the Marysville post office, proving property and paying expenses.

Aug. 13th, 1888. 1—ins.

BOARDERS WANTED

SUITABLE ROOMS AND BOARD for Gentlemen can be had at

MRS. R. R. OWENS,

Main Street, opposite Chemical Works.

Deseronto, Aug. 10th.

NOTICE.

IN future all engagments and other arrangements in connection with the Rathbun Company Band must be made through Mr. James Stokes, their President, to whom full powers in such matters have been delegated by the Band.

Deseronto, July 26, 1888.

Building Lots.

FORTY choice building lots just laid out and ready for sale.

Apply to

F. C. WHITTON.

Deseronto, June7, 1888.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY have a few lots for sale on the hill near the White Church.

Apply to MR. F. C. WHITTON.

Deseronto, April 12,1887

DESERONTO.

We want to say a word to you this week about clothing. We are not strangers to you. Many of your most

STYLISH YOUNG MEN

have worn our Clothes for years, but there are others we want to know, and the sooner the better for both. Why not at once? You like

NICE FITTING GARMENTS.

You pay for them, why not have them? Our stock is large and our prices reasonable, We give you city goods and city cut at

COUNTRY FIGURES.

We look after the details. Nothing neglected to ensure satisfaction. You want the clothes, we want your orders. Why can't we deal?

We are to be found opposite The Beaver Office, Napanee.

McALISTER & CO.,

Popular Clothiers and Furnishers.

FARMERS', -:- ATTENTION!

LOOK HERE!

H. M. SNIDER

HAS opened up ware-rooms on St. George Street, Deseronto, for the sale of agricultural implements of all descriptions. He is agent for J. O. Wisner, Son & Co's, of Brantford, manufacturers of the celebrated

WISNER COMBINED DRILL,
SINGLE DRILL AND SECTIONAL SEEDER,
SPRING-TOOTH CULTIVATORS,
SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS AND PERFECTION RAKES.

Also of A. Harris, Son & Co., of Brantford, manufacturers of

No. 2 STEEL FRAME BRANTFORD
—BINDERS,—
REAPERS AND MOWERS.

A full line of Repairs kept constantly on hand.

Plows. Shares for all kinds of Plows.

Deseronto, April 12, 1888. 6 mos.

REMNANTS

Will accumulate in the best regulated stores.

P. SLAVEN & CO.

Are clearing out their Remnants at the rate of three or four hundred a week, so that the Stock of Colored Remnants is pretty well reduced.

We have one Table of BLACK GOODS that have not gone as fast as we would like to see them go.

And also about 30 Remnants of CARPETS, and we will have

A Special Sale of These Goods

Only for Three Days Next Week,

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,

Aug. 22nd, 23rd & 24th

When we will offer a SPECIAL DISCOUNT of 25 per cent off all Remnants of Carpets and Black Goods of all kinds, that is, 25 per cent Discount off the Reduced Remnant Prices.

For Next Week we will also lay out a Table of

Cheap Dress Goods

AND MARK THEM DOWN

To such Ridiculously Low Prices,

To such Absurdly Low Prices,

Such Give-away Prices,

That people who see them cannot help buying them whether they want them or not.

Our New FALL STOCK is arriving and we now show

New French Dress Goods,

New Prints, New Ribbons,

Corsets, Gloves, etc.

We are selling a 29 inch Grey Cotton at 3 cents a yard; we are selling a 36 inch Grey Cotton at 5 cents a yard that beats anything we ever sold at the price. New Flannels, Table Linens, Towels and Staple Goods of all kinds.

P. SLAVEN & CO.,

NAPANEE, ONT.

Do you know Dalton is agent for The Dominion, The Karn and The Thomas Organs.

Do you know Dalton is agent for The White, The New Williams and Wanzer sewing machines.

A SPECIAL LINE OF

COUCHES

At Greatly Reduced Rates for the Next 30 Days

DALTON'S,

ST. GEORGE STREET, DESERONTO.

"In Union is Strength."

Particularly is this the case in the union or combination of the vegetable oils which blended together compose

SIMSON'S LINIMENT.

Its penetrating powers in Cases of Rheumatism, Lame Back, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, etc., have been thoroughly proven. Mr. James Avery, Mullorytown, Leeds Co., Ontario, writes: "Shortly after your agent was here last winter my son unfortunately strained the cords of his back and not paying attention to it at once caught cold which settled there. He was laid up for about a week and suffered considerably. I, as an experiment, gave your **Simpson's Liniment** a trial and it brought him around in twenty four hours. I heartily recommend it." Sold everywhere for 25c. Manufactured by

BROWN BROS. & CO.,
Chemists,
Halifax, N. S.

FIRE INSURANCE!

We beg to advise those desiring insurance that we are Agents for

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, OF ENGLAND;
THE COMMERCIAL UNION INSURANCE CO'Y. OF ENGLAND;
THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY OF TORONTO, ONT.;
THE BRITISH AMERICAN INSURANCE CO'Y, OF TORONTO ONT.,
THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y.

Who will write Policies as low as any other *Stock* Company in the Dominion.

The standing of these Companies is such that all may be satisfied that in case of loss the settlement will be prompt and equitable.

Farmers will find it to their interest to insure with us.

Record kept of all Policies and Notices sent insurers before expiration of same.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
Deseronto, Ont.

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air-cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that, until the hacking cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes can have no opportunity to heal. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Soothes and Heals

the inflamed membrane, arrests the wasting process, and leaves no injurious results. This is why it is more highly esteemed than any other pulmonary specific.

L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonzo P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, had frequent choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

1888. SPRING. 1888

New and Seasonable Goods

are being shown in every department at

THE : BIG : STORE.

We are now offering special inducements in

SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

Many lines which we are showing cannot be got elsewhere, as we have imported them direct and in advance of the Wholesale Dealers, upon whom most retail merchants depend for their stock. Many novelties will be found in the

FANCY : GOODS : DEPARTMENT,

As everything new is added to our Stock. When you want anything in this line come direct to THE BIG STORE.

STAPLE DRY GOODS, SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, COTTONADES, WHITE AND GREY COTTONS, DUCKS, etc.

We are in a position to sell at a lower price than any other house in the trade.

THE TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

A very complete line of ENGLISH AND SCOTCH TWEEDS are kept, and being bought from manufacturers all middle handling is avoided, and the cost to our patrons largely diminished. All the operations of the work are conducted under MR. STODDART'S close and practical supervision.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—It is almost marvelous to contemplate the magnitude which this branch of our Store has attained. All who buy their foot-wear from us can rely upon getting Boots, Shoes, &c., of the highest standard of excellence and at the lowest prices considering the quality.

Groceries and Provisions.—This Department is so well known that comment is unnecessary. A large section of the surrounding country as well as nearly all the inhabitants of the village seeks their supplies at The Big Store, and the demand though large, has been amply provided for. Our Stock was never so complete as it now is, and consumers who leave their orders with us may rely with certainty on their being promptly and satisfactorily filled.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE BIG STORE,
MAIN STREET, DESERONTO.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Mr. Parnell sues The Times for £50,000.

Prince Joseph of Saxe Coburg-Gotha is dead.

Queen Natalie has gone to live at Versailles.

The Joggins raft arrived at New York on Friday night.

General Sheridan was buried at Washington on Saturday.

Jacobs, the Caughnawaga Indian murderer, has been captured.

Smallpox has broken out in the State prison at Trenton, N. J.

New cases of yellow fever have occurred at Jacksonville and St. Augustine.

The Convent of the Sacred Heart, New York, was burned Monday night.

The Siemens steel works at Landore, Wales, have suddenly closed down.

Berlin private banks have bought Russian funds to the amount of 50,000,000 rubles.

Mr. A. M. Burgess, Deputy Minister of the Interior, is seriously ill at Winnipeg.

Russia, Germany, England and Austria will support Italy on the Massowah question.

Two hundred people were drowned at Valparaiso, Chili, by the bursting of a reservoir.

There has been a great improvement in the British shipping trade during the past year.

Gen. Von Moltke has been placed on the retired list and Gen. Von Walderzee succeeds him.

Two Englishmen fell over a precipice while ascending the Dent du Midi, in Switzerland.

Thirty convicts on the way to Siberia attempted to escape, and eleven of them were killed.

Hon. John G. Haggart, Postmaster-General, was re-elected by acclamation in South Lanark Wednesday.

Sir Adams Archibald, Conservative, was elected in Colchester, N. S., on Wednesday by over 400 majority.

A London Catholic paper states that a Princess closely related to the Queen has become a Catholic.

The London Economist thinks the Bank of England may have to raise its rate of discount still further.

The bush fires in Frontenac have been quenched by heavy rains, after causing a large amount of damage.

American politicians are fomenting an agitation in Cuba for the annexation of that Island to the United States.

Joseph Piion, hotelkeeper at Coteau Landing, was shot dead by a stranger in his own house Tuesday night.

Three hundred and fifty auxiliary troops under the command of Italian officers have been destroyed by the Abyssinians near Massowah.

Trade between Great Britain and Canada shows a material decline for the past few months, while British trade with the other Colonies shows an increase.

Mr. Chamberlain, in a letter cabled to the New York *Tribune*, repudiates the statement credited to him about leading Americans and Home Rule.

Mr. Chamberlain has published the documents which he asserts are in Mr. Parnell's handwriting, referring to the scheme of local government and the revised Coercion Act.

DISTRICT ITEMS.

Old St. Andrew's Church was the first stone building erected in Kingston.

The Downey Company will transfer their head office from Napanee to Belleville.

The barns of John Webb, Pittsburgh, have been destroyed by fire. Small insurance.

Lennox factories have over 5,000 cheese on hand valued at $35,000. Salesmen are holding back with the hope of a rise.

Major Lemon, Brockville, died on Sunday night, aged 91 years. He fought in the war of 1812 and the rebellion of 1837.

As there is no danger now of a war with the Skeena Indians desertions from "A" Battery, Kingston, have fallen off in number.

Great catches of maskelonge have been recently made at Massassaga Park; one of the fish weighed 31½ lbs, and another 28½ lbs, both caught by D. R. Leanens.

Cigarette smoking is befogging the intellect of youthful Belleville, boys and girls of tender years indulging in the habit. Legislation is required to check this growing evil.

The number of patents issued at Ottawa during the fiscal year, ended on the 30th of June, was 2321, as compared with 2659 in the previous year, showing a falling off of 368.

DON'T NEGLECT THE COUGH

Cough, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis Whooping Cough Croup, Influenza Difficult Breathing and all Throat and Lung complaints. Pleasant to take; children are fond of it. Instant relief from first dose; heals and cures like magic. Prepared scientifically from the Pure Pine Tar.

Sold Everywhere at 25 cents a Bottle.

RECOMMENDED BY EVERYBODY.

I am acquainted with the composition of Perrin' Pine Tar Cordial, and can recommend it as being the most efficient Cough Remedy I know of.

P. PLMER BURROWS, M.D., C.M.

(Member of the American Public Health Association, and President of the Executive Association of Health Officers of Ontario.)

Perrin's Pine Tar Cordial Co.,
LINDSAY, ONT.

THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION

A successful medicine tested over 30 years in thousands of cases. Promptly cures *Nervous Prostration, Weakness of Brain, Spinal Cord,* and *Generative Organs* of Both sexes, either sex, *Emissions* and all ills caused by indiscretion or over-exertion. Six packages is *guaranteed* to effect a cure when all other medicines fail. One package $1, six packages $5, by mail. Sold by druggists. *Write for Pamphlet.* Eureka Chemical Co., *Detroit, Mich.*

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

THE THREAD OF LIFE

OR

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"Why, what does this mean, Miss Meysey—that is to say, Winifred?" He corrected himself hurriedly. "Elsie isn't gone? She's here this morning as usual, surely?" As he said it he almost hoped it might be true. He could hardly believe the horrible reality. His face was pale enough in all conscience now—a little too pale, perhaps, for the letter alone to justify. Winifred, eyeing him close, saw at a glance that he was deeply moved.

"She's gone," she said, not too tenderly either. "She went away last night, taking her things with her—at least some of them. Do you know where she's gone, Mr. Massinger? Has she written to you, as she promises?"

"Not Mr. Massinger," Hugh corrected gravely, with a livid white face, yet affecting jauntiness. "It was agreed yesterday it should be 'Hugh' in future.—No; I don't at all know where she is, Winifred; I wish I did." He said it seriously. "She hasn't written a single line to me."

Hugh's answer had the very ring of truth in it—for indeed it was true; and Winifred, watching him with a woman's closeness, felt certain in her own mind that in this at least he was not deceiving her. But he certainly grew unnecessarily pale. Cousinly affection would hardly account for so much disturbance of the vaso-motor system. She questioned him closely as to all that had passed or might have passed between them these weeks or earlier. Did he know anything of Elsie's movements or feelings? Hugh, holding the letter firmly in one hand, and playing with the key of that incriminating cupboard, in his waistcoat pocket, loosely with the other, passed with credit his examination.

He brazened things out with the Meyseys somehow, and to his immense astonishment, he soon dicovered they were ready dupes, in no way set against him by this untoward accident. On the contrary, instead of finding, as he had expected, that they considered this deliquency on the part of his cousin told against himself as a remote partner to her original sin, by right of heredity, he found the Squire and Mrs. Mersey nervously anxious for their part lest he, her nearest male relative, should suspect them of having inefficiently guarded his cousin's youth, inexperience, and innocence.

Nothing else, of course, was talked of at Whitestrand that livelong day; and before night, gossips and quidnuncs of the village inn and the servants' hall had a complete theory of their own to account for the episode.

Two points at least seemed fairly certain to the Whitestrand intelligence: first, that Miss Elsie had run away of her own accord in the absence of the family; and second, that she neither went by road nor rail, so that only the sea or river appeared to be left by way of a possible explanation.

The Meyseys, of course, were less credulous as to detail; but even the Meyseys suspected nothing serious in the matter. That Elsie had gone was all they knew; why she went was a profound mystery to them.

CHAPTER XIV.—Live or Die?

And all this time, what had become of Elsie and the men in the *Mud-Turtle?*

Hugh Massinger, for his part, took it for granted, from the moment he came to himself again on the bank of the salt marshes, that Elsie's body was lying unseen full five fathoms beneath the German Ocean, and that no tangible evidence of his crime and his deceit would ever be forthcoming to prove the naked truth in all its native ugliness against him. From time to time to be sure, one disquieting thought for a moment occurred to his uneasy mind: a back current might perhaps cast up the corpse upon the long dike where he had himself been stranded, or the breakers on the bar might fling it ashore upon the great sands that stretched for miles on either side of the river-mouth at Whitestrand.

How differently would he have thought and acted all along had he only known that Warren Relf and his companion on the *Mud Turtle*, had found Elsie's body floating on the surface, a limp burden, not half an hour after its first immersion.

That damning fact rendered all his bold precautions and daring plans for the future worse than useless. As things really stood, he was plotting and scheming for his own condemnation.

And yet, technically speaking, Hugh was in reality quite innocent. Murderer as he felt himself, he had done no murder. Morally guilty though he might be of the causes which led to Elise's death, there was nothing of legal or formal crime to object against him in any court of so-called justice.

When Warren Relt drew Elsie Challoner, a huddled mass, on board, the *Mud Turtle*, the surf was rolling so high on the bar, that with one accord he and Potts decided together it would be impossible for them, against such a sea, to run to the tidal mouth to Whitestrand. Their piteous little dot of a craft could never face it. Wind had veered to the south-east. The only way possible now was to head her round again, and make before the shifting breeze for Lowestoft, the nearest northward harbour of refuge.

It was an awful moment. The sea roared onward through the black night; the crossdrift whirled and wreathed and eddied; the blinding foam lashed itself in volleys through the dusk and gloom against their quivering broadside. And those two men, nothing daunted, drove the *Mud Turtle* once more across the flank of the wind, and fronted her bows in a direct line for the port of Lowestoft, in spite of wind and sea and tempest.

It was to Warren indeed a terrible task; for from the first moment when the painter set eyes on Elsie Challoner, he had felt some nameless charm about her face and manner, some tender cadence in her musical voice, that affected him as no other voice had ever affected him or could ever affect him. He was not exactly in love with Elsie—love with him was a plant of slower growth—but he was fascinated, impressed, interested, charmed by her. And to sit there alone in that tossing cabin, with Elsie cold and stiff on the berth before him, was to him more utterly painful and unmanning than he could ever have imagined a week or two earlier.

He did not doubt one instant the true story of the case. He felt instinctively in his heart that Hugh Massinger had shown her his inmost nature, and that this was the final and horrible result of Hugh's airy, easy protestations.

As he sat there, watching by the light of the one oil lamp, and rubbing her hands and arms gently with his big rough palms, he saw a sudden tumultuous movement of Elsie's bosom, a sort of gasp that convulsed her lungs—a deep inspiration, with a gurgling noise; and then, like a flash, it was borne in upon him suddenly that all was not over—that Elsie might yet be saved—that she was still living.

It was a terrible hour, a terrible position. If only they had had one more hand on board, one person to help him with the task of recovering her! But how could he ever hope to revive that fainting girl, alone and unaided, while the ship drifted on, single-handed, tossing and plunging before that stiffening breeze? He almost despaired of being able to affect anything. Yet life is life, and he would nerve himself up for it. He would try his best, and thank Heaven this boisterous wind that roared through the rigging would carry them quick and safe to Lowestoft.

His mother and sister were still there. If once he could get Miss Challoner safe to land, they might even now hope to recover her. Where there's life, there's hope. But what hope in the dimly lighted cabin of a toy yawl, just fit for two hardy weather-beaten men to rough it hardly in, and pitching with wild plunges before as fierce a gale as ever ploughed the yeasty surface of the German Ocean.

He rushed to the companion-ladder as well as he was able, steadying himself on his sea legs by rail as he went, and shouted aloud in breathless excitement; "Potts, she's alive! she not drowned! Can you manage the ship any how still, while I try my best to bring her round again?"

Potts answered back with a cheery, "All right. There's nothing much to do but to let her run. She's out of our hands, for good or evil. The admiral of the fleet could do no more for her. If we're swamped, we're swamped; and if we're not, we'er running clear for Lowestoft harbour, Give her sea-room enough, and she'll go anywhere. The storm don't live that'll founder the *Mud Turtle*. I'll land you or drown you. but anyhow I'll manage her.

With that manful assurance satisfying his soul, Warren Relf turned back, his heart on fire, to the narrow cabin and flung himself once more on his knees before Elsie.

A more terrible night was seldom remembered by the oldest sailors on the North Sea. Smacks were wrecked and colliers foundered, and a British gun-boat, manned by the usual complement of scientific officers, dashed herself full tilt in mad fury against the very base of a first-class lighthouse; but the taut little *Mud Turtle*, true to her reputation as the staunchest craft that sailed the British channels, rode it bravely out, and battled her way triumphantly, about one in the morning, through the big waves that rolled up the mouth of Lowestoft harbour. Potts had navigated her single-handed amid storm and breakers, and Warren Relf, in the cabin below, had almost succeeded in making Elsie Challoner open her eyes again.

When Elsie was aware of herself once more, it was broad daylight; and she lay on a bed in a strange room, dimly conscious that two women whom she did not know were bending tenderly and lovingly over her. The elder, seen through a haze of half-closed eyelashes, was a sweet old lady with snow white hair, and a gentle motherly expression in her soft grey eyes: one of the few women who know how to age graciously.

Whose fair old faces grow more fair
As Point and Flanders yellow.

The younger was a girl about Elsie's own time of life, who looked as sisterly as the other looked motherly; a pleasant faced girl, not exactly pretty, but with a clear brown skin, a cheek like the sunny side of peaches, and a smile that showed a faultless row of teeth within, besides lighting up and irradiating the whole countenance with a charming sense of kindliness and girlish innocence. In a single word it was a winning face. Elsie lay with her eyes half open, looking up at the face through her crossed eyelashes, for many minutes, not realising in any way her present position, but conscious only, in a dimly pleased and dreamy fashion, that the face seemed to soothe and comfort and console her.

Soothe and comfort and console her for what? She hardly knew. Some deep seated pain in her inner nature—some hurt she had had in her tenderest feelings—a horrible aching blank and void.—She remembered now that something unspeakable and incredible had happened.—The sun had grown suddenly dark in heaven.—She had been sitting by the waterside with dear Hugh. —— As she thought of the name, that idolised name, a smile played for a moment faintly round the corners of her mouth; and the older lady, still seen half unconsciously through the chink in the eyelids, whispered in an audible tone to the younger and nearer one: "She's coming round, Edie. She's waking now. I hope, poor dear, she won't be dreadfully frightened, when she sees only two strangers by the bed beside her."

"Frightened at you, mother," the other voice answered, soft and low, as in a pleasant dream. "Why, nobody on earth could ever be anything but delighted to wake up anywhere and find you, with your dear sweet old face, sitting by their bedside."

Elsie, still peering with half her pupils only through the closed lids, smiled to herself once more at the gentle murmur of those pleasant voices, both of them tender and womanly and musical and went on to herself placidly with her own imaginings.

——Sitting by the waterside with her dear Hugh—dear, dear Hugh—that prince of men. How handsome. Eh! but something! What was it? What was it? She couldn't remember; she only new it was something terrible, something disastrous, something unutterable, something killing. And then she rushed away from him, mad with terror, towards the big tree, and——

Ah!

It was an awful, heart-broken, heart-rending cry. Coming to herself suddenly, as the whole truth flashed like lightning once more across her bewildered brain, the poor girl flung up her arms, raised herself wildly erect in the bed, and stared around her with a horrible vacant, maddened look, as if all her life were cut at once from under her. Both of the strangers recognized instinctively what that look meant. It was the look and a cry of a crushed life. If ever they had harboured a single thought of blame against the poor wounded, bleeding, torn heart for what seemed like a hasty attempt at self-murder, it was dissipated in a moment by that terrible voice—the voice of a goaded, distracted, irresponsible creature from whom all consciousness or thought of right and wrong, of life and death, of sense and movement, of motive and consequence, has been stunned at one blow by some deadly act of undeserved cruelty and unexpected wickedness.

The tears ran unchecked in silent sympathy down the woman's flushed cheeks.

Mrs. Relf leant over and caught her in her arms. "My poor child," she whispered laying Elsie's head with motherly tenderness on her own soft shoulder, and soothing the girl's pallid white face with her gentle old hand, "cry, cry, cry, if you can! Don't hold back your tears; let them run, darling. It'll do you good.—Cry, cry, my child—we're all friends here. Don't be afraid of us."

Elsie never knew, in the agony of the moment, where she was or how she came there; but nestling her head on Mrs. Relf's shoulder, and fain of the sympathy that gentle soul extended her so easily, she gave free vent to her pent-up passion, and let her bosom sob itself out in great bursts and throbs of choking grief; while the two women, who had never till that very morning seen her fair face, cried and sobbed silently in mute concert by her side for many, many minutes together.

"Have you no mother, dear," Mrs. Relfu whispered through her tears at last; and Elsie, finding her voice with difficulty murmured back in a choked and blinded tone; "I never knew my mother."

"Then Edie and I will be mother and sister to you," the beautiful old lady answered with a soft caress. "You mustn't talk any more now. The doctor would be very, very angry with me for letting you talk and cry even this little bit. But crying's good for one when one's heart's sore. I know, my child, yours is sore now. When you're a great deal better, you'll tell us all about it.—Edie, some more beef tea and brandy.—We've been feeding you with it all night, dear with a wet feather.—You can drink a little, I hope, now. You must take a good drink and lie back quietly."

Elsie smiled a faint sad smile.

As Edie glided across the room noiselessly to fetch the cup, and brought it over and held it to her lips and made her drink, Elsie's eyes followed every motion gratefully.

"Who are you," she cried, clutching her new friend's plump, soft hand eagerly. "Tell me where I am. Who brought me here? How did I get here?"

"I'm Edie Relf," the girl answered in the same low, silvery voice as before, stooping down and kissing her. "You know my brother, Warren Relf, the artist whom you met at Whitestrand. You've had an accident, you fell into the water—from the shore at Whitestrand. And Warren, who was cruising about in his yawl, picked you up and brought you ashore here. You're at Lowestoft now. Mamma and I are here in lodgings. Nobody at Whitestrand knows anything about it yet, we believe.—But darling," and she held poor Elsie's hand tight at this, and whispered very low and close in her ear, "we think we guess all the rest too. We think we know how it all happened.—Don't be afraid of us. You may tell it all to us by-and by, when you're quite strong enough. Mother and I will do all we can to make you better. We know we can never make you forget it."

Elsie's head sank on the pillow. It was all terrible —terrible—terrible. But one thought possessed her whole nature now. Hugh must think she was really drowned: that would grieve Hugh—dear affectionate Hugh—He might be cruel enough to cast her off as he had done—though she couldn't believe it—it must surely be hideous, a hideous dream, from which sooner or later she would be certain to have a happy awakening—but at anyrate it must have driven him wild with grief and remorse and horror to think he had killed her—to think she was lost to him.—Oughtn't she to telegraph at once to Hugh—to dear, dear Hugh—and tell him at least she was saved, she was still living.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Queen Natalie.

Poor Queen Natalie, of Servia, who appears by the cable despatches to be the object of much persecution, has had a romantic career. In 1875 Russia and the entire Slavonic world were deeply agitated by the tragic events in Bulgaria. Russian agents were hard at work in all parts of the Balkan peninsula. The Bosnians, the Montenegrins, the Macedonians were engaging in many bloody encounters with Turkish troops. In Bulgaria the atrocities of the Turks had no end. The Servians, too, were clamouring for war to aid their struggling brethren. King Milan, then Prince Milan Obrenovich, was only 21 years old. Being naturally not one of the bravest of his race, he was afraid of a war with Turkey, and hesitated long before yielding to the wish of his people. Finally he undertook a journey to Russia to ascertain whether more than moral assistance could be expected from the Czar.

In one of the most charming corners of the Province of Bessarabia, South-Western Russia, where the Rivers Pruth and Bug join together, rises high above the water, amid gardens, parks, and vine bowers, a beautiful castle. In that castle lived the aged Colonel Keshko and his only daughter, Natalie. Natalie was then a girl of eighteen. She had just returned from Florence, Italy, where she had spent a number of years with her sick mother. She was one of Russia's most charming daughters—beautiful and highly accomplished. She lived quietly at the castle, doing all she could to soften the last days of her father, to whom the death of his wife, a born Roumanian Princess, Sturdza, which occurred about that time, had been a severe blow.

On his way to Russia Prince Milan and his suite stopped at the Castle. His uncle, the famous Milosh Obrenovich, who from a simple swineherd elevated himself to the throne of Servia, had been a close friend of Col. Keshko. During the numerous scrapes Milosh got into in the course of his varied career, Col. Keshko assisted him with money, advice, and otherwise, and it was in this way that Milosh had found a safe refuge after having been deposed and driven out of Servia in 1842. Young Milan felt himself bound to pay a visit to the old friend of his family, and, of course, his arrival at the castle was an occasion for a grand festival. Col. Keshko, who was the richest man in Bessarabia, showed himself then in the true old Boyar style. The entire nobility of the province assembled at his castle. The castle was gorgeously illuminated. The spacious ballroom was transformed into a large garden that teemed with all the flowers which are to be found in Southern Russia. The oldest wines were taken out of the cellars and placed at the disposal of the guests. The tables were loaded with all the luxuries of that rich country. Gypsy bands serenaded the royal guest, and gipsy girls danced their prettiest dances. It was during that beautiful July that Milan and Natalie met for the first time.

Milan was captivated. Natalie looked and acted like a perfect queen. In fact, she was the queen of the evening; for every one of the hundreds of guests present bowed before her grace and beauty. The Prince danced with none but her. He saw nobody in the large assemblage but Natalie. The same evening he declared himself to her in love. Natalie received his declaration rather coldly. She seemed not flattered at all by his proposal, and the prospect of being the wife of a ruling prince had no magnetism for her. She gave him to understand that she was too young to marry. Milan refused to listen to her arguments and insisted upon an immediate reply. His vanity was offended. The daughter of a common nobleman dared to reject the proposal of the ruling Prince of Servia. He stormed and then begged and humiliated himself, but Natalie remained unmoved by his entreaties. Instead of one night, as he had intended, Milan stayed at the castle a whole week. He found a powerful and influential ally in the old Col. Keshko, who one afternoon bluntly informed his daughter that she must marry the prince. Then Natalie revealed her secret to her princely suitor. She told him that she was in love with a Russian army officer, and that she would be unhappy all her life were she compelled to renounce him. With the cruelty that characterized his ancestors Milan laughed at this innocent revelation. A nation which was destined to guide, he said, was struggling for independence. The nation was too weak to be successful in itself, without any outside aid. What a grand effect would his marriage to a Russian lady have upon the Russian people! Russia would rise in arms to help the Servians down their traditional enemy, the Turks; Servia would become one of the great nations of Europe.

"Will you save millions of people and lead a nation to glory?" exclaimed the prince, melodramatically.

Natalie hesitated, and finally, overcome by ambition and her father's entreaties, yielded. Announcement of her betrothal to the prince of Servia was received with boundless enthusiasm by her countrymen. The same summer the marriage took place at the Keshko castle with great pomp. In the spring of the following year war was declared against Turkey by Servia. Thousands of Russian volunteers flocked to the Servian ranks. Millions of Russian rubles were sent to Belgrade to help the Servians carry on the war. Chernaeff, the Russian general, assumed command of the Servian army. Natalie was the most active person during the campaign. She visited Russia and personally appealed to the Czar and his people for support. At home she nursed the wounded and cheered the widows and orphans of the fallen warriors. The Servians adored her—she became their idol. Then came the Russian-Turkish war, which ended in Turkey's complete defeat. Servia was an enlarged and free country. Natalie became the mother to the heir to Servia's throne. She was the happiest woman in Belgrade.

Several years passed by, Milan was already king of Servia, proud, intolerant, cruel, dissipated and vicious. Natalie lived at Belgrade, while the king indulged in the most savage orgies and debasing debaucheries at Nish. The picture now was completely changed. Natalie loved her son, the Prince Alexander, and was ashamed of his heartless father. Milan found special delight in insulting and humiliating her. Milan forgot his pledges and obligations to Russia, and, having become a faithful servant to Austria, he insisted on having his son, the Crown Prince, educated by Austrian tutors. Natalie remained faithful to Russia and fought energetically against Austrian influences. Milan and his hirelings did all they could to make life a burden to Natalie. One day in 1886, soon after the ignominious war with Bulgaria, the Metropolitan Michael of Belgrade called on the Queen. He explained that he came in response to a note he had received from her. She told him that she had not written the note, that it was a forgery, and probably part of a conspiracy against her. The metropolitan retired at once. The following day he was arrested and publicly accused of illegal intimacy with the queen. The king at once applied to the synod, the highest church authority of Servia, for a divorce. But Russia intervened in Natalie's behalf. She proved her innocence, though the metropolitan was deprived of his position and expelled from Servia. Once Milan tried to compel the queen to act as chambermaid for his mistress, an Italian ballet-dancer. He surrounded himself with mistresses, transformed the palace into a harem, and insisted on the queen taking part in all the debaucheries.

The measure was full. Natalie could not stand it any longer. She determined to flee and rear her son in an atmosphere purer than that of the court of Belgrade. In the spring of 1887 she secretly left Servia in company of her little son and a few devoted servants. At Odessa she met with an enthusiastic reception. She passed several months in Southern Crimea, where an attempt by Milan's agents to kidnap the Crown Prince was frustrated by the Russian authorities. From Crimea she went to Italy, and from there to Wiesbaden. Bismarck lent the brutal kingling a helping hand. The son was taken from its mother, despite her protests and courageous resistance. Now she has been driven from Servia and her character blackened by the hirelings of the degraded king.

All who know the temper of the Servian people say his triumph will be of short duration. One day the world will learn that he has been deposed and driven out of the country.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Dentistry Robbed of its Terrors.

I had the pleasure of having a tooth filled by a girl dentist the other day. The word pleasure is used to some extent advisedly, for there were pleasant things about it. She was very pleasant to look at, with brown eyes and brown curly hair, for one thing. She was very pleasant spoken and she had small fingers that went easily in the mouth. She was a sympathetic creature, too, and had all manner of ingenious contrivances for making unpleasant processes as little unpleasant as possible. She had very tastefully furnished parlors for receiving unfortunates, and she didn't leave *Puck* or *Judge* or anything else oppressively funny about to remind them of their doom. There were fine pictures on the wall and some new books, there were art portieres and there was the girl dentist herself. She used to be a clerk for an importing house, I believe, writing the French and German letters for the firm. She clerked it till she satisfied herself there was no future in that, then she went to a dental college and now she is establishing herself in the city. She says she likes her business and feels thoroughly at home in it, and her business, so far, seems to like her. It is her testimony that even in a dentist's chair a man can't resist the temptation to try to flirt, and that she has had big eyes enough made at her from over a big white napkin to shake any nerves not thoroughly steady.

"And what do you do in such cases?" was the query.

"Let him proceed till I get well started at work and then he usually has something else to think of. A man can't flirt with a drill getting in its fine work in a sensitive cavity. But most of my patients are women and children," she concluded. There are not more than two or three women dentists in New York. There was only one a year go.

Elaborate hats, bonnets, and wraps, but gowns of extreme simplicity are the rule for this summer's fashions.

Summer.

BY ROSA STOUT.

Bright Spring came like a joyous maid,
With verdure clothed each hill and glade,
And strewed the meads with blossoms sweet
To welcome Summer's dainty feet;
But when she had prepared the way,
Resigned her fresh and genial sway,
That in full beauty might appear
The glowing queen of all the year.

Fair Summer came with smiling mien,
Light o'er the velvet green,
And all nature felt a charm,
Wafted in her breath of balm;
She came in royal robes arrayed,
Of many a deep and brilliant shade,
And imprisoned sunbeams gem
Her rich and sparkling diadem.

When Summer waves her fairy wand,
A thousand forms of grace expand,
And as new beauties they assume,
The whole glad scene bursts into bloom;
Then blossoms with profusion gay,
Adorn each verdant-scented way,
And birds in wild harmonious glee
Trill notes of sweetest melody.

But as she still prolongs her stay,
More ardent beams the king of day,
And all rejoice to seek the shade
By cool umbrageous foliage made;
Then silent is each tuneful bird,
But lightly by the zephyrs stirred,
Soft waving all their tassels green,
Broad fields of ripening grain are seen.

And now beneath the fervid ray
The farmer rakes the fragrant hay,
While all the merry insect throng
Chirp forth a universal song;
More clear than nectar for a king
Is water from the crystal spring,
And naught can king more pleasure yield
Than his who mows the bounteous field.

Soon will the time draw near again,
When Summer will no longer reign;
When we shall not her presence trace,
For Autumn will usurp her place;
Ah, then farewell resplendant Queen,
Our hearts will hold thy memory green,
Until with joy thou dost appear,
To bless again the fruitful year.

Make Your Home Beautiful.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Make your home beautiful—bring to it flowers;
Plant them around you to bud and to bloom;
Let them give life to your loneliest hours—
Let them bring light to enliven your gloom;
Make your own work—one that never has sorrowed—
Of music and sunshine, and gold summer air;
A home-world whose forehead care never has furrowed,
And whose cheeks of bright beauty shall ever be fair.

Make your home beautiful—weave round its portal
Wreaths of the jasamine, and delicate sprays
Of red-fruited woodbine, with gray immortelle,
That blesses and brightens wherever it strays.
Gather the blossoms, too—one little flower,
Varied verbenia, or sweet mignonette.
Still may bring bloom to your desolate bower,
Still may bring something to love and to pet.

Make your home beautiful—sure 'tis a duty;
Call up your little ones—teach them to walk
Hand in hand with the angel of beauty;
Encourage their spirits with Nature to talk;
Gather them round you, and let them be learning
Lessons that drop from the delicate wings
Of the bird and the butterfly—ever returning
To Him who has made all these beautiful things.

Make home a hive, where all beautiful feelings
Cluster like bees, and their honey dew bring,
Make it a temple of holy revealings,
And "love" its bright angel with "shadowing wings."
Then shall it be, when afar on life's billows,
Wherever your tempest-tossed children are flung,
They will long for the shades of the home-sweeping willow,
And sing the sweet song which their mother had sung.

Silence and Darkness.

BY SUSANNA J.

"The rest is silence." Though the song was sweet,
We have no knowledge of its closing numbers;
The woven harmony is incomplete.
In stillness now the thrilling music slumbers.

Silence and darkness where were song and light,
Where flow'rs were spread and Summer airs were playing—
O kindly silence, O most gentle night,
Ye veil the sadness of the heart's decaying!

We cannot own ourselves outworn and old;
Our hopes have April seasons of renewing,
And busy Life has pleasures manifold,
Its joys of conquest or of close pursuing.

And, empty often as these vict'ries are,
We gain from them a strength that is untiring,
Though from the heights attained we see afar,
Unreached, the object of our souls' desiring.

"The rest is silence." Who will care to know
Of hopes that failed, of pray'rs that were not granted,
Of dreams of earthly happiness laid low,
Of faith unvalued or of love supplanted,

Of works that have been wrought in vain, in vain,
O wasted strength and perished aspiration?
O kindly silence that can hush the pain!
O gentle night that hides the desolation!

A Drifting Iceberg.

BY WILL T. JAMES.

A crystal mountain on the azure wave,
Bald as to verdure, but enriched by hues
Resplendent in the wane of sparkling sun,
It glows—it scintillates with gleams, which run
Across the liquid path of its lone cruise
Like smiles, beamed forth from each translucent cave.
Set in its rugged face as eyes, to peer
Though the clear distance of a plain of sea.
So cold so pregnant with quiescent awe,
Southward it drifts, destined to gradual thaw;
And fades the Northland in obscurity
As gaunt Boreas does it onward steer:
At times in view of travellers' raptured eyes,
And often insulated by the skies.

—*Dominion Illustrated.*

The Typewriter Girl.

Fair girl with lightning fingers,
How my memory yet lingers
On the time I sat and watched you whack the keys;
You played 'twixt A and izzard,
Like a wild Dakota blizzard,
And seemed to do it with the greatest ease.

I can flirt my hands a trifle
On the pistol or the rifle
When the redskins interrupt me on a scout;
But I've struck a sort of notion,
With that double jointed motion
Your speed upon the writer knocks me out.

When long enough you've tarried,
And to some nice man get married,
I imagine I can see your hubby stare;
Oh! he surely will go frantic,
And cut many a lively antic,
When you twine those lightning fingers in his hair.

A Mysterious Chair.

Some interesting information with reference to a very curious incident which occurred during the Franco German war has just come to hand. In 1870 three French visitors established themselves at an hotel in a well known German town, where they remained several months. Being then in want of funds and unable to pay their bill, they were compelled to leave a package, which they had brought from France, in the hands of the landlord in satisfaction of his claim. This, upon examination, was found to contain a sumptuously designed State chair. The name "Napoleon" was embroidered upon the silk covering of the back and seat, and on the occupant pressing his hands upon the finely-carved gilt arms, a musical air was played by an instrument concealed within the upholstery. The care of this remarkable piece of furniture seemed the only occupation of the strangers, who are supposed to have been awaiting the advance of the French army, and in the event of its proving victorious, would doubtless have conveyed the chair to Berlin, where, it is presumed, it was to have been used as a throne by the Emperor Napoleon. The chair remains in the possession of the widow of the Frenchmen's host.

SUMMER SMILES.

When four women are walking abreast on the pavement they will break ranks for nothing except a man—with a paint pot.

"Go fishing yesterday?" "Yes." "Catch anything?" "Yes." "What was it?" "The groceryman kissing my wife when I came home."

She (at a musicale)—"Do you care for Meyerbeer, Mr. Wabash?" He—"Well—most any kind of beer is good, But I generally take Bass's pale ale when I can get it."

"Thou shalt not worship other gods,
Nor bow to aught but me."
But thou, sweet maid, a goddess art,
That's why I worship thee!

I never pass that house that I do not see that pretty little woman on the lawn. She must spend most of her time here." "Yes," replied Brown, "she does; she's a grass widow."

Mistress (to new cook)—"Bridget, the soup is quite cold. Didn't I tell you to warm the tureen?" Bridget—"Yes, mum, but, shure, an Oi thought the soup wud warrum it."

"How well I remember," said Dumley, as he proudly flourished a sword, "the first time I ever drew that once shining blade!" "Where did you draw it?" inquired Featherly. "At a raffle."

Mrs. Parks—"Good gracious, Henry, what am I to do? I can't go to the concert to-night. Somebody has stolen my bustle!" Mr. Parks (indistinctly, with his mouth full of lather)—"Take the bird cage."

Husband—"Did you take some money from my pocket after I had gone to bed last night?" Wife—"A little, dear. You know that you have told me often you disliked to be asked for money when you are tired."

I know I've got a vein of poetry in me sir," confidently asserted the young man to the editor, "and all I want is a chance to bring it out. What would you suggest, sir?" "I think you had better see a doctor and have it lanced."

An Irishman passing up the street one day just missed the heel of a mule that kicked at him, and remarked: "Be jabers, don't be quite so familiar rachin' out your paw; I'll let you know when I want to shake hands wid ye—moind that.

"My dear boy," said a mother to her son as she handed round his plate for more turkey, "this is the fourth time you've been helped. "I know, mother," replied the boy, "but that turkey pecked at me once and I want to get square with him." He get his turkey.

"When the soldiers go to take a swim,
What kind of uniform do they wear?"
Said she.
The fellow's face hid in his straw hat's brim:
"It's undress uniform there,"
Said he.

A Drop in Eggs.

Friend (on foot)—"Mawnin, Unc' Jeems. How's de worl' a usin' ob you?"

Unc' Jeems (dolefully)—"I's enj'yin' mighty po' luck, br'er. Dot fool muel done got skeered dis mawnin' 'n' jiggled de ole woman 'n' de basket o' aigs out ober de wheel, 'n'—"

Friend (excitedly)—"D did it break de a-aigs?"

Unc' Jeems (ruefully)—"Ya-as, bruk de aigs, 'n' de ole woman's laigs, 'n' dey's wuth thirty cents a dozen dis bressed instinct!"

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CURED OF RATTLESNAKE BITE.

A Simple Remedy that is Said to Do the Business Every Time.

Alden Davis of Damascus, in Wayne county, Pa., was bitten a few evenings since by a rattlesnake in the ball of his thumb. A cord was fastened tightly around the thumb to stop the movement of the blood from the region of the wound to the other parts of the body. Young Davis was then taken as quickly as possible to the office of Dr. Kemp, at Callicoon Depot. Having seen in a newspaper a few years since a description of the remedy for rattlesnake bites as used by the Geer family at Long Eddy, N. Y., Dr. Kemp made careful investigation of the matter, and became convinced of the truth of the statement therein made, and that the remedy was indeed all that was claimed for it. He therefore advised young Davis to drive to John Geer's as quickly as possible, but first to partake freely of rye whiskey. A bottle of this liquor was obtained, and the horse's head turned to the direction of Long Eddy, distant eleven miles.

It was now late in the night, and, as the moon was down, very dark. The road was a rough one, but by careful and as rapid driving as possible the dwelling of John Geer, the famous rattlesnake catcher, was reached before daylight. By this time, in spite of the tightly drawn cord around his thumb, the posion had made its way into the hand, wrist and arm, which were badly swollen. Davis had taken but two small drinks of the liquor, and Geer promptly forbade the use of more, saying its effect would be to increase the circulation of the blood, and thus spread the poison more rapidly. The effects of the poison seemed not to be entirely confined to the hand and arm, but in some way was affecting the stomach. He had several severe vomiting spells, after which he spit blood freely.

Fortunately Geer knew right where to get the violet, a sovereign remedy for the bite of a rattlesnake, and, lighting a lantern, in five minutes' time had Davis eating its leaves. He then applied salt and indigo to the wound, first taking off the tightly drawn cord, which, however, had probably done good service in preventing the more rapid spread of the poison. Davis soon began to feel better. The pain, which was great when he first came, soon ceased. The stomach sickness also left him, and, lying down, he slept for an hour, when Geer awakened him to give him more of the violet and apply a fresh poultice.

At the end of 12 hours from the time he came to Mr. Geer's, Davis started to walk home, though the swelling had not entirely disappeared. Thinking he might be kept for several days, he had sent his horse home. Geer gave him a quantity of the remedy, cautioned him to walk slowly, not to go to work, but use the medicine till the swelling was entirely gone, and assured him he was as safe from all evil effects of the snake bite as he could wish.

This remedy has been known and used in this place and vicinity for over eighty years. It was first obtained by Joseph Geer (John's father) from a half-breed Delaware Indian named John Johnson, who used in 1800 to occupy a hut on the Pennsylvania side of the river opposite Long Eddy, and who, for a pint of whiskey, would let a rattlesnake bite him and then cure himself with it. It is as follows:

Apply to the wound a poultice one-half each of common salt and indigo, mixed with cold water, and renew every two hours. Eat freely of the leaves, or drink often of a tea made from them, of the blue violet (*V. sagittata*) commonly known as the "arrow-leaved" violet. If the bite be upon the leg or arm, bind the leaves in a circle around it above and just below the swelling. Moisten with cold water as often as they get dry from the fever created by the poison, and renew two or three times a day.

Wanted to Get Out.

He was an express messenger on the Santa Fe a few days ago. It was a night run, and there were two messengers in the car. Just as it began to grow dusk the train stopped at a small station and a dead body was taken aboard. Nothing in particular was thought of this, however, and as there was nothing to do and the train would not stop again for a long distance, both messengers prepared to go to sleep. One of them decided that the box containing the body would be a good place to rest on, and so he arranged himself comfortably there on and went to sleep.

How long he slept he had no idea, but suddenly, as if in a dream he heard a voice say:

"Let me out!"

The messenger, startled, lay half awake for a moment, when in no uncertain tones came the words, apparently from within the head of the box on which he slept.

"D—n you, let me out."

It is quite a distance from where the box lay to the other end of the car, but the messenger is positive he cleared it in two jumps. Trembling with fear, he shouted to his companion, but before he had a chance to tell his story that self same voice exclaimed:

"I want to get out of here."

Neither of the men spoke for a moment, and then the one who had first heard the voice said:

"Jim, that corpse wants to get out."

Jim thought for a moment, and then said:

"Well, I reckon it wouldn't be right to keep him in there if he wants to get out."

So the two cautiously made their way to the head of the box and debated what to do, when the same muffled voice was heard to remark:

"Polly wants a cracker!"

Then the mystery was explained. Some one at Denver had expressed a parrot to a friend in Kansas City. Its cage had been set away and forgotten, and the bird had naturally become hungry and thirsty. So it waited as long as it could, and then made itself heard in the manner that so horrified the express messenger.

Post Office Scarcity.

Ecuador, with about one million inhabitants, has only 47 post offices, but they are so widely distributed that it requires a mail carriage of 5,389 miles to reach them all—72 miles by canoes and 5,317 by horses and mules. About 500 miles of the seaboard is also covered by foreign steamship mail service. Between Quito and Guayaquil there are two mails each way weekly by couriers—the usual time one way, travelling day and night, being six days. Other sections of the country are less favored, the receipt and departure of mails ranging from once a week to once a month, as people happen to be going.

A Frenchman claims to have invented a thermometer so sensitive that its index needle will deflect two inches upon the entrance of a person into the room where it has been placed.

The fabric known as Chinese grass-cloth is made from the fibre of nettles. The cloth is peculiarly glossy and transparent, and as belting for machinery, has double the strength of leather.

DEATH BY ELECTRICITY.

An English Doctor Thinks it Will Not Work.

While executions still continue, there is nothing in the present and long-established plan of carrying them out which needs be changed. If the process be considered brutal, it is not more brutal than the spirit of the act itself, all attempts to refine which cannot add to its efficacy as a deterrent of crime. The process of hanging looks brutal without being actually so. Since the age of Morgagni the question now under discussion has been considered, and the opinion of the best informed physiologists, then and since then, has always been that death by strangulation or by suspension, is practically a painless mode of death. Persons who have recovered from the unconsciousness produced by strangulation have testified completely on this point, and that the old and legal method of death by suspension, according to the terms of the judicial sentence, should, at the instance of any ignorant or common officer who may carry out the sentence, have ever been changed for the long drop, or death by an excruciating and cruel blow, is incredible. Some member of the House of Commons ought to put to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, who is charged with the duty of directing that the law, be it good or bad, shall be carried out, the question why the gentle, though it may seem prolonged, extinction of life by hanging should not be restored. While death is the national punishment for murder, this national mode of vindicating the law is also the most rational. Making the method of execution more scientific, if it be right to degrade science by so connecting her civilizing powers with such degrading and ignorant work, is simply to put a premium on crime itself.

Since I set up a lethal chamber for the painless extinction of the lives of lower animals I have more than once met persons, not strictly insane but in morbid states of mind, who have looked on the lethal easy death as a prospect of release from life so invitingly pleasant that if such mode of death were to be adopted as the national plan of capital murder they would not hesitate in their worst moods to kill, that they might be killed, since the severest fate that could happen would be a death brought to the painlessness of pleasure. Death by the electric shock would convey to minds of this stamp the same anticipation, but would not necessarily produce the same certain result. In some researches on the application of the electric discharge for the painless extinction of the lives of animals to be used as food, the details of which I recorded in the Medical Times and Gazette for the year 1869, this mode of death was anything but certain in its affects.

Sheep stricken apparently into instant and irrevocable death by electricity, after a few miuntes showed signs of life, and if they had not been despatched in the ordinary way by the knife would have been restored to consciousness. The same fact has been observed in attempts to kill dogs by the electric shock, and I once published an instance in which a large dog, struck into perfect unconsciousness by the stroke of a powerful battery, was submitted to a surgical operation while lying, to all appearances, dead, and was as yet so little affected as to make an easy and sound recovery. It need not be inferred from such facts as these that the electric shock will not kill at one discharge—in most cases it will kill—but, exceptionally, instead of killing outright, it will simply stun, and may induce the semblance of death instead of the real death.

Gambetta's Statue.

The monument to Leon Gambetta, the Great Tribune, consists of a pyramid about 80 feet high surmounted by a female figure representing Triumphant Democracy, and wearing a Phrygian cap. In her hand Democracy holds the Declaration of the Rights of Man and she is supported by a winged lion, which advances with open mouth. In the centre of the pyramid is Gambetta, his head thrown back, his eye glancing along the vast artery from the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe, his hand extended in a fine oratorical gesture away toward the horizon where lurks the unseen but vigilant enemy. It is really Gambetta, just as he might have looked when he made his famous balloon voyage over the Prussian lines and away to Tours or when he ascended the tribune of the Chamber to reply to some thrust from his opponents. Over the orator is a winged figure holding a flag and representing the soul of France which is stirred to its depths by the eloquence of Gambetta. The awakening of the nation by the fervid accents of the fiery patroit is finely represented by a soldier leaning on the breech of a big gun with a broken weapon in his hand, a workman in a blouse stooping to pick up a sword and another citizen shouldering arms and ready to march to battle. The group is called the "National Defence, or the Marseillaise of 1870." Underneath is a tablet of black marble, inscribed with the words, "To Gambetta, the Country, and the republic." The monument is certainly striking and effective, but the mixture of Classicism and Romanticism, and the blending of bronze, iron, stone, and marble make it rather incoherent. It also look too fragile and too modern in the shadow of the more magnificent and antique monument, the foundations of which were laid by Philip Augustus.

The Penalty of Greatness.

The German who has been arrested in London for threatening to murder Mr. Gladstone turns out to be an author. It seems that he sent the manuscript of a story to Mr. Gladstone with the request that he would read it. Some way the manuscript was mislaid, and then the German author wrote the threatening letter. One of the penalties of being a great literary man is that literary men who are not great are always trying to climb the ladder of fame over his shoulders. Mr. Gladstone is bombarded with letters and postal cards from all parts of the world, asking all sorts of questions and soliciting all sorts of opiuions. The wonder is that he gets time to answer as many of them as he does. That the German author's story was mislaid is not to be wondered at. It would be well for the world if the stories of a good many more authors were to meet with a similar fate. Unlike Milton's "Paradise Lost," which, we were told, "the world would not willingly let die," the world would be very glad to see the last of many of the trashy productions thrown on the market by immature authors. But the German author who has been threatening to murder Mr. Gladstone will probably find that to threaten a fellow citizen's life is a much more serious thing than to take the lives of at least half-a-dozen characters in a work of fiction.

"Do you realise the state you are in?" said Mrs. Blood as the tired colonel seated himself and tried to draw his boots off. "Shert'nly m' deer," responded the colonel, "any one wis half an (hic) eye could thee I'm in Shate of Kentucky."

Italian Oratory.

Father Gavazzi, the Italian preacher and patriot, first visited Canada and the United States about thirty-five years ago, to collect funds for the redemption of Italy. Rome, the chief city of Italy, was then occupied by French troops, ordered there by the French Emperor, Louis Napoleon.

Gavazzi was an orator of the Italian school, and the crowds which flocked to hear him were surprised and thrilled. His manner was both vehement and dramatic. Words rushed forth, like some mountain torrent after a cloud-burst. Then the speaker paused, and, by a look, or by a gesture or attitude, spoke as clearly and as eloquently as by words.

He beat his breast and the resonant sound was heard throughout the hall. Using his monk's robe as a mantle, he assumed the attitude of some classic statue. Speaking of the Emperor as "Napoleon the little," he lowered himself until he seemed a dwarf, for his robe hid the angles of limbs and body.

"Did you ever see such superb pantomime?"

"Every gesture was a sentence."

"What a combination of actor and orator!"

Such were the sentences with which listeners greeted each other, on retiring from the hall, where the orator had addressed them in idiomatic English with a slight flavour of Italian pronunciation which gave a piquancy to his utterances.

An English surgeon, while travelling in Italy a hundred years ago, saw among the lawyers of Venice several exaggerated illustrations of the old Italian school of oratory.

"Every advocate," he wrote, "mounts into a small pulpit a little elevated above the audience, where he opens his harangue with some gentleness, but does not long contain himself within these limits.

"His voice soon cracks, and, what is very remarkable, the beginning of most sentences, while he is under any agitation and seeming enthusiasm in pleading, is at a pitch above his natural voice, so as to occasion a wonderful discord.

"Then if he means to be very emphatical, he strikes the pulpit with his hands five or six times together as quick as thought, stamping at the same time, so as to make the great room resound with this species of oratory.

"At length in the fury of his argument, he descends from the pulpit, runs about, pleading, upon the floor, returns in a violent passion back again to the pulpit, thwacks it with his hands more than at first, and continues in this rage, running up and down the pulpit until he has finished his harangue.

"The audience smiles now and then at this extravagant behaviour. The advocates seem to be in continual danger of dropping their wigs from their heads, and this sometimes happens. There may be some advocates who speak with more dignity, but those I saw were all men of eminence in their profession."

A Sweet Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to get and to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work, and at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. I would say to all boys and girls: "Use your guest voice at home." Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth to you in days to come more than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

Inspiration by its own resultant action may amount to revelation. Love has a way of conferring wisdom; conscience, quickened and educated, reflects light upon judgment. But we should say that revelation is the increased seeing ability of mind which comes from purified and strengthened emotion, not a direct communication to the intellect.

The exhaustive researches of Poincare, an elaborate account of which was lately published in the *Revue d' Hygiene*, of Amsterdam, go to show that of all tinned foods fish is most likely to contain microbes injurious to animal life. Poincare finds that by injecting the liquid of all sorts of preserves under the skins of rabbits, guinea-pigs, cats, and dogs, there is a much higher proportion of death from fish injections than from any other. He has found, also—what seems paradoxical—that animal preserves of any kind become less dangerous the longer they are exposed to the air; whereas vegetable preserves become richer in microbes by exposure, and may be always eaten with impunity if eaten straightway when the tin is opened.

Probably the most interesting railroad construction of recent years is the Russian road from the Caspian Sea to Samarcand, a distance of 900 miles across great deserts, which was begun in 1880 and completed a few months ago. It was built for military uses, and for a time, at least, cannot pay commercially; but it opens up the heart of Persia to European commerce, and may develop something like modern enterprise in a country that was once a centre of opulence, power and learning. The road passes through so much desert land that water has to be carried by trains to nearly all the stations. In some sections there are no wells of water within 100 miles of each other. On account of the shifting sands hardy shrubs had to be planted along the way to protect the rails from being buried in sand and it is not yet sure that they will prove effective. One of the possible results of the construction of the road is a reclamation of the deserts, gradually, from many centres and as a result of tree planting. For the present, however, the road is interestimg because it opens up at its present southern terminus a rich sountry to European commerce. In the event of war in India it will be of immense advantage to Russia, for it spans the section of country in which it is most difficult to move troops, because of the want of water. Express trains will put Samarcand within five days of St. Petersburg, though, for the present, even with the aid of the railway, it takes about twelve days to make the journey.

A DESPERATE BATTLE.

Fight Between a Bald Eagle and an Immense Prairie Rattlesnake.

Dr. Allen, in the *Field*, relates his experience in the Rocky Mountains:—"One morning the stillness was suddenly broken by the shrill scream of an eagle. High up in the heavens I saw him preparing to descend, and down, down he came, with the swiftness of a shooting star, until he had nearly reached the earth, when he spread his powerful pinions and eased himself down until he had nearly reached terra firma, when with a sudden swoop he lighted upon a great prairie rattler, about five feet long, and a battle commenced such as I had never before witnessed. I rode slowly up to the combatants, as near as I could without disturbing them, and eagerly watched the progress of the fight. The bird was one of the largest bald eagles, and the snake was a monster of its kind, being three inches in diameter. The eagle, with its crest thrown backward, ran up to the snake and gave it a blow over the head with his wings that completely stunned it just as it was in the act of striking at him with all its force. Quick as thought the the eagle then caught it in his talons, soared about ten feet in the air, gave it a turious shaking and let it fall to the earth, where it lay coiled in a warlike attitude, rattling and hissing in great wrath. The eagle made a second attack, in the same manner as before, but the snake watched its chance this time, and, when the eagle was close enough, thrust its head between his head and wing, with a desperate effort wound itself around the eagle's body, and it looked for a moment as though the powerful birdi must die. But with a violent flap of his wings, he broke the deadly embrace, caught the snake, gave it a number of jerks, and threw it down again. The blood was oozing from several places in the rattlers body, which seemed to make the eagle more excited than ever. The antagonists now remained some feet apart and seemed to be resting, while the rattler kept up a deep buzzing, perhaps to intimidate the bird. The eagle next tried anorher plan wheeling around his enemy in a circle, but the serpent was acquainted with this dodge and kept full in his face. Thus foiled, the eagle began to whip the rattler with the tips of his wings, his head well thrown back, but the snake dodged the blows. The eagle then made a feint, jumped to one side and struck it a fearful blow; caught it up by the middle, and shook it until the snake was about to twine itself around his body, when he again threw it to the ground. Both showed signs of great fatigue but neither seemed inclined to give way. The eagle ran around and around his victim in every conceivable way, but so far the snake managed to hold him off until he threw back his head and made a desperate dive. The snake struck with all its force as the wing of the eagle came in contact with its head, and while trying to coil around his body was caught and carried into the air, where it was almost jerked in twain, and when it reached the ground again its entrails were hanging out, and it writhed and twisted in great pain, finally expiring. The proud bird stood looking on with the victorious air of a pugilist who has won the world-renowned battle, his head erect and his wings resting on the ground."

Burdock Leaves and Cut Worms.

Having seen it stated that burdock leaves wrapped around the stems of cabbage plants when transplanted would prevent the attacks of the cut worm, I determined to try the experiment, although I had previously used stiff brown paper with almost perfect success. Thirty cabbage plants were set, and their stems wrapped with burdock leaves according to directions. As I might have known beforehand the exposed part of the leaves soon withered and dried, so that no protection whatever was afforded, and forthwith the cut worms began their work, and in one night five out of the thirty plants were destroyed. I immediately replaced them with new plants, and loosely wrapped the stems of all the plants with stiff brown paper, being fully satisfied that the burdock leaf remedy was of no value whatever to me. I have in rare instances known a cut worm to climb above the paper and eat off the leaves or stem, but scarcely one plant in fifty has been destroyed in this way.

A Trip to Polar Regions.

A trip combining pleasure and study will take about thirty scientific men of Austria far toward the North Pole this summer. They intend to take a look at the mountains and fiords of Spitzbergen, to have a brief run in Greenland and Iceland, and to spend a week or so on the interesting island of Jan Mayen, near the edge of Greenland pack ice. A large Norwegian yacht will carry them over the northern seas, and if they have good luck they hope to reach 80° north latitude and look out over the Polar ice cap from the north coast of Spitzbergen. The pleasures of summer yachting in northern waters have been pictured in glowing colors by Dr. Hayes and Lord Dufferin. The thirty learned men will doubtless have an invigorating cruise, and as they represent many scientific specialties, they hope to have something of interest to say in a book which will be written after their return.

A Marvel in Steel.

There are 150,000 miles of railway in the United States; 300,000 miles of rails—in length enough to make twelve steel girdles for the earths circumference. This enormous length of steel is wonderful—we do not really grasp its significance. But the rail itself, the little section of steel, is an engineering feat. The change of its form from the curious and clumsy iron pear head of thirty years ago to the present refined section of steel is a scientific development. It is now a beam whose every dimension and curve and angle are exactly suited to the tremendous work it has to do. The loads it carries are enormous, the blows it receives are heavy and constant, but it carries the loads and bears the blows and does its duty. The locomotive and the modern passenger and freight cars are great achievements; and so is the little rail which carries them all.

Canned Chinaman.

Sixteen little tin boxes, each about the size of a lawyer's deed box, and holding the bones of as many Chinaman who died between 1870 and 1882, are on the way by express to San Francisco. Thence the bones will be shipped to the Flowery Kingdom for re-burial. The express charges on the sixteen boxes, which altogether weighed 615 pounds, were $105, and the value placed on each by Hop Ah Tong, the agent of the "Asylum" which attends to this sort of thing, was $100. The Chinamen of Philadelphia and other cities are assessed $5 a year each by the San Francisco asylum. For this sum it undertakes to see that their remains are taken to China for burial.—[Rochester Democrat.

A scientific paper has been started at Paris to which woman are the only contributort.

Syrian Wives.

There are grand women in Arabia; women of ability, keen in insight, and of wonderful capabilities. The duties of the wife of a Syrian to day, are as follows:

She brings all the water for family use from a distant well. This is accomplished by filling immense jars and bringing them upon her head. She rises early and goes to the handmill of the village carrying corn, enough of which for the day's bread she grinds by a slow, laborious process. This she carries home and cooks in an oven, which is made in the earth. It is a round hole, lined with oval and flat stones, and is heated by a fire built in it. When the bread is mixed with water and a little salt she removes the ashes and plasters pats of dough against the hot stones to cook. Could anything be more crude?

She cares for her children—usually a large family—and does all the rough work at intervals, while the husband calmly smokes his "argelie" or sits cross-legged upon his divan or house top, in converse with some equally hard-working member of Syrian society.

The houses are made of coarse stone, roughly hewn. The house-tops are of clay, covered with coarse gravel. In hot weather the sun bakes this mud-formed roof, and large cracks appear. The rain comes, and, as a natural consequence, the roof leaks. This is something of which the fastidious inhabitant of the Bible land does not approve. It does not add to his bodily comfort.

He remedies the difficulty—shall I tell you how? Not by any effort of his own; far from it; his wife comes, ascends to the house top, and in the drenching rain propels a roller of solid stone, backward and forward, much as we use a lawn-mower. This rolls the sun-dried cracks together and prevents the entrance of water.

These are only a few of the Syrian housewife's duties. Her reward is not in this world, surely. She cannot speak to her husband in public; she can receive no caress before his friends. She goes veiled and scantily clad. She has no time to make her own habiliments, for her hands must weave and spin and embroider artistically and abundantly for the husband and male children. In winter her feet are protected only by wooden sandals, and drops of blood mark the way to the Syrian well. Of course this is among the lower and middle classes of society in Syria, but those who belong to a higher class are very few.

Mrs. Livingstone's Grave.

We are fifty miles from the mouth of the Zambesi, the mile-wide water shallow and brown, the low sandy banks fringed with alligators and wild birds. The great deltoid plain, yellow with sun-tanned reeds, and sparsely covered with trees, stretches on every side; the sun is blistering hot: the sky, as it will be for months, a monotonous dome of blue—not a frank, bright, blue like the Canadian sky, but a veiled blue, a suspicious and malarious blue, partly due to the perpetual heat haze and partly to the imagination, for the Zambesi is no friend to the European, and this whole region is heavy with depressing memories. This impression, perhaps, was heightened by the fact that we were to spend that night within a few yards of the place where Mrs. Livingstone died. Late in the afternoon we reached the spot—a low ruined hut a hundred yards from the river's bank with a broad verandah shading its crumbling walls. A grass-grown path straggled to the doorway, and the fresh print of a hippopotamus told how neglected the spot is now. Pushing the door open, we found ourselves in a long dark room, its mud floor broken into fragments, and the remains of native fires betraying its latest occupants. Turning to the right we entered a smaller chamber, the walls bare and stained, with two glassless windows facing the river. The evening sun, setting over the far-off Morumballa mountains, filled the room with its soft glow, and took our thoughts back to that Sunday evening twenty years ago, when in this same bedroom, at this same hour, Livingstone knelt over his dying wife, and witnessed the great sunset of his life. Under a huge baobab tree—a miracle of vegetable vitality and luxuriance—stands Mrs. Livingstone's grave. The picture in Livingstone's book represents the place as well kept and surrounded with neatly planted trees. But now it is an utter wilderness, matted with jungle grass and trodden by the beasts of the forest; and, as I looked at the forsaken mound and contrasted it with her husband's tomb in Westminster Abbey, I thought perhaps the woman's love which brought her to a spot like this, might be not less worthy of immortality.

Sabbath-Day Houses.

Every one went to church in the colonial days of New England. Families living at a distance from the meeting-house came prepared to spend the intermission between the morning and afternoon services in the "Sabbath day houses."

These houses, according to a description published in Sanford's "History of Connecticut," were small log structures, twenty-five feet long, ten broad, and one storey high. A chimney in the middle divided the whole space into two rooms, for the use of the two families who united in building the house. The furniture consisted of a few chairs, a table, plates, dishes, and some utensils for warming cooked food. On a shelf were a Bible and two or three religious books.

In winter, on Sunday morning, before starting for church, the mother of the family put up food for dinner, not forgetting a jug of cider. The family rode in a large two-horse sleigh, stopped at the Sabbath house, kindled a fire, and then went into the cold meeting-house, where the minister preached in an overcoat, with a muffler about his neck, and mittens on his hands.

The woman carried heated stones in their muffs, and the men drew bags over their feet. No chronicler informs us how the boys and girls managed to keep warm during the service.

At the conclusion of the morning service, the family hurried back to the warm room of the Sabbath house, where they took their dinner and drank cider from a pewter mug. Thanks were then returned, and the review of the sermon began. If the sermon failed to furnish sufficient matter to occupy the hour, a chapter in the Bible was read, or a few pages from a religious book.

Singing and prayer sent them to the afternoon service in a devotional frame of mind, at the conclusion of which they returned to the Sabbath-day house, extinguished the fire, locked the door, and started for home.

No Further Hope.

"All is over, darling," he said, in a tone of intense pain, and, leaning his head upon his hands, he writhed in anguish. "I see nothing before me but dark despair; we must part, and forever! I've just come from your father."

"Great heavens, George! gasped the fainting girl, "did papa withhold his consent?"

"Ah, yes; until he has looked me up in Bradstreets'!"

Disappointing Sensations.

The great trouble about sensations, which everybody looks for and longs for, is that they're over before you know it, and that you can't find that they were enjoyable or useful when they happened. Sensations are the red pepper and green pickles and horseradish of life. They stimulate the palate. People always feel like wanting to go up in a balloon or down into a dangerous mine for the sensation. Most of them are afraid to go, but they'd awfully like to if they were quite sure they would come safe out of the trip. But if they were sure they'd come safe out there would not be any fun in going. But people who go and hunt for sensations don't find them as good as they expected, if they recollect them at all. I know a young lady who cannot swim, but wanted to know how it felt to be in deep, deep water. She would not wait till she had learned to swim. She did not want to, because there would be no "situation." The dramatic effect would be entirely lost. She mentioned her desire to a swimming master, who told her he would take her out to the raft and she could drop in and he would plunge in after her. "Let yourself go," he said, "you'll come up all right, and I'll catch you."

"Well, did you?" I asked.

"I did."

"And how was the sensation?"

"I was so dreadfully scared I forgot all about any other sensation."

The U. S. Gold and Silver Product.

A valuable report from the Director of the Mint states that the total product of gold and silver in the United States during 1887 exceeded $86,500,000. Of this total the gold was $33,093,000. California is the largest producer of the yellow metal, the yield of her mines exceeding $13,000,000. The director estimates that last year the net gain to the country of bullion and coin by imports was $28,500,000, and that we used in the industrial arts about $14,500,000 worth of gold and $5,000,000 worth of silver.

The product of these precious metals in the United States appears to be more than one third that of the whole world. In 1886 the world produced about $90,000,000 of gold and $126,000,000 of silver. If, however, our production of these metals is large for our population our consumption of them is porportionately large and seemingly extravagant. The world's annual consumption of gold and silver, as nearly as can be determined, is respectively $46,000,000 and $22,000,000. The population of the United States cannot now be more than five per cent. that of the world, but we use in the industrial arts not far from 30 per cent. of all the gold and 22 per cent. of all the silver similarly consumed by all the world.—New York Herald.

An Intelligent Parrot.

Gentleman (to bird fancier)—Can this parrot talk?

Bird Fancier—Yes, sir.

Gentleman (to parrot)—Polly want a cracker?

Parrot (solemnly)—Chesnut.

Gentleman—I'll take him.

Where he isn't Known.

Mrs. Kendricks (whose husband is a candidate for office—What do you think my husband's chances are, Mr. Dumley?

Mr. Dumley (anxious to offer words of encouragement)—Wel—er—away from home I think they're very flattering.

Paternal Wisdom.

Teacher: Johnnie, how do you decline *to drink?*

Johnny: I asked my papa, and he said he never did decline it.

Following the Fashion.

Old Mr. Soapfat (to daughter)—Do you realize, my dear, that if you marry this young Mr. Tutti-Frutti Van Dyke your money will have to support him?

Miss Soapfat—Oh, yes, papa, but that sort of thing is all the style just now, you know.

His Full Name.

Miss Ethel—Do you know, Mr. Featherly what that pleasant little Mr. Sissy's first name is, who is playing tennis with Clara Dilberry?

Featherly (who doesn't like Sissy)—I believe he answers to the name of Charley.

Disastrous Suspicion.

Charley: I say, Harry, have you got change for a ten?

Harry (suspiciously): Er—no, Charley, I haven't a cent in my pocket.

Charley: Sorry, old man; I wanted to pay the five I owe you.

At the Restaurant.

Guest—"Here, waiter, take this away, I ordered Spring chicken and this is a laying hen."

Waiter—"'Deed tain't, boss. Dat's Spring chicken, sho."

Guest—"Not this Spring."

Waiter (ingenuously)—"No, sah; not dis Spring's but 87's Spring. Hit's a little soon yit, boss, fo' dis yer's Spring chickens."

Realistic Acting.

Prompter (to boy)—Tell Mr. Ham that his cue will be given very soon for the death scene; is he ready?

Boy—Yes, sir; he's just got through eatin' a water melon.

How They Marry.

Attention has recently been directed to the Negritos of the East Indies and Southern Africa as possibly being the Pygmies of ancient times. One peculiar custom of these people, who are still to be found in the interior of the Philippine Island, is connected with the solemnizing of marriage. A French writer describes it:

The affianced pair climb two flexible trees placed near to each other. One of the elders of the tribe bends them toward each other. When their heads touch the marriage is legally accomplished. A great fete, with much dancing, concludes the ceremony.

The Fisheries treaty is still before the United States senate and is sure to fail of ratification on purely factional grounds. Luckily pending its discussion the important provisions of the treaty have been made operative and the unnecessary friction attending the fishing business has been temporarily avoided. It is hardly possible that any more reasonable adjustment will be hereafter arranged, but it suits the peevish and puerile spirit of partisans to keep open a source of international irritation rather than have it honorably adjusted by an administration of an opposite public complexion.

The Tribune

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1888.

PERSONAL.

The Reeve spent Tuesday in Belleville.

Miss Hattie Smith is visiting friends in Bath.

Miss Mary Jordan, of Selby, was in town on Wednesday.

Dr. Clinton was in town on Tuesday on professional duties.

Mrs. E. A. Rixen is enjoying a visit among friends in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Scott have returned one from Owego.

Mr. M. J. Henry, of the *Empire*, was in his city yesterday.

Mrs. F. H. Sims is very ill from a dangerous attack of pleurisy.

Mr. F. D. Mott, of Belleville, was in town on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Charles Vader is visiting friends in Tamworth and vicinity.

Mr. W. J. Malley spent Tuesday at Shannonville and vicinity.

Master Allan Edwards is rusticating in the rural retreats of Tyendinaga.

Mr. W. C. B. Rathbun has recovered from a severe attack of illness.

Mr. A. H. McGaughey has been on the sick list during the past week.

Rev. A. Campbell and family spent last Sunday at the Thousand Islands.

Principal Cole left last Saturday on a trip to Toronto, Newmarket, &c.

Mr. A. A. Richardson has been in Toronto this week on matters of business.

Mr. Sharp, a distinguished barrister of Cleveland, Ohio, was in town yesterday.

Mrs. Huntiy, of Sutton West, has been visiting at Principal Cole's, Dundas street.

Mr. E. W. Rathbun returned home from Orchard Beach on Wednesday afternoon.

Messrs. A. L Chandler and S. Baker spent last Sunday in the ancient town of Bath.

Dr. & Mrs. Vandervoort and children enjoyed a few days visit to Toronto this week.

Miss Maud Anderson has returned home after a few weeks visit to friends in Prescott.

Messrs. E. C. French and Chas. A Millener spent last Sunday at the Thousand Islands.

Mr. A. Dingman, Inspector of Indian Agencies, spent two or three days in town this week.

Rev. G. A. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson have been spending a few days in Kingston this week.

Mrs. Willoughby Wilkins and Miss Daisy Wilkins, of Belleville, are the guests of Mrs. Daniel May.

Miss Mary E. Walsh, of Lonsdale, is visiting Deseronto as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Murray.

Mr. John Holyoke left on Monday for Victoria, B. C., where he intends to make his future home.

Mrs. J. Marsh, and Master Wallace Marsh spent a few days visiting friends in Trenton last week.

Miss Fanny McGuinness, of Selby, has during the past week been the guest of Mrs. Naylor, Main street.

Mr. T. G. Pile, of H. M. Customs, has we regret to state, been very seriously ill during the past week.

Mr. W. F. Stuart is able to be about again after having been confined to his house by illness for two weeks.

Mr. Jas. Stoddart, of the post office Department, Toronto, is visiting his brother, Mr. William Stoddart, this week.

Mr. J. W. Henstridge, of Portsmouth, has been the guest of his son Mr. Chas. Henstridge during the past week.

Mr. Tobias Butler, Jr., has entered on duties as assistant to Mr. F. Hall in the Central Offices of the Rathbun Company.

Mr. Andrew Reid, of the Terra Cotta Works, was summoned home to Gananoque this week, his mother being seriously ill.

Mr. Thomas Stewart, of the Deseronto House, left last Friday on an extended tour to Rochester and other cities of New York state.

Master William and Miss Bertha Porter, of Portsmouth, are visiting their grandparents, Mr. & Mrs. W. F. Stuart, George street.

Mrs. Wm. Bryant and Master Bertie Cajus, of Kingston, are visiting Deseronto as the guests of Mrs. James Stokes, Dundas street.

Mr. W. A. Macleod is one of the Canadian cricketers who have been chosen to play against the gentlemen of Ireland at Kingston next Tuesday.

Miss O'Shea, of Stirling, Mrs. Thos. Johnston, of St. Paul, and Misses Annie Russell and Trainor, of Belleville, were visiting at Mr. John Edward's, last Friday.

Mr. E. J. Botterill, of the government distribution office, Ottawa, was in town last week. He is camping out with his family at Adolphustown.

Mr. & Mrs. A. B. Holley and Miss Holley who have been visiting at Mr. F. S. Rathbun's crossed over on the Resolute on Monday on their return home to New York.

Miss Mary Stokes, and Miss Annie Dubois, of New Paltz, N.Y., and Miss Maggie Stokes, of Kingston, N. Y., are the guests of Mr. & Mrs. James Stokes, Dundas street.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Deaf & Dumb Institute.

During the recent holiday term the Institute for deaf mutes at Belleville has been thoroughly renovated and cleaned making it more convenient and pleasant for teachers. The coming term promises to be very successful, over thirty applications for new pupils having been received—the largest number ever recorded. In all there will be 250 odd scholars to begin the new term which opens on September 12th.

S. Mark's Picnic.

The annual picnic of the congregation and sunday school of S. Mark's Church took place yesterday. The weather in the morning looked dull and threatening but people on pleasure intent are always hopeful, and few were debarred from starting on account of those "unfavourable signs. The Quinte accordingly proceeded up the bay with a large and happy crowd of excursionists and reached Massassaga Park in *good* time. The day soon turned out fine, clouds and mists being dispelled by old father *Sol* who quickly asserted his ascendancy. Mirth and jollity reigned supreme at the Park; old and young entering into the *spirit* of the occasion and enjoying themselves immensely. Dinner was keenly discussed and baskets emptied of their epicurean contents with a zest and energy wonderful to behold. Rural Dean Stanton, Rev. H. O. Tremayne, and Messrs. J. M. Oliver, Egar, and others were everywhere busy making the young people happy and it was admitted by all that a more pleasant time could not have been enjoyed.

Good Grain.

Mr. J. G. Allison, one of the most successful farmers in this district, has brought in to us a sample of Egyptian oats grown on his farm in Tyendinaga. They are 4ft. 6in. high, and he has seven acres of them having sown 80 bushels in the spring. These oats weighed 50 lbs. to the bushel last year.

Public Schools.

The public schools will re-open on Monday, 27th August. Parents will confer a great favour on teachers and the school board by attending to this notice and insisting on the children being at school on the day the classes re-open. Nothing impairs the efficiency of a school like irregularity of attendance. It is very annoying and discouraging to a teacher to find children draggling in for weeks after the vacation, breaking up classes. Every boy and girl should be at his desk on Monday morning, 27th, with school books, etc.

The Liveliest Town.

M. P. O'BRIEN, of Toronto, was in town for a few days last week renewing old associations. He had been down through the eastern part of the province, and affirmed that Deseronto is the busiest place he has been in next to Toronto. The *Chieftain* says that Mr. A. Vermilyea, who preached here last Sunday, stated on his return to Belleville that Deseronto was about the liveliest town he has ever been in and that real estate is even higher than in Belleville.

Fatal Accident.

On Saturday forenoon a serious accident followed by fatal results occurred at the Big Mill. Mr. John Rogers, an old man, whose duties were to collect and remove the sawdust on the lower floor of the mill, while passing from one side of the mill to another approached too closely to the friction pulley of the big gang, and was struck on the side of the head by one of its arms. He was hurled to the floor where he was found immediately after by Mr. Wm. McKee. Dr. Newton was telephoned for at once and in a few minutes was on the ground, and pronounced the injuries of a serious character. He was carried to his boarding house where everything that medical skill and the kindness of friends could suggest was done, with a view to his recovery. He continued, however, in a comatose condition from the time of the accident, gradually growing weaker, until death released him on Monday evening at 10 o'clock. Deceased, who was 67 years of age, belonged to Harwood, 13 miles from Cobourg, and had worked for the past three months in Deseronto. His wife arrived here the day after the accident and besides her he leaves nine sons and daughters to mourn their loss. The remains were taken west on the 5 p. m. train on Tuesday for interment in the family plot at Harwood.

READ.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Miss Jones left for Carlow, Huron County, on Wednesday intending to spend a few days in Toronto on the way.

Miss Kate Sullivan and Miss Maggie Sullivan have been visiting friends near Picton.

Miss Nellie Brennan, who has been spending the last two weeks with her brother at Emery, returned home.

Miss Mackie, who has been visiting here for some weeks has returned to Belleville.

Miss Maggie Nash, Miss Clara Nash, Miss Annie Nash and Miss Morris, of Napanee, spent last week with Mrs. Patrick Nash.

The choirs of St. Charles' Church have made great progress during the past few months under the charge of their energetic organist Miss Nellie Sullivan who presides so efficiently at the organ. Several changes having taken place, of course it is laborious work to keep a choir up to the mark.

All our schools re pen on Monday.

The long looked for rain came on Monday and it rained heavily for some hours doing much good.

There was a very pleasant reunion at Mr. Patrick Nash's on Thursday evening when many of our young people enjoyed the light fantastic to the strains of enchanting music. Frank was at his best.

Mr. Philip McEvoy still continues very poorly.

Letters have been received from Mr. J. C. Hanley, who is visiting his many friends in Dakota.

Mr. James Powers, Miss Shannon and Miss O'Rea spent Sunday in Napanee.

Some of our eligible young men we are glad to hear are contemplating matrimony. Some of our *old young* men ought to hurry up. Delays are dangerous.

KINGSFORD.

From Our Own Correspondent

Mr. Patrick Sexsmith is home on a visit.

Mr. Patrick O'Rea, of Read, was visiting here this week.

Mrs. T. A. Gordon, who was visiting friends in Napanee, has returned home.

Miss Bella Fegan has returned to Little Falls, N. Y.

Mr. James Naphin, who has been ill, is now better and is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Gearing and her daughter who have been visiting friends in Belleville have returned home.

Mrs. Healy and her son, who have been visiting here for some weeks, have returned to Amsterdam, N. Y.

Mr. Andrew Gearing who has been away since spring is spending a few days in the village.

Miss Doyle is visiting friends in Deseronto.

We had a fine rain on Monday which refreshed everything. Although a good deal of grain was out in the fields yet the farmers were glad to see the long desired rain. The farmers are well on with the harvest and many are threshing.

Mr. Daniel Griffin commenced threshing this week and expects a large patronage. Most of the barns this year will be quickly threshed out as the crop was light all through this section.

Our school will re-open on Monday after the summer holidays, when Miss Lanfear, our new teacher will enter on her duties.

Buyers from Manitoba were purchasing cattle last week and shipped five car loads for the west.

The price for cheese is rather low and the factories are holding their July make.

Mrs. Reuben Schermerhorn and Miss Annie McNeill are visiting friends in Kingston.

Mr. Ira Anderson left last week for Watertown, N. Y.

Miss Maggie McCullough has left for Flinton to resume her duties where she has been teaching.

SUMMER GOODS MUST GO.

BARGAINS in PRINTS.
Bargains in Dress Goods.
Bargains in Parasols.
Bargains in Embroideries.
Bargains all over the Store.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

TERMS CASH.

Kerr & Wims

Mar. 9—3 mos. ST. GEORGE STREET. DESERONTO.

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands "head and shoulders" above every other **Alterative and Blood Medicine.** As proof, read these reliable testimonies:

G. C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says: "For the past 25 years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all the diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."

Eugene T. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth Ave., New York, says: "As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives perfect satisfaction."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally efficacious in all forms of Scrofula, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c.; and is, therefore, the very best

Spring and Family Medicine

in use. "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

does sell." Prepared by

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

FOR SALE.

GOOD second hand Pork Barrels suitable to put pork in for home use. Also a number of Iron Bedsteads which can be seen at The Big Store or our office, Deseronto.

THE RATHBUN CO.

43rd PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Agriculture and Arts Association of Ontario

WILL BE HELD IN THE

CITY OF KINGSTON

FROM SEPT. 10TH TO 15TH.

Entries close on Aug. 18th. For Prize Lists and all other information apply to the Secretary.

IRA MORGAN, Mitcalfe, HENRY WARE, Toronto, President. Secretary.

EXHIBITION AT KINGSTON.

IN ADDITION to the general attractions of the Provincial Exhibition, held at Kingston, SEPT. 10th to 15th, there will be, under the auspices of the Midland Agricultural Association,

SPEEDING IN THE HORSE RING

—ON—

Thursday and Friday, SEPT. 13th & 14th.

Five events, as follows: Farmers' Trotting Trial, $25, $15 and $10; Farmers' Racing Test, $25, $15, and $10; Exhibition of Walking, Trotting and Running, to saddle, $35; Lady Riding, Gold and Silver Medals and Silver Mounted Whip; and Matched Team test of speed, $30 and $20. Entrance Free.

Entries to close with the undersigned on SATURDAY, SEPT. 8th.

R. MEEK, Secretary.

Kingston, Aug. 8th.

FOR -:- SALE

OR TO LET.

THAT desirable property just opposite Deseronto, lately occupied by Mrs. Walmsley. Fine Garden; excellent Orchard; beautiful view. A grand opportunity for some one to open a general store.

Apply to

J. E. WALMSLEY, Belleville,

or to

W. H. VANBLARICOM, Deseronto.

May 25, 1888.

THE FAVORITE

STMR. "VARUNA,"

Will, on and after APRIL 27th, leave DESERONTO as follows: for PICTON at 10 a.m; returning, will leave BELLEVILLE and TRENTON at 2.30 p. m.

April 27th, 1888

BAY OF QUINTE.

Railway & Navigation Company.

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE TRAINS on this road make sure connection with all G. T. R. trains both East and West, and with Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company on all Bay and River ports.

1888. TIME TABLE. 1883.

DESERONTO & GRAND TRUNK LINE.

BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS	MIXED	MIXED	MIXED	MIXED	MIXED	MIXED	MIXED	MIXED	MIXED	MIXED
	EXP.	EXP.	EXP.	EXP.	EXP.	EXP.	EXP.	EXP.	EXP.	EXP.
	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5	No. 7	No. 9	No. 11				
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.			
Des. lve	2.45	7.45	9.15	11.30	4.45	8.55	12.45			
E. End, "	2.50	7.50	9.20	11.15	4.50	9.00	12.40			
Des. Jn. ar.	3.05	8.05	9.35	11.30	5.05	9.15	10.05			

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS	MIXED EXP.	MIXED EXP.	MIXED EXP.	MIXED EXP.	MIXED EXP.	MIXED EXP.	MIXED EXP.	MIXED EXP.	MIXED EXP.	MIXED EXP.
	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6	No. 8	No. 10	No. 12	No. 14			
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.			
Des. J. lve.	8.20	8.20	9.45	11.40	5.20	10.05	12.00			
East End.	8.45	8.35	10.00	11.55	5.35	10.20	1.35			
Des. arrive.	8.50	8.40	10.05	12.00	5.40	10.25	1.40			

Trains Nos. 1 and 13 run daily, (Sundays included.)

Sure connections to and from Bay of Quinte Ports

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

This Time-Table shows the times at which the Trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations; but, as the regularity of Trains depends on connection with other lines, the Arrivals and Departure at the time stated are not guaranteed, nor will the Company hold itself responsible for delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER,
Desoronto, Ont. Gen. Manager.

SALT,

BY Car Load, Barrel or in Bulk, American or Canadian, at lowest market prices. Write for prices.

THE RATHBUN CO.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

ECAR'S DRUG STORE

—FOR PURE—

Drugs, Chemicals and medicines of all kinds.

Horse, Cattle and Patent Medicines.

WALL PAPER AND STATIONERY.

EVERYTHING AT ECARS'.

DR. NEWTON'S OFFICE.

Canada Life Assurance Co'y.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

A. G. RAMSAY PRESIDENT.
R. HILLS, Secy. ALEX. RAMSEY, Supt.

THIS is the leading Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Assets over 9,000,000 dollars.

Annual Income for year ending April 30th, $1,000,000.

Applications made before April 30th, 1888, will participate in the division of profits in April 1890. For information apply to

S. G. CHAMBERLAIN, Special Agent, Toronto,

THE RATHBUN COMPANY, Agents, Deseronto.

THE BAY OF QUINTE

STEAMBOAT ROUTE.

CHANGE OF TIME. NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

Daily to Kingston and 1000 Islands.

The Fast and Elegantly Furnished Steamer

"HERO,"

CAPT. C. H. NICHOLSON,

Will on and after Monday, July 30th, sail as follows:

	Mon, Wed. & Friday.	Tues, Thur. & Saturday.
Leave Belleville,	6.00 a.m.	3.30 p.m.
" Deseronto,	7.30 a.m.	5.00 "
" Picton,	9.00 a.m.	6.30 "
Arrive Kingston,	1.30 p.m.	11.00 "

Returning leaves Kingston at 3.30 p.m., Deseronto 9 p.m. daily, (Saturday excepted) for Belleville.

Connecting every day at Kingston with

STEAMER PRINCESS LOUISE

—FOR—

GANANOQUE, CLAYTON, 1000 ISLAND PARK AND ALEXANDRIA BAY.

Through ticket arrangement complete. Sure connections and Best Route.

Passengers and Baggage transferred at Kingston free of charge.

CONNECTIONS—The "Hero" at Kingston with Cape Vincent, Rideau Canal and Lake Steamers; "Princess Louise" at Clayton with R.W. & O. Ry., and Steamers for Alexandria Bay.

On Saturdays the "Hero" will make a Grand Cheap Excursion from all Bay Ports to 1000 Islands on regular time and leaving Kingston at 1.45 p.m.; returning leave Kingston for Bay Ports at 8.00 p.m. Tickets from Deseronto $1.00, good to return from 1000 Island Park, not Kingston, any Saturday during season.

For information apply to Capt. Nicholson on board or

THE RATHBUN CO., Agents.

DESERONTO

Navigation -:- Company,

(LIMITED.)

RUNNING in connection with the Grand Trunk and Bay of Quinte Railways, for Picton and all Bay of Quinte Ports.

SURE CONNECTION WITH ALL TRAINS.

STR. "QUINTE"

Will, until further notice sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Picton... 6.00 a.m.	Leave Trenton... 1.00 p.m.
" Deseronto, 7.45 "	" Belleville, 3.00 "
" Northport, 8.10 "	" Northport, 4.30 "
" Belleville, 10.00 "	" Deseronto, 6.20 "
Arrive Trenton, 11.30 "	Arrive Picton.. 6.45 "

STR. "DESERONTO"

Will sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Napanee, 6.00 a.m.	Leave Picton... 3.00 p.m.
" Deseronto, 7.00 "	" Deseronto, 5.00 "
Arrive Picton,.. 8.30 "	Arrive Napanee, 6.00 "

This Steamer makes one extra trip between Picton and Deseronto with Mails and Passengers for G.T.R. going East as follows:—

Leave Picton... 9.30 a.m.	Lev. Deseronto, 1.00 p.m.
Arr. Deseronto, 11.00 "	Arrive Picton, 2.30 "

DESERONTO : TO : OSWEGO

—AND—

ALL U. S. POINTS.

THE comfortable and fast sailing Steamers will sail as follows (weather permitting.)

"RESOLUTE."	"RELIANCE."
TUESDAY.	MONDAY.
THURSDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
SATURDAY.	FRIDAY.

Parties for New York and other U. S. points will find it to their advantage to travel by this line.

CHEAP RATES FOR FREIGHT.

FARES MODERATE.

Purchase your Tickets Reading via. Deseronto Junction.

The Steamers are open for engagements for Excursions at all times. For further particulars apply to

THE RATHBUN COMPANY.

May 2nd, 1888.

Napanee, Tamworth

—AND—

QUEBEC RAILWAY.

NAPANEE VALLEY LINE.

TIME TABLE No. 13.

IN EFFECT NOV 28TH 1887.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 2. A.M.	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee	Leave	11 50	5 10
Napanee Mills	"	12 05	5 25
Newburgh	"	12 15	5 30
Thomson's Mills	"	12 20	5 38
Camden East	"	12 25	5 43
Yarker	"	12 40	6 00
Colebrooke	"	12 43	6 02
Galbraith Road	"	12 45	6 05
Varty Lake, (Excursion Ground)		12 50	6 10
Moscow	"	12 55	6 15
Mudlake Bridge	"	1 03	6 25
Enterprise	"	1 10	6 30
Wilson's Crossing	"	1 18	6 38
Tamworth	Arrive	1 30	6 50

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1. A.M.	No. 3 P.M.
Tamworth	Leave	6 40	30
Wilson's Crossing	"	6 55	40
Enterprise	"	7 00	
Mudlake Bridge	"	7 07	3 00
Moscow	"	7 15	3 05
Varty Lake, (Excursion Ground)			
Galbraith Road	"	7 25	3 15
Colebrooke	"	7 28	3 17
Yarker	"	7 30	3 20
Camden East	"	7 45	3 35
Thomson's Mills	"	7 50	3 42
Newburgh	"	7 55	3 50
Napanee Mills	"	8 05	4 00
Napanee	Arrive	8 20	4 15

*Stop only when Passengers at or for.

R. C. CARTER, H. B. SHERWOOD, E. W. RATHBUN
Gen. Mgr. Superintendent. Gen Manager

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the

Municipal Council

—OF THE—

VILLAGE

—OF—

DESERONTO

In the County of Hastings, after the expiration of three months from the publication of this notice in THE TRIBUNE, of Deseronto, intend to apply for the erection of the Village of Deseronto and a part of the Township of Tyendinaga, adjoining the village on the north side, into a town

——TO BE CALLED——

THE

Town of Deseronto

With boundaries as follows, that is to say:—

Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte at the western limit of township lot number thirty-six (36) in the Third Concession, south of the slash road, of the Township of Tyendinaga, and running thence northerly along the said western limit of said lot thirty-six, and along the western limit of township lot thirty-six (36) in the Second Concession south of the slash road of the Township of Tyendinaga aforesaid, eighty-five chains; thence easterly at right angles to the said western limit of said lot thirty-six in the said Second Concession of Tyendinaga, one hundred and four chains, more or less, to the western limit of the boundary road between the Township of Richmond in the County of Lennox and Addington and the said Township of Tyendinaga; thence southerly along the western limit of said boundary road sixty-five chains, more or less, to the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte; and thence, following the said water's edge westerly to the place of beginning, containing 859 acres, more or less, and including the water frontage in front thereof.

And that the said Town of Deseronto shall be divided into three wards to be called the "Centre Ward," the "East Ward," and the "West Ward," and that the said Wards be constituted as follows, that is to say:—

THE "CENTRE WARD"

shall comprise that part of said town embraced within these boundaries, namely:—Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte, at the western limit of Fourth street, thence northerly along said limit to the north side of Main street, thence westerly along the north side of Main street to the west side of Prince street, thence northerly along the west side of Prince street to Dundas street, and then across Dundas street and northerly along the centre line of township lot thirty-nine to the northern boundary of the town; thence westerly along the north boundary line of the town to the centre line of east half of township lot thirty eight, thence southerly along the last mentioned centre line, and through St. George street to Main street; thence westerly along Main street to Mill street, and thence southerly along Mill street to the water's edge, and thence along the water's edge easterly to the place of beginning, together with the water front in front thereof.

THE "EAST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of the said town which lies east of the Centre Ward, and

THE "WEST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of said town which lies west of Centre Ward.

By order of the Council,

ROBERT N. IRVINE,
Village Clerk.

Deseronto, May 28th, 1888.

June 1st—3mos.

The Tribune.

VOL. V DESERONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, AUG. 24, 1888 NO 48

THE TRIBUNE.

Published every Friday Morning.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO.

(LIMITED.)

ublishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One copy, $1.00 per year, 50 cents per six months. Strictly in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE	1 Year.	6 mos.	3 Mos.
Column	$30.00	20.00	$18.00
Half Column	20.00	18.00	10.00
Quarter Column	20.00	12.00	7.00
One Inch	5.00	3.00	2.00
Business Cards, (less than one inch.)	4.00	2.50	1.75

Wants, Lost, Found, Strayed, etc 25 cts each insertion or on a contract at the rate of 75 cents per month.

Casual advertisements 5 cents per line first insertion each subsequent insertion 3 cts. per line.

Advertisements for insertion among the local items 50 cents per line each insertion

Communications should be addressed to THE DESERONTO NEWS CO., (LIMITED), Deseronto Ont.

DESERONTO POST OFFICE.

Office open daily (Sundays excepted) from 7:30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Mails for despatch are closed at the office as follows:—

For Napanee and Kingston and all points East at 10:45 a.m. and 3:00 p.m.

For Belleville and Toronto and all points West at 4:20 p.m. and 8:00 p.m.

For Picton at 10:45 a.m. and 3:00 p.m.

Mails arriving are due as follows:—

From Kingston, Napanee, and all points East at 7:30 a.m. and 5:45 p.m.

From Belleville, Toronto and all points West at 7:30 a.m. and 12:00 noon.

From Picton at 11:30 a.m., and 5:00 p.m.

Registered letters must be posted half an hour before the close of each mail.

N.B.—A mail is made up for all points at 6 p.m. on Sundays.

F. S. RATHBUN, *Postmaster.*

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

T. G. PILE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES, Deseronto Ontario

JOHN A. FORIN.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. OFFICE, ASHLEY BLOCK, Front Street, Belleville, Ont.

COAL.

FOR HOUSE USE OR BLACKSMITH SHOPS, AT lowest market rates. Write for prices. THE RATHBUN CO.

WATER LIME.

WATER LIME, PORTLAND CEMENT, AND Plaster Paris for sale, cheap, and full directions given how to use successfully. Write for prices. THE RATHBUN CO.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto; Fellow of Trinity Medical School; Late Clinical assistant in Toronto General Hosp tal

OFFICE:—Malley's Drug Store, Deseronto.

RESIDENCE—Next house north of Cameron s Store

A. R. WEESE, L.D.S.,

DENTIST, Honor Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.

Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty.

Artificial teeth inserted on all the leading bases.

Operations made as painless as possible.

OFFICE:—TRIBUNE BLOCK, Main Street, Deseronto

NOTICE.

INSURANCE ON FARM OR VILLAGE PROPERTY at low rates in Standard Stock Companies—the Royal Insurance Company and Commercial Union of England, Western and British American of Toronto.

THE RATHBUN CO., Agents

REVERE HOUSE,

CORNER KING AND YORK STREETS, TORONTO, ONT.

ROBERT MCDONALD, PROPRIETOR Parties from this section visiting Toronto will find this house most convenient to stop at, and will be sure of a very cordial welcome. A call solicited.

O'CONNOR HOUSE.

THIS HOTEL IS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED throughout, in the latest styles. Large and convenient Sample Rooms; and every accommodation and comfort for guests. The Bar is supplied with best imported and domestic Liquors and Cigars. Charges moderate First-class Livery in connection Good Yard and Stables attached.

P. O'CONNOR, Prop'r
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ORIENTAL HOTEL.

W. J. HUNT, Proprietor (formerly of Napanee) As I have leased this fine Hotel for a term of years I have refurnished and refitted it throughout, making it one of the best hotels in Deseronto. The bar will always be supplied with the finest liquors and Cigars. Good stabling in connection.

W. J. HUNT, Proprietor.

GEO. E. SNIDER,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELER & DEALER

in all kinds of SILVERWARE, &c.

Corner Main & St. George Streets, Deseronto.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,

DESERONTO

SAVING, BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits received and Interest allowed at rate of

FIVE PER CENT PER ANNUM.

DESERONTO :-: AGENCY

—OF THE—

KINGSTON & PEMBROKE AND CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

TICKETS may be obtained from the undersigned for all points in

MANITOBA, NORTHWEST TERRITORIES BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE WESTERN STATES.

If you wish to go to any point along the line of those Railways, secure your ticket in advance at this agency and thus save time and expense.

For other information apply to

S. RUSSELL,
TRIBUNE Office, Deseronto.

LIME FOR SALE.

BY CAR LOADS, WAGON LOADS or by Bushel at low prices. Special terms given to parties building who require a quantity. Leave orders with MR. F. C. WHITTON, or at the Rathbun Co's. office.

HARD TIMES OFTEN

Make Cheap Goods!

We have just bought from a Toronto firm a lot of Colored Rhadamais Silks, 50 per cent. less than regular prices, and will sell a good quality Silk, same as other houses charge cents and $1.00, fo 50 cents.

We will sell all Summer Dress Goods at away down prices.

We will clear all Remnants and ends of Goods for your own prices nearly.

All Light Prints at cost price.

We are selling Ginghams, Seersuckers, etc., awfully cheap.

The values of our Shirtings, Cottonades, Cottons, Looms, etc., are right.

Our Millinery business has kept up wonderfully, hats going out every day. Everything in this department reduced in price.

We are giving astonishing bargains in Black Silks. Here is where close buying tells.

HOSIERY AND GLOVES.

It's surprising the quantity of Gloves and Hosiery we sell. Our assortment is still good, and the prices such as no person will complain of.

OUR TOWEL SALE

has been a great success. The table has been newly sorted up and all the lot will be cleared off this next week.

NEW FALL GOODS,

such as Grey Flannels, Tapestry and Brussels Carpets, Dress Goods, Fall Hats, Etc., are just to hand, and we are in a position to give unapproachable bargains in them.

Despite the cry of hard times, our July business this year shows a considerable increase over last year. We want a bigger increase for August.

HINCH & CO.

NAPANEE.

HAMILTON is SHOWING

New Dress Goods,

New Prints,

New Seersuckers,

Shambrae in Pink, Blue and Grey,

extra value, with embroidery to match.

A Full line of Gents Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Ties, &c

Ready-Made Clothing in Boy's, Children's and Men's. A large line of light summer wear.

Prices Low. Quality the best. In fact everything to be found in a first-class Dry Goods Store.

M. C. HAMILTON'S, McCullough's Block.

Lardine Machine Oil.

FARMERS, THRESHERS AND MECHANICS

Will save money by using Lardine. No gum, no grit, and will wear out Lard or Castor Oil.

Manufactured by McCOLL BROS., Toronto.

NOTICE.

IN future all engagments and other arrangements in connection with the Rathbun Company Band must be made through Mr. James Stokes, their President, to whom full powers in such matters have been delegated by the Band.

Deseronto, July 26, 1888.

Building Lots.

FORTY choice building lots just laid out and ready for sale.

Apply to

F. C. WHITTON.

Deseronto, June7, 1888.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY have a few lots for sale on the hill near the White Church.

Apply to MR. F. C. WHITTON.

Dese 1869, April 12,1887

C. H. OTTO,

BOOKBINDER,

over the TRIBUNE office,

DESERONTO.

MAGAZINES and MUSIC bound in any style.

BLANK BOOKS ruled and bound to any pattern desired.

June 7,1888—37.

THE TRIBUNE

Will be sent to new subscribers from now till the 1st of January, 1889, for 25 cents in advance. No person should miss this opportunity.

IF.

If, when her eyes meet mine, my eyes are sealed
By the last twilight that shall ever fall,
With life and hope forever past recall,
And all their longing by death's love kiss healed,
Perhaps forgiveness, like some lily fair,
May bloom for him who sleeps so soundly there.

If, under shadows that could never cease,
I was at rest, forevermore at rest—
A simple wildwood flower on my breast,
If placed there by her hand might send me peace
A violet cluster taking from the skies
The summer depths of her sad, violet eyes.

If, in the silence of that last long sleep,
She could not read the mystery and see
That she alone was all life held for me,
Mayhap, across her heart one pang would sweep,
To think that even death could make no less
The soul's dim sense of utter loneliness.

And if at last we wandering shall meet
In heavenly fields of asphodel above,
Will the remembrance of our buried love
Make the white paths of Paradise less sweet—
If in the byways of that far off land
Our journey's cross, by some lone stream, and we together stand?

—Ernest McGaffey.

THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

SUMMARY OF THE PROGRAMME OF THE WEEK —SOME OF THE ATTRACTIONS.

The programme for the provincial fair to be held at Kingston from Sept. 10th to 15th, is now complete, and it certainly is a most complete one, as the following summary of events will show:

Monday—Final arrangements of exhibits.

Tuesday—Formal opening by Sir John Macdonald, Hon. Charles Drury, commissioner of agriculture for Ontario, Hon. H. G. Joly, ex-premier of Quebec, and other prominent gentlemen; specialties on the staging opposite to the grand stand.

Wednesday— Visit to His Excellency the Governor-General, Lord Stanley of Preston, and suite, at 4 p. m., and presentation of addresses on the grand stand; special musical and other attractions; dairy farmers conference, presided over by Hon. C. Drury. and addressed by various authorities on agricultural matters.

Wednesday evening—Viewing the exhibition by electric light; performance of Miss La France, the high ascensionist; the Judge family, the famous Mexican acrobats, and Miss Bessie Gilbert, the best lady cornet soloist in America.

Thursday—Speeding in the ring; exhibition of prize stock; continuation of the farmers convention; address by Hon. Mr. Joly on forestry; specialties on the grand stand.

Thursday evening—Full entertainment by the stars; musical specialties; visit of the governor-general and suite; fire works.

Friday—Further exhibit of the prize stock, and complete presentation of the specialties.

Saturday—Payment of prize money and close of exhibition.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

George Weber, the German historian, is dead.

A military conspiracy has been discovered at Madrid.

The House of Representatives has passed the Chinese Bill.

More libel suits against the *Times* are promised by Irish members.

The G. T. R. station at Omemee was burned on Saturday morning.

The Dominion oatmeal mill at London was burned Monday; loss about $15,000.

Emperor William's Frankfort speech caused depression on the European bourses.

Caza, the Coteau Landing murderer, was arrested on Saturday and taken to Montreal.

Mr. Seth Green, the well-known fish-culturist, died at his home in Rochester yesterday.

French forage stores at Toulon have been partially burned, and Italians are blamed for setting them on fire.

Seventeen dynamite bombs were found near the Newport Iron Steel Works, across the river from Cincinnati.

Boulanger was elected in the in the Department of the Somme and heads the polls in the Charente and Nord Departments.

The Winnipeg Free Press says financial arrangements have been completed for the building of the Hudson Bay railway.

The Winnipeg Sun says the contract between the Manitoba Government and the Northern Pacific has not been broken up.

It is stated that Mr. Mercier will appeal to the people if the Jesuits' Estates Bill is vetoed by the Dominion Government.

R. J. Creigh, agent of the New Zealand Government, says that a mail line between Vancouver and Brisbane will probably be established.

Two men were stabbed on Saturday night by an Amherst Island fisherman, from whom they were trying to take a jug of whiskey. One of them will probably die.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS:—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething." Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic softens the Gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

DISTRICT ITEMS.

Burglars have been operating in Renfrew.

Consecon yearns for a tailoring establishment.

Drunkenness and rowdyism are prevalent in Smith's Falls.

Woodcock are said to be very scarce in this district this year.

The Women's medical college, Kingston, opens on the 3rd of October.

Over 62 new buildings have been erected in Newburgh since the great fire.

Belleville is re-organizing its high school with a view to greater efficiency.

St. Michael's church, Belleville, will be dedicated on the 7th of October.

Messrs. Coe & Feency have erected a large shingle mill at the lake near Madoc.

The tax rate in Colborne is 14 mills on the dollar and in Campbellford 16½ mills.

The Roman Catholics of Odessa will remove their old church or build new edifice

H. F. Ketcheson, of Belleville, has a collection of postage stamps valued at $2,000.

Sturgeon averaging 50 pounds each, are being caught in large numbers at Point Traverse.

Preachers are very numerous in Bloomfield; go where you will you run against one of them.

John McConnell, Odessa, threshed from a small field over 200 bushels of first class barley.

Samuel McCullough, formerly foreman in the *Intelligencer* officer, died on Monday afternoon.

George Boulter has organized a brass band at Demorestville composed of ladies and gentlemen.

Five hundred dollars will be devoted to giving the governor-general a reception at Kingston.

Mr. Edward Martin, son of Mr. Joseph Martin, Point Petre, died very suddenly last week.

Tweed will probably have a spoke and hub factory. Will it then be the Hub of the northern townships?

David Wager's residence and drive house, at Millhaven were burnt on the 5th inst. Loss $1100.

A rich vein of iron ore has been struck on the lot of Jenkins & Chambers in the township of Wollaston.

The fruit crop throughout Prince Edward indicates a satisfactory yield, and the samples are good.

A number of parties in North Hastings have been heavily fined for setting out bush fires at this season of the year.

A little on of J. C. Jarman, of Bancroft, was seriously if not fatally injured by a shingle machine on the 16th inst.

The Roman Catholics of Gananoque are proposing the sale of their present church preparatory to erecting a $25,000 edifice.

The sea serpent has made his way to Beaver lake north of Napanee. It is from ten to thirty feet in length and playful as a kitten.

During the thunder storm on Thursday night of last week the spire of the western Methodist church, Napanee, was struck by lightning.

Hulburt Wrightmyer, aged eleven years gallantly rescued two young ladies from drowning at Trenton last week. He was nearly strayed in his effort.

The residence of Mr. C. W. Thompson, Newburgh, will cost $6,000 and be the finest in that village. Mr. Thompson has erected has erected a $4,000 residence.

Mr. Robt. Pottingill, of Hillier, one day last week killed in a swale on his farm, a black snake six feet long and as thick round the middle as an ordinary fruit can.

Judge Price has settled the financial difficulty in Gananoque by deciding that Mr. E. H. Ellis, ex-treasurer, is indebted to the village in the sum of $407.76.

Ameliasburg people are now glad that they did not drain their front marsh as proposed some years ago, as this dry year it has furnished a great abundance of fodder.

Wm. McKeown has been arrested by Chief Hinde of Trenton on a charge of binding ties to the Central Ontario track to derail a train, and for burning the barn of Isaac Golding fifteen years ago.

The prospects are favourable for a good fall fair at Picton, the number of entries being unusually large for this season of the year. It will be held on the third of October.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

To The Editor of The Tribune.

DEAR SIR—I think you will agree with me that it is only a question of time when a street railway will be running between Napanee and Deseronto carrying passengers each way for 5 or 10 cents fare, would it not be a good thing in the meantime too for the people of both places to give a bonus to establish a line of stages making two or three trips a day so that we may cultivate a more friendly acquaintance and do more business with each other to our mutual advantage. Hoping that the proposal may be discussed in a fair and friendly spirit and some action taken in the matter, I remain

Yours very truly,
NAPANEE.

DON'T

Let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and "know how it is themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

A FATAL QUARREL.

A terrible murder was committed a few miles from Consecon, Friday afternoon at a place called Smoke Point, on the Carrying Place road. The news soon spread through the neighborhood, and in a few hours Constable Morrison had three men in custody, charged with the crime. They willingly gave themselves up and came to the village without offering any resistance. The prisoners are Peter Loveless, aged 55, and his sons, John Loveless, aged 23, and Wellington, aged 19. The latter is charged with firing the fatal shot. He is the youngest son and looks a raw country youth rather than a murderer. He is five feet 7 inches in height and weighs 118 pounds.

The murdered man is Leslie Church, aged 26, who lived near Loveless. He was unmarried and worked his father's farm. There was a bitter feeling between the neighbors on account of some fall ploughing and seeding done on a rented farm and this led to the tragic death of poor Church. Old man Loveless was driving to market in the morning with his wife and overtook Church and his sister Mary on the road. They trotted their horses for a long distance, Loveless trying to pass Church. When near Latour's hotel Loveless turned out to the right, but Church cut him off and in speeding past the corner Church's rig upset. The buggy was completely demolished. A second one was secured to go to Trenton in. The parties did not meet again until the afternoon, when Church was returning in the borrowed buggy. They met then in a lane and the tragedy ensued. The elder Loveless, in his version of the fatal affray, said:—"We were driving down the lane to our work just after dinner. John and Wellington were riding in a lumber waggon, while I sat on the horserake behind, with a pitchfork in my hand. I told the boys that I would open the gate, and while I got down to do so I saw Leslie Church and John A. Bonter driving towards me from the opposite direction. Geo. Church, aged ten, was with him. Church sprang out of his buggy and coming towards me, said:—'——Your old scal. I have you now and I'll make you pay for it. Will you pay me for the buggy or not?' I told him I would not. 'Then I'll take it out of you,' was his answer. 'You have got that fork to stop me. I can whip you and all the family, whether you have a fork or not!' Church then threw off his coat and vest and said to me:—'Strip yourself.' I replied that I would not and that I would not quarrel with him. 'I'll take it out of you anyway,' continued Church, and with this Bonter walked up and said, 'Give it to him, I called to the boys to come in and not mind them. When Church struck me I shoved him back and walked away, telling the boys to come on, but Church's rig obstructed the passage. Church said,'I have got the road and you can't go by,' and using further blasphemous language warned me not to break his rig again. I drew my revolver and ordered him out of the road, when he struck me twice. Bonter grabbed hold of me and Church made for the boys, saying, "I can lick that devilish Jack Loveless," and struck at Wellington. The latter ran to me, got the pistol and shot Church then. I did not see the shooting, but Church exclaimed. "My God, I'm shot; I'm shot!" and fell over. Bonter ran towards his home for his gun and we drove off, surrendering ourselves to a constable." As a result of the Coroner's inquest Peter Lovefess and his son Wellington were committed to the county jail in Picton to await their trial at the October assizes. Wellington Loveless, the son, was committed for wilful murder and Peter Loveless, the father for conselling and advising the murder.

DEMORESTVILLE.

An Occasional Correspondent.

Our Presbyterian friends held their annual S. S. picnic on Thursday last, in the beautiful grove adjoining the village. The day was one of the best; the crowd assembled was large and respectable; the tables were spread, as our Presbyterian ladies generally do things, in fine style with all the delicacies of the season in abundance. After a sumptuous dinner, all seemed well satisfied. Then the celebrated choir of this church gave some fine music; then came an exciting game of base ball between a picked team from Picton and the Demorestville club. Games were excellent playing done on both sides, but as is usually the case with our boys they got ahead. The score was seven runs for Picton and eight for our lads in nine innings. After the game had been concluded, all hands to the grove again where the ladies had everything in readiness and the Picton boys were treated to their supper. There was a lot of other amusements, races, etc., which I have not time to describe. The day's sport was brought to a close all expressing themselves very much pleased with the day's enjoyment. We hope to be spared to attend many such occasions.

Mr. Albro Sprague, son of our esteemed Postmaster, is home from California where he has resided for the past eight years. He has been engaged in the mercantile business; his partner in business Mr. Goodfellow accompanied him home. We believe it is Mr. Sprague's intention to return in a short time.

Mrs. Turnbull has been away for some time rusticating.

Our base ball club went to Northport on Saturday to play a friendly game with the Blue Knights of that place and I tell you it made them look pretty blue. We beat the blue knights over two to one; poor knights, you better quit if you can't do better than you have done yet.

Mr. Jas. Hart has got his barn finished and it looks very neat; it is quite an improvement in our antiquated old village. The agricultural society is about buying 10 acres of the old McDowall farm for a driving park. We suppose they will be soon building a crystal palace, then who will dare to call this place Sodom?

Few children can be induced to take physic without a struggle, and no wonder—most drugs are extremely nauseating. Ayer's Pills, on the contrary, being sugar-coated, are eagerly swallowed by the little ones, and are, therefore, the favorite family medicine.

THE THREAD OF LIFE;

OR,

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XV.—The Plan Extends Itself.

For three or four days, Elsie lay at the Relfs' lodgings at Lowestoft, seriously ill, but slowly improving; and all the time, Mrs Relf and Edie watched over her tenderly with unceasing solicitude, as though she had been their own daughter and sister. Elsie's heart was torn every moment by a devouring desire to know what Hugh had done, what Hugh was doing, what they had said and thought about her at Whitestrand. She never said so directly to the Relfs, of course; she couldn't bring herself yet to speak of it to anybody; but Edie perceived it intuitively from her silence and her words; and after a time, she mentioned the matter in sisterly confidence to her brother Warren. They had both looked in the local papers for some account—if accident it were—and saw, to their surprise, that no note was taken anywhere of Elsie's sudden disappearance. This was curious, not to say ominous; for in most English country villages a young lady cannot vanish into space on a summer evening, especially flinging herself bodily into the sea—as Warren Relf did not doubt for a second Elsie had done in the momentary desperation of a terrible awakening—without exciting some sort of local curiosity as to where she has gone or what has become of the body. We cannot emulate the calm social atmosphere of the Bagdad of the Califs where a mysterious disappearance on an enchanted carpet aroused but the faintest and most languid passing interest in the breasts of the bystanders. With us the enchanted carpet explanation has fallen out of date, and mysterious disappearances, how-ever remarkable, form a subject rather of prosaic and prying inquiry on the part of those commonplace and unromantic myrmidons, the county constabulary. This strange absence of any allusion in the Whitestrand news to what must needs have formed a nine days' wonder in the quiet little village, quickened all Warren Relf's profoundest suspicions as to Hugh's procedure. At Whidestrand, all they could possibly know was that Miss Challoner was missing—perhaps even that Miss Challoner had drowned herself. Why should it all be so unaccountably burked, so strangely hushed up in the local newspapers? Why should no report be divulged anywhere? Why should nobody even hint in the *Lowestoft Times or the Ipsevich Chronicle* that a young lady of considerable personal attractions, was unaccountably missing from a family of a well-known Suffolk laudowner?

Already on the very day after his return to Lowestoft, Warren Relf had hastily telegraphed to Hugh Massinger at Whitestrand that he was detained in the Broads, and would be unable to carry out his long-standing engagement to take him round in the *Mud-Turtle* to London. But as time went on, and no news came from Massinger, Warren Relf's suspicions deepened daily. It was clear that Elsie, too, was lingering in her convalescence from suspense and uncertainty. She couldn't make up her mind to write either to Hugh or Winifred, and yet she couldn't bear the long state of doubt which silence entailed upon her. So at last, to set to rest their joint fears, and to make sure what was really being said and done and thought at Whitestrand, Warren Relf determined to run over quietly for an afternoon's inquiry, and to hear with his own ears how people were talking about the topic of the hour in the little village.

He never got there, however. At Almundham Station, to his great surprise, he ran suddenly against Mr. Wyville Meysey. The Squire recognised him at a glance as the young man who had taken them in his yawl to the sandhills, and began to talk to him freely at once about all that had since happened in the family. But Relf was even more astonished when he found that the subject which lay uppermost in Mr. Meysey's mind just then was not Elsie Challoner's mysterious disappearance at all, but his daughter Winifred's recent engagement to Hugh Massinger. The painter was still some years too young to have mastered the profound anthropological truth that even with the best of us, man is always a self-centred being.

"Well, yes," the Squire said, after a few commonplaces of conversation had been interchanged between them. "You haven't heard, then, from your friend Massinger lately, haven't you? I'm surprised at that. He had something out of the common to communicate. I should have thought he'd have been anxious to let you know at once that he and my girl Winifred had hit things off amicably together.—O, yes, it's announced, definitely announced: Society is aware of it. Mrs. Meysey made it known to the county, so to speak, at Sir Theodore Sheepshanks's on Wednesday evening. Your friend Massinger is not perhaps quite the precise man we might have selected ourselves for Winifred, if we'd taken the choice into our own hands: but what I say is, let the young people settle these things themselves—let the young people settle them between them. It's they who've got to live with one another, after all, not we; and they're a great deal more interested in it at bottom, when one comes to think of it, than the whole of the rest of us put together."

"And Miss Challoner?" Warren asked, as soon as he could edge in a word conveniently, after the Squire had dealt from many points of view—all equally prosy—with Hugh Massinger's position, character, and prospects—"is she still with you? I'm greatly interested in her. She made an immense impression on me that day in the sandhills."

The Squire's face fell somewhat. "Miss Challoner?" he echoed. "Ah, yes: our governess. Well, to tell you the truth—if you ask me point-blank—Miss Challoner's gone off a little suddenly.—We've been disappointed in that girl, if you *will* have it. We don't want it talked over in the neighbourhood more than we can help, on Hugh Massinger's account, more than anything else, because, after all, she was a sort of cousin of his—a sort of cousin, though a very remote one; as we learn now, an extremely remote one. We've asked the servants to hush it all up as much as they can, to prevent gossip; for my daughter's sake we'd like to avoid gossip; but I don't mind telling you, in strict confidence, as you're a friend of Massinger's, that Miss Challoner left us, we all think, in a most ungrateful manner. It fell upon us like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. She left a letter for Winifred, saying she was leaving for parts unknown, without grounds stated. She slipped away, like a thief in the night, as the proverb says, taking just a small hand-bag with her, one dark evening; and the only other communication we've since received is a telegram from London—sent to Hugh Massinger—asking us, in the most mysterious, romantic school-girlish style, to forward her luggage and belongings to an address given.

"A telegram from London!" Warren Relf cried in blank surprise. "Do you think Miss Challoner's in London, then? That's very remarkable.—A telegram to Massinger! asking you to send her luggage on to London!—You're quite sure it came from London, are you?"

"Quite sure!—Why, I've got it in my pocket this very moment, my dear sir," the Squire replied somewhat testily. When an elder man says "My dear sir" to a very much younger one, you may take it for granted he always means to mark his strong disapprobation of the particular turn the talk has taken.) "Here it is—look: 'To Hugh Massinger, *Fisherman's Rest*, Whitestrand, Suffolk.—Ask Winnifred to send the rest of my luggage and property to 27 Holmbury Place, Duke Street, St. James's. Explanations by post hereafter.—Elsie Challoner.'—And here's the letter she wrote to Winifred: a very disappointing, disheartening letter. I'd like you to read it, as you seem interested in the girl. It's an immense mistake ever to be interested in anybody anywhere! A very bad lot, after all, I'm afraid; though she's clever of course, undeniably clever.—We had her with the best credentials, too, from Girton. We're only too thankful now to think she should have associated for so very short a time with my daughter Winifred."

Warren Relf took the letter and telegram from the Squire's hand in speechless astonishment. This was evidently a plot—a dark and extraordinary plot of Massinger's. Just at first he could hardly unravel its curious intricacies. He knew the address in Holmbury Place well; it was where the club porter of the Cheyne Row lived. But he read the letter with utter bewilderment. Then the whole truth dawned piecemeal upon his astonished mind as he read it over and over slowly. It was all a lie—a hideous, hateful lie. Hugh Massinger believed that Elsie was drowned. He had forged the letter to Winifred to cover the truth, and, incredible as it seemed to a straight-forward, honest nature like Warren Relf's, he had managed to get nhe telegram sent from London by some other person, in Elsie's name, and to have Elsie's belongings forwarded direct to the club porter's, as if at her own request, by Miss Meysey. Warren Relf stood aghast with horror at this unexpected revelation of Massinger's utter baseness and extraordinary cunning. He had suspected the man of heartlessness and levity; he had never suspected him of anything like so profound a capacity for serious crime—for forgery and theft and concealment of evidence.

His fingers trembled as he held and examined the two documents. At all hazards, he must show them to Miss Challoner. It was right she should herself know for exactly what manner of man she had thrown herself away. He hesitated a moment, then he said boldly: "These papers are very important to me, as casting light on the whole matter. I'm an acquaintance of Massinger's, and I'm deeply interested in the young lady. It's highly desirable she should be traced and looked after. I have some reason to suspect where she is at present. I want to ask a favour of you now. Will you lend me these documents, for three days only, and will you kindly mention to nobody at present the fact of your having seen me or spoken to me here this morning?" To gain time at least was always something.

The Squire was somewhat taken aback at first by this unexpected request; but Warren Relf looked so honest and true as he asked it, that, after a few words of hesitation and explanation, the Squire, convinced of his friendly intentions, acceded to both his propositions at once. It flashed across his mind as a possible solution that the painter had been pestering Elsie with too pressing attentions, and that Elsie, with hysterical girlish haste, had run away from him to escape them—or perhaps only to make him follow her. Anyhow, there would be no great harm in his tracking her down. "If the girl's in trouble, and you think you can help her," he said good-naturedly, "I don't mind giving you what assistance I can in this matter. You can have the papers. Send them back next week or the week after. I'm going to Scotland for a fortnight's shooting now—at Farquharson's of Invertanar—and I shan't be back till the 10th or 11th. But I'm glad somebody has some idea where the girl is. As it seems to be confidential, I'll ask no questions at present about her; but I do hope she hasn't got into any serious mischief."

"She has got into no mischief at all of any sort," Warren Relf answered slowly and seriously. "You are evidently labouring under a complete misapprehension, Mr. Meysey, as to her reasons for leaving you. I have no doubt that misapprehension will be cleared up in time. Miss Challoner's motives, I can assure you, were perfectly right and proper; only the action of another person has led you to mistake her conduct in the matter."

This was mysterious, and the squire hated mystery; but after all, it favoured his theory—and besides, the matter was to him a relatively unimportant one. It didn't concern his own private interest. He merely suspected Warren Relf of having got himself mixed up in some foolish love-affair with Elsie Challoner, his daughter's governess, and he vaguely conceived that one or other of them had taken a very remarkable and romantic way of wriggling out of it. Moreover, at that precise moment his train came in; and since time and train wait for no man, the Squire, with a hasty farewell to the young painter, installed himself forthwith on the comfortable cushions of a first-class carriage, and steamed unconcernedly out of Almundham Station.

It was useless for Warren Relf now to go on to Whitestrand. To show himself there would be merely to display his hand openly before Hugh Massinger. The caprice of circumstances had settled everything for him exactly as he would have wished it. It was lucky indeed that the Squire would be away for a whole fortnight; his absence would give them time to concert a connected plan of action, and to devise means for protecting Elsie. For to Warren Relf that was now the one great problem in the case—how to hush the whole matter up, without exposing Elsie's wounded heart to daws and jays—without making her the matter of unnecessary suspicion, or the subject of common gossip and censorious chatter. At all costs, it must never be said that Miss Challoner had tried to drown herself in spite and jealousy at Whitestrand poplar, because Hugh Massinger had ventured to propose to Winifred Meysey.

That was how the daws and jays would put it, after their odious kind, over five o'clock tea, in their demure drawing-rooms.

What Elsie herself would, say to it all, or think of doing in these difficult circumstances, Warren Relf did not in the least know. As yet, he was only very imperfectly informed as to the real state of the case in all its minor details. But he knew this much—that he must screen Elsie at all hazards from the slanderous tongues of five o'clock tea-tables, and that the story must be kept as quiet as possible, safeguarded by himself, his mother, and his sister.

So he took the next train back to Lowestoft, to consult at leisure on these new proofs of Hugh Massinger's guilt with his domestic counsellors.

CHAPTER XVI.—From Information Received.

At Whitestrand itself, that same afternoon, Hugh Massinger sat in his own little parlor at the village inn, fevrish and eager, as he had always been since that terrible night when "Elsie was drowned," as he firmly believed without doubt or question; and in the bar across the passage, a couple of new-comers, rough waterside characters, were talking loudly in the seafaring tongue about some matter of their own over a pint of beer and a pipe of tobacco. Hugh tried in vain for many minutes to interest himself in the concluding verses of his *Death of Alaric*—anything for an escape from this gnawing remorse—but his Hippocrene was dry, his Pegasus refused to budge a feather: he could find no rhymes and grind out no sentiments; still angry with himself at last for his own unproductiveness, he leant back in his chair with profound annoyance and litsened listlessly to the strange disjointed echoes of gossip that came to him in fragments through the half-open door from the adjoining taproom. To his immense surprise, the talk was not now of topsails or of spinnakers: conversation seemed to have taken a literary turn; he caught more than once through a haze of words the unexpected name of Charles Dickens.

The oddity of its occurrence in such company made him prick up his ears. He strained his hearing to catch the context.

"Yes," the voice drawled out in a low London accent, tinged with the peculiar Wapping dialect; "I read that there book, *Our Mutual Friend*, I think 'e calls it. A pal o' mine, 'e said to me right out at the time, "Bill," says 'e "that there Dickens 'ave took a leaf out o' your book," says e; "'e've been a-takin' of you off: 'e've showed you up in print, 'e 'ave, under the halias of Rogue Rider'ood," says 'e; "an' you'd oughter read it, if it was for nothin' on earth but for the sake o' the likeness."—"Is that so?" says I, never thinkin' 'e meant it, as the sayin' is. "It is," says 'e; "an' you've got to look into it."—Well I got a 'old o' the book, an' I read it right through on 'is recommendation: leastways, my missus she read it out loud to me: she've 'ad a eddication, my missus 'av: an' it's a pack o' rot, that's wot I calls it. There ain't no kind o' sense in it, to my thinkin'."

"The cap don't fit you, then, says you," the other voice retorted with a gurgle of tobacco. "'E ain't drawn you so as a man could recognise you."

"Recognize me! Well, recognisin' ain't in it, d'ye see. Wot 't say is just a lot o' rubbish. This 'ere Rogue Rider'ood, acording to the story, 'e'd used to row about Lime'ouse Reach, a searchin' for bodies."

"A-searchin' for bodies!" the second man repeated with an incredulous whiff. "Wy, wot the dooce did 'e want to go an' do that for?"

"Well, that's just where it is, don't you see? 'E done it for a livelihood. A livelihood, says I, wen my missus reads that part out to me; wot livelihood could a beggar make out o' bodies? says I. 'Tain't as though a body was worth anything nowadays, viewed *as* a body, says I, argumentative-like. A man as knowed anything about the riverside wouldn't never 'a gone writin' such rubbish as that, an' in a printed book too, as 'ad ought to be wrote careful an' ackerate. It's my opinion, says I, as this 'ere Dickens is an over-rated man. A body nowadays, wether its a drownded body or a nat'ral body, ain't worth nothing not the clothes it stands up in, viewed *as* a body. Times was wen a body was always acshally a body, an' worth savin' for itself, afore the 'Natomy Ack. But wot's it worth now? Wy, 'arf a crown for landin' it, paid by the parish, if it's landed in Essex, or five bob if you tow it over Surrey side o' the river. Not but wot I grant you there's bodies an' bodies. If a nob drowns hisself, wy, then, o course there's sometimes as much as fifty pounds, or might be a 'undred, set upon the body. 'Is friends is glad to get the corpse back, an' ave it buried reg'lar in the family churchyard. A reward's offered free enough for a nob, I don't deny it. But 'ow many nobs goes an' drowns theirselves in a season, d' you suppose; an' 'oo as knowed anything about the river would go a-lookin' for nobs in Lime'ouse Reach or way down Bermondsey way?"

"Stands to reason they wouldn't, Bill," the other voice answered with a quiet chuckle.

"O' course it stands to reason," Bill replied with an emphatic expletive. "Wen a nob drowns hisself, 'e don't go an' throw hisself off London Bridge; no, nor off Blackfriars neither, you warrant you. 'E don't go an' put hisself out aforehand for nothin' like that takin' a 'bus into the City, as you may say, out o' pure foolishness. 'E just claps 'is 'at on 'is 'ead an' strolls down to Wes'minster Bridge, as it maybe 'ere, or to Charin' Cross or Waterloo—a lot of 'em goes over Waterloo, perlice or no perlice; an' 'e jumps in close an' 'andy by 'is own door, in the manner o' speakin', an' is done with it immejately.—But wot's the use o' lookin' for 'im after that, below bridge, away down at Lime'ouse? Anybody as knows the river knows well as a body startin' from Waterloo, or maybe from Westminster, don't go down to Lime'ouse, ebb or flow, nor nothin' like it. It gets into the whirlpool off Saunders's Wharf, an' ketches the back-current, an' turns round an' round till it's throwed up by the tide, as you may say, upward, on the mud at Millbank, or by Lambeth Stangate. So there ain't no liveli'ood to be made any-'ow by picking up bodies down about Lime'ouse; an' it's always been my opinion ever since then that that there Dickens is a very much overrated person."

"There ain't no doubt about it," the other answered. "If 'e said that, there can't be no doubt at all about it."

To Hugh Massinger, sitting apart in his own room, these strange scraps of an alien conversation had just then a ghastly and horrible fascination. These men were accustomed, then, to drowned corpses! They were connoisseurs in drowning. They knew the ways of bodies like regular experts. He listened, spellbound, to catch their next sentences. There was a short pause, during which—as he judged by the way they breathed—each took a long pull at the pewter mug, and then the last speaker began again. "You'd oughter know," he murmured musingly, "for I s'pose there ain't any man on the river anywheres as 'as 'ad to do with as many bodies as you 'ave."

"That's so!" the first person assented emphatically. "Thirty year I've served the Trinity 'ouse, rain or shine, an' you don't provision light-ships that long without learnin' a thing or two on the way about bodies. The current carries 'em all one way round. A body as starts on its journey at Wes'minster, as it may be 'ere, goes ashore at Millbank. A body as begins at London Bridge, comes out, as reg'lar as clockwork, on the furrer end o' the Isle o' Dogs.—It's just the same along this 'ere east coast 'ere. I picked up that gal I've come about to-day on the north side o' the Ordfordness Light, by the back o' the Trinity groyne or thereabouts. A body as comes up on the north side of Orfordness 'as always drifted down from the nor'-west'ard. So it stands to reason this 'ere gal I've got lying up there must a' come with the ebb from Walberswick or Aldeburgh, or maybe Whitestrand: there ain't no other way out of it any'ow. Well, they told me at Walberswick there was a young lady a-missin' over 'ere at Whitestrand—a young lady from the 'All—a lady o' property seeming—and as there might be money on it, or again there mightn't wy I come up 'ere o' course to make all proper inquiries."

Hugh Massinger's heart gave a terrible bound. O heavens! that things should have come to this pass. That wretch had found Elsie's body!

In what a tangled maze of impossibilities had he enmeshed himself for ever by that one false step of the forged letter. This wretch had found Elsie's body—the body that he loved with all his soul—and he could neither claim it himself nor look upon it, bury it nor show the faintest interest in it, without involving his case still further in endless complications, and rousing suspicions of fatal import against his own character.

He waited breathless for the next sentence. The second speaker went on once more. "And it don't fit?" he suggested, inquiringly.

"No; it don't fit, drat it," the man called Bill answered in an impatient tone. "She ain't drowned at all, the young lady as is missing at the 'All. They've 'ad letters an' telegrams from 'er, dated later nor the day I found 'er. I've 'anded over the body to the county perlice; it's in the mortuary at the Low Light; an' I shan't 'ave no more nor arf a crown from the parish after all for all my trouble. Suffolk and Essex is half-a-crown counties; Surrey's more liberal; it goes to five bob on 'em. Wy, I'm more'n eight shillin's out o' pocket by that there gal already, wot with loss of time an' travellin' expenses an' that. Next time I catches a body unbeknown knockin' about promiscuous on a lee-shore, with the tide runnin', an' the breakers poundin' it on its face on the shingle, they may whistle for it theirselves, that's wot they may do; I ain't agoin' to trouble my 'ead about it. Make a liveli'ood out of it, indeed! Wy, it's all rubbish, that's wot it is. It's my opinion that that there Dickens was a very much overrated person."

Hugh Massinger rose slowly, like one stunned, walked across the room, as in a dream, to the door, closed it noiselessly, for he could contain himself no longer, and then, burying his face silently in his arms, cried to himself a long and bitter cry, the tears following one another hot and fast down his burning cheeks, while his throat was choked by a rising ball that seemed to check his breath and impede the utterance of his stifled sobs. Elsie was dead, dead for him as if he had actually seen her drowned body cast up, unknown, as the man so hideously and graphically described it in his callous brutality, upon the long spit of the Orfordness lighthouse. He didn't for one moment doubt that it was she indeed whom the fellow had found and placed in the mortuary. His own lie reacted fatally against himself. He had put others on a false track, and now the false track misled his own spirit. From that day forth, Elsie was indeed dead, dead, dead for him. Alive in reality, and for all else save him, she was dead for him as though he had seen her buried. And yet, most terrible irony of all, he must still pretend before all the world strenuously and ceaselessly to believe her living. He must never in a single forgetful moment display his grief and remorse for the past; his sorrow for the loss of the one woman he had really loved—and basely betrayed; his profound affection for her now she was gone and lost to him for ever. He dare not even enquire—for the present at least—where she would be laid, or what would be done with her poor dishonored and neglected corpse. It must be buried, unheeded, in a pauper's nameless grave, by creatures as base and cruel as the one who had discovered it tossing on the shore, and regarded it only as a lucky find to make half-a-crown out of. Hugh's inmost soul revolted at the thought. And yet——And yet, even so, he was not man enough to go boldly down to Orfordness and claim and rescue that sacred corpse, as he truly and firmly believed it to be, of Elsie Challoner's. He meant still in his craven soul to stand well with the world, and to crown his perfidy by marrying Winifred.

(to be continued.)

Banking Under Difficulties.

Twenty-two years ago nuggets of gold were discovered at Hokitika, on the west coast of New Zealand. There was a "rush" to the small Maori village, and within a few weeks seventy vessels, of all sorts and sizes, were waiting to get over the dangerous harbor bar. The author of "Antipodean Nötes" sketches the first bank established there.

With the vessels came two agents of a local bank. Their bank furniture consisted of a safe, a pair of scales, a tent and a couple of revolvers. The two agents set up their tent, placed the safe in the back part, and a plank, laid across two tree-stumps, in front.

The bank "staff" sat down behind the plank; before one were the scales, a bottle of acid, and a notebook; the other man held a cocked revolver.

The digger brought his gold to the plank "counter," where it was weighed and tested. The value ascertained, the testing clerk unlocked the safe, placed the gold in it, brought out a dirty bundle of bank-notes, and handed them to the digger.

During this transaction, the clerk with the revolver looked carefully abcut to see if a suspicious person was lurking near.

The Fastest Train in the World.

The fastest train in the wrold is without doubt the "Flying Dutchman," which for many years succeeded in knocking off the 78 miles between London and Swindon in an hour and twenty-seven minutes. This is at the rate of 53 miles an hour. Exeter is 194 miles from Paddington, and is reached in 45½ miles an hour. The Prince of Wales has made some remarkably quick journeys on the Great Western. Not very long ago the North-Western took him from Manchester to London in three hours and fifty-five minutes, but the Great Western had previously beaten this by conveying him from London to Swansea (216) in three hours and fifty three-minutes, the average sped throughout that remarkable journey being almost 56 miles an hour. English trains are still much quicker than those of the Continent. The speed of the American expresses is from 35 to 40 miles an hour. The Chemin de fer du Nord runs its expresses at an average of 37, and the Paris and Mediterranean at 34 miles an hour. Some of the German expresses cover 36 miles an hour.

KILLED BY WILD ELEPHANTS.

A White Man who Once Found Himself Naked and Destitute in Central Africa.

The cable announced last week that Mr. Deane, one of the agents of the Congo Free State, had been killed in an elephant charge while out hunting. This gentleman was in command of the Stanley Falls station when it was attacked two years ago next month by the Arabs. On his retreat from that station he had one of the most thrilling experiences that ever befel a white man in Africa.

Before the station fell his ammunition, had been almost entirely exhausted, and the greater part of his force had skurried down the river, leaving him to his fate. In the darkness of the night Deane and his comrade, Dubois, with three or four Haussa soldiers, stole away from Stanley Falls and

NOISELESSLY MADE THEIR WAY

westward along the river bank. It was not long before Dubois, slipping upon a stone at the water's edge, fell into the rapid current and was drowned. Deane was left alone with his few black comrades, and the prospect that they would escape was very slight.

They pushed on all night, but in the intense darkness they were able to make their way only a few miles through the thick undergrowth. Thoroughly tired out they stopped at daylight for a short rest. The rain which had been falling all night ceased, and Deane took off his drenched garments to partially dry them. While his clothes were hanging on the bushes, shouts were suddenly heard a few hundred feet behind the little party. The Arabs had discovered their retreat and were in hot pursuit. They were so near that Deane could hear the grass rattle as the enemy sprang through it, rapidly following the muddy tracks of the fugitives. Deane had just time to throw his clothes over his arm and start at full speed through the bush, followed by his Haussa attendant. They could hear the shouts of the Arabs who were on their trail for hours, and

EVERY NERVE WAS STRAINED

to distance the pursuers. At last the noise behind them grew fainter, and by noon it was evident that the enemy had grown weary of the chase. Then the hunted little party stopped for a breathing spell.

It was a woebegone and almost hopeless band of fugitives. In the mad race for life every Haussa had lost his gun, and not a weapon of any sort was left in the party. One by one Deane had dropped his garments, and he had nothing left except a small military cape, which he threw over his shoulders. In the midst of an African jungle he had not the slightest protection for his bleeding feet, and even if he had saved his boots he would not have dared to put them on, for the tracks would have instantly revealed to any prowling Arab or hostile native that a white man was in the neighborhood. A cannibal tribe, with whom Deane himself had had a serious fight, lined the river below, and he dared not appeal to them for succor. He was about 300 miles from the nearest white station at Bangala. All that could be done was to struggle down the river, through the dense bush and forests, several miles inland, avoiding all the tribes, except one or two that were known to be friendly, and living on whatever they could pick up that would afford nutriment.

For four weeks this white castaway in Central Africa, almost naked, and weak with hunger fatigue, wandered through the solitudes of the country. The nights were cold, but

THE ONLY COVERING THE FUGITIVES HAD

was dried leaves, which they heaped over themselves as they lay down on the bare earth under the trees. They found many wild grapes and some other fruits of the forest, but these alone would not give them strength to keep up the hard march. An occasional monkey or a bird would have been a delightful addition to their food supplies, but without guns they could not obtain game of any sort. They did what any one else would do when fighting against starvation. Many African tribes esteem fried ants as a great delicacy. Whenever our fugitives came to a prosperous colony of ants they laid in a supply. Then many caterpillars crossed their path, and these treasures were carefully stowed away in a cartridge box. At dinner time the party would build a fire, roast their ants and caterpillars, and disguise these solid viands as much as possible with mouthfuls of grapes and other fruit. It was anything but palatable food, but it kept life in their bodies, though the poor fellows became so weak that they could travel only three or four miles a day.

At last they came to the Bakumu tribe, who live along the river, and the fugitives thought they might safely reveal themselves to these people. Their confidence was not betrayed, and the fugitives were supplied with provisions which very agreeably varied their caterpillar diet. Meanwhile the Bangala who deserted Deane at Stanley Falls had reached home in canoes, and informed Captain Coquilhat of the unhappy plight of his brother officer. The Captain at once

STARTED TO THE RESCUE

on a little steamer. He found Stanley Falls station burned to the ground, and as he lay in the river he had a hot exchange of compliments with the Arabs in a rattling fire of musketry. It was evident that Deane had either been killed or was making his way down stream.

Then began a search along the river banks for the unfortunate white man, but no trace was found until Coquilhat reached the Bakumu, who told him that two days before they had relieved the necessities of the fugitives. A few miles inland in a deserted hut the rescuers found the naked white man. It was time. Deane was absolutely worn out. His face was badly swollen, his eyes were sunken, and he could hardly crawl. He had no disease, but famine had nearly used him up.

This bitter experience did not wean Deane from his love of African adventure. He remained in the service of the Congo Free State, and he is one of the very few white men who have ever perished in a charge of enraged elephants, though Baker and several writers have given vivid descriptions of this danger which hunters sometimes encounter.

A man may be a bad egg, but he's all righ till he gets "broke."

Here are some important facts: "It is interesting to note the prevalence of particular offences in special localities. The largest number of forgers is in prison in Pennsylvania; of counterfeiters, in New York; of mail robbers, in Texas; of illicit distillers, in North Carolina and Tennessee; of saloonkeepers, in Maine and Massachusets; of drunkards, in New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; of disorderly persons, in New York; of vagrants, in Pennsylvania; of murderers, in Texas and California. Much the largest amount of imprisonments for offences against chastity is found in Massachusetts—it amounts to one-fifth of all th cases reported in the United States—in proportion to the population of the State, the number is so great as to excite astonishment."

PERSONAL.

The Duke of Marlborough and his new Duchess will return to America shortly to give his Grace an opportunity to go on an extensive Western hunting trip.

Jay Gould is described by a Saratoga correspondent as looking very careworn and old. His attire is a blue serge suit, leaden colored plug hat and a white calico tie considerably soiled.

Mrs. Gladstone recently appeared on a special day at the Irish exhibition in London with a white Irish lace shawl thrown over her black dress, and a couple of little grandsons clothed in fancy Irish costume.

A white marble bust of Apollo, said to be of wonderful beauty, has just arrived in Constantinople from Smyrna, where it had been excavated along with a Juno and a Roman Emperor. Connoisseurs say the Apollo is of the time of Praxiteles.

M. Madier de Montjau, a French politician, always rides for the bulk of his journeying in a first-class carriage, but when he reaches the station at the town next to that at which he is to alight he skips along into a third-class carriage, and on arriving at his destination steps out before an admiring constituency to pose as a "robust radical"

Andrew Lang, the English writer, is said to spend four hours a day at "pure literature" and to write six articles a week for the London *Daily News*, two articles and two reviews for the *Saturday Review* and two humorous sketches for the *St' James Gazette*. For his work for the three journals named he is said to receive $15,000 a year.

The Shah has caused a great stir in Persia by issuing an imperial edict telling his people that "they may engage with perfect confidence in all industries and enterprise which are the basis of civilization and the sources of happiness and prosperity," that they "may without fear or apprehension of any kind exercise all rights of ownership over their property," and that they "may undertake any enterprise requiring the combination of capital or the formation of companies, such as the constructing of public works, roads, &c." The world may be considered conquered when Persia opens her doors to civilization.

C. N. Jordan estimates that he has signed his name millions and millions of times as bank president and Treasurer of the United States. When he was President of the Third National Bank he signed his name as often as 15,000 times in one day, and he used up from fifteen to thirty pens a day. His coat sleeves suffered greatly in the work, but they could be repaired, while the flesh on his wrist, which suffered the most, could not be repaired, though he rubbed it freely with vaseline and cold-cream. Mr. Jordan writes with a light stroke, and he says that as Secretary of the Treasury he consumed only one-third as much ink as his predecessors.

Reminiscences of Herr Ludwig Schneider, private secretary to the late Emperor William of Germany, have been published, and are exciting immense interest, especially the chapters on the Franco-German campaign of 1870. When the Emperor addressed the army at the close of the war he dictated the closing passage of his speech as follows: "But we do not forget that we must all be grateful towards Providence, for Providence has willed that we should be the instrument destined to accomplish what are such great events in the history of the world." Schneider, not agreeing with the view of events, altered the expression so as to make it run: "Providence has permitted," and was rebuked in this way: "Why, do you imagine," said the Emperor, "that I could have supported the heavy burden of this war, in which such successes have been possible, if I had not entertained the firm conviction that Providence willed it, and that we had been chosen as the instrument of Providence? Write down textually what I dictated." Schneider refused, and the Emperor altered it in his own hand.

Don't Frighten Children.

The influence that is brought to bear upon a child during the first decade of life will have a decided effect in determining his power of self-control in later years. It is in the home more than in any other place that this influence must first be exercised, and upon nurses, governesses and parents devolves this most important duty, a responsibility which, considered in its true light, becomes a privilege and a sacred trust. A child cannot understand the "why and wherefore" of many things which to an adult are perfectly plain and intelligible. He is timid and naturally shrinks from sights and sounds which, to him are strange and unaccountable. To in any way frighten a child is not only thoughtless and cruel, but the act itself may be followed by serious results. For one to say no harm was intended, and that it was only in fun, is no excuse. It is of some of the ways in which this abuse is sometimes effected and their consequent attendant evils that I wish to speak.

There are some people who seem to take a morbid satisfaction in frightening young children by suddenly appearing before them with the face hidden by a mask or the entire body covered with a sheet, at the same time uttering loud and unnatural sounds and gesticulating in a wild and frantic manner. Occasionally we find a person who is so regardless of possible accidents as not to hesitate to point at a child, a gun or pistol and feign to strike him with a knife or hatchet.

The setting of a strange dog upon one who already shows signs of terror at the constant barking of the animal is sometimes followed by unexpected and painful results. For little acts of disobedience children are sometimes shut up in a dark closet, or temporarily confined in the attic or cellar. At other times they are told strange stories of ghosts and threatened that, if they do not behave, they will be sold to the ragpicker or that wandering gypsies will steal them and carry them away.

These and other such frightful apparitions are relics of barbarism and superstition, which should have no place in the Christian light and intelligence of this nineteenth century. And not only this; such scenes, stories and threats are grossly indecent and deliberate falsehood, the nature of which the child will some day understand, and he will be very likely to form a just estimate of the moral character of those in whose confidence and honesty he firmly believed.

It is also to be remembered that it is possible that a child may be often frightened in one way or another as to eventually weaken his character, and even sometimes produce a deplorable state of mental imbecility and there are many cases on record where a child has been so frightened as to cause insensibility, convulsions and death.

"Polhemus, you look like a ghost. Have you had a spell of sickness?" "No, Magruder, there's nothing the matter with me but my microscope." "Your microscope! what do you mean?" "I was a happy man, Magruder, until my last birthday. My wife made me a present of a microscope, and in evil hour I took it and began examining the articles of food we eat and drink. Magruder, I've lived for two weeks on distilled water. It's the only thing that isn't full of nameless horrors."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Ripening of Cream.

At the late (Winter) meeting of the New York Dairymen's Association, Prof. L. B. Arnold pronounced the proper ripening of cream as essential to the making of perfect butter. In explaining the two kinds of changes which go on in cream when ripening, and which are induced by two distinct causes, the change most readily noted is the development of acidity, which is the result of fermentation pure and simple, and is brought about by the growth of organic germs whenever the cream is warm enough to allow them to sprout and grow. The only direct effect of the fermentation is to change the milk sugar in the cream into an acid. The acid, when formed, coagulates the albuminous matters in the cream, separating them into a solid curd and serum. This facilitates churning, but has no effect whatever upon the fatty parts of the cream until the acid becomes strong enough to begin to cut the butter flavor, which is thereby reduced, to the injury of the butter.

It is generally supposed that souring developes butter flavor. No greater mistake could be made. It has no influence upon flavor at all until it becomes strong enough to commence injuring it. Butter-flavor is increased while the cream is ripening, but it is effected by the action of the air upon the fat in the cream, and not at all by fermentation.

If a sample of sweet cream is divided, and both parts are kept at a favorable temperature for ripening, and the air is excluded from one and a free exposure given to the other, both will sour at the same time, but flavor will only be increased in the one exposed to the air. Churning in two parts will show this.

The free oxygen of the air under favorable conditions oxidizes at least some portion of the milk fats, with the result of developing butter flavor. Oxidation is most effective while the cream is sweet and at the churning temperature, or about 60 degrees. What is wanted, therefore, for highest flavor, is to give the sweet cream the longest and fullest exposure to the air at a proper temperature.

Those butter-makers who add sour milk or buttermilk to hasten the souring cannot have butter which reaches the highest perfection in flavor. The sooner the minds of dairymen are disabused of the idea that the ripening of cream and the development of high flavor in butter lie only in the souring of the cream, the better it will be. The importance of atmospheric influence in the ripening of the cream must be recognized by those who wish to produce the finest quality of butter.

The most advanced butter-makers maintain the perfect exclusion of the low cooled milk and cream from the air. Whenever warm air or air comparatively warm comes in contact with colder milk or cream or water, or any other liquid, the warm air, touching the cooled liquid, is condensed, and deposits moisture in the form of dew on the surface of the cold liquid. With the dew thus deposited go all the impurities the air may contain. In the case of milk and cream, these deposits impair, in a marked degree, the flavor and keeping quality of the butter made from them. It is not essential that air should be excluded from milk until its temperature falls to the temperature of the surrounding air, but when it drops to that point, exclusion from air is important.

Churning should be done at the first appearance of acidity. Do not wait until the cream gets intensely sour and stale. In churning, the butter should be granulated in the churn, instead of being gathered into a lump. It should be cleansed of buttermilk by washing and not by working. After lightly salting, it must be worked into a solid condition with the slightest working that will effect that end.

Ninety-six varieties of grapes were planted six years ago in the grounds of the Ontario Experiment Farm. The location is 1,200 feet above sea level. The following are now recommended in the Report of the Fruit Growers' Association of Ontario, as the best; hardiness, yield and flavor considered: Black: Wilder, Worden' Moore's Early Concord, Barry. Red: Delaware, Brighton, Lindley, Agawam. White: Niagara, Lady, Martha.

The largest sale of cattle ever made in Kentucky by one man was made on July 13, by C. Alexander, cashier of the Northern Bank. He sold from his 22,000 acre farm 550 head of fat cattle to M. Kahn, of Ohio, for M. Goldsmith of New York. They will be shipped to London, England.

Test of a Jersey Cow.

A. D. Baker, in an interesting letter to the "Country Gentleman," says:—As I have become quite interested in Jersey cattle, I will report a test I have been making with Jua of Springbrook, No. 36776. She came in the 25th of April, and the last of May I tested her for seven milkings. She made 9 lbs. of unsalted butter. Her feed was grass and 4 quarts of corn, oats and bran, equal parts, in two feeds night and morning. I tested her again, commencing June 21, for seven milkings. She made 7¾ lbs. of unsalted butter, and it was drained dry. She had no grain since June 8th. I think without grain is the true test of the butter capacity of a cow. In her last test I forgot to mention she gave 110 lbs. of milk. The weather was excessively hot, so much so that the cows ate but little in the day time. I think she could be forced up to 25 or 30 lbs. per week, but I do not wish to do it, for she is a good breeder, having had all heifer calves.

I think the Jersey breeders should have a standard registry the same as the trotting horse has, and let the standard start at 14 lb. without grain. Then when one wished to purchase a good cow they would know where to find it. I think of coupling Jua with one of Exile's sons, and if she continues to have heifer calves I will soon have a herd of cows worth caring for. I wish that breeders would test their cows and report through your valuable paper.

Preservation of Eggs.

At the London Dairy and at the Birmingham Fat Stock Show, during the last two years, prizes have been offered for the best preserved eggs, says an exchange. These, as well as many private tests, have shown that the lime water system is, all things considered, the best. A pound of lime should be stirred with a gallon of water, and the eggs, perfectly fresh, immersed therein in barrels or jars. This excludes air and any germs that might cause mildew or mould, and prevents evaporation, so that the contents of the egg are not reduced in bulk. It is important to have a considerable excess of lime to replace any that may become carbonated. The vessels containing the eggs should be kept in a cool, well ventilated place.

A very successful variation in the process consists in imbedding new-laid eggs, warm from the nest, in a thick paste of lime and water. Eggs thus prepared, for six months could hardly be distinguished from those newly laid. The contents of eggs evaporate rather rapidly through the shell; and the object of the preserver must be to prevent this evaporation, and at the same time to allow for the expansion and contraction of the natural air-space in the egg, due to changes of temperature. The plan of coating the shells with wax or melted paraffine fails in the latter particular. Strong brine fails because the contents of eggs preserved in it become much reduced in bulk.—[American Stockman.

Sheep Shearing Machine.

An Australian correspondent tells how a gentleman, who owns a sheep station near Murrurundi, in New South Wales, has now in operation, in his shed, a sheep-shearing implement which is driven by compressed air. "It resembles a pair of ordinary horse-clippers, and can be comfortably held in the hand. The motive power causes a small piston in the base of the handle of the machine to work backwards and forwards with extreme rapidity. This piston sets in motion a bar, which, working upon a pivot, causes the cutting teeth of the machine to oscillate very rapidly over the rigid teeth of the comb below. The cutting action is thus precisely the same as with horse clippers. A rigid metal pipe runs along the length of the shed, and each machine is connected to it by a flexible india rubber tube. The air is turned on, and the upper teeth of the implement work rapidly over the comb; the operator seizes his sheep and applies the machine. As the teeth of the comb run through the wool close to the skin the cutters sever the fibres quite evenly, and the whole fleece seems to peel off as if by magic. There is no chance of the animal being cut, as with shears. The fleece is much more closely, as well as evenly, taken off than by the old method, and less liable to be broken and the labor involved is much less."

Poultry Notes.

Is there a better cross for the table than the Indian Game and the Plymouth Rock? Stephen Beale recommends a Dorking cock with Brown-Red Game hens.

Eggs are not used in the farm house as much as they ought to be. This is due largely to the want of variety in cooking them. There are many other ways of preparing eggs besides frying and boiling them. When eggs are cheap don't glut the market with them but use them yourself.

Now is the time to kill and eat spring chickens. This is the season of hard work on the farm and the farmer and his family should have the best of food. Chickens no longer command a fancy price, and now is the time to eat them. They are no more expensive than roast or corned beef and are vastly better food at this season.

We have two adjoining yards, one containing ordinary barn-yard fowls, made up of Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks and Cochins; the other of thoroughbred Wyandottes. The cross-breds or scrubs produce nearly a third more chicks and eggs than the others and do not receive nearly so much attention. The Wyandottes are probably inbred too much, and this is probably the trouble with the breed. There are few if any better table fowls than the Wyandottes, and they are excellent layers. They are, however, very delicate, and often deformed and unhealthy.

Notes.

The sooner a system of mixed farming is adopted, the earlier we will be able to make the farm pay the best profit, and at the same time keep up the fertility of the soil.

It is not too late to drill some sweet corn for fodder. If you get your early potatoes dug in July, harrow the ground thoroughly and plant your corn. You will be certain to get some forage, unless winter sets in early in October.

It is said that tile enough has been laid in Illinois to reach three times around the globe, costing between $10,000,000 and $15,000,000; and the experiments of the State University professors go to show that the best crops are found in the best-drained soil.

Nearly all strawberry growers agree that good wood ashes can be applied to the strawberry plants with benefit. One hundred bushels can be applied to the acre with profit, under ordinary circumstances. They should be thoroughly incorporated with the soil on the surface.

No country home is what it ought to be without good gardens, both vegetable and flower. The best part of the family living comes from the kitchen garden, and the amount of enjoyment that the whole family derives from well kept beds of flowers, is not to be reckoned in dollars and cents.

Here is the Arab test of a good horse, which every farmer can apply. It is simply to observe your horse when he is drinking out of a brook. If, in bringing down his head, he remains square without bending his limbs, he possesses sterling qualities, and all parts of his body are built symmetrically.

A monster bunch of asparagus raised by Robert Nichols, a market gardener near Philadelphia, has been on exhibition in a Courtland street, N. Y., seed store. The bunch is two feet in height, thirty-six inches in circumference and weighs forty pounds, or nearly a pound a spike, all of which is edible. There is some doubt as to its variety, but it is believed to be the new southern sort "Palmetto."

State Geologist Thompson, of Indiana, insists that farmers should protect their birds in every possible way. Everybody knows, he declares, that we have 100 insects harmful to our fruit trees, vines, vegetables and cereals to where we had one thirty or forty years ago. Why? Largely because the birds are one-tenth part as numerous as they were then. You cannot have a healthy apple orchard without plenty of birds. The same may be said of cherry orchards and the whole catalogue of fruit trees, vines and vegetables as well as of the stable cereals.

Ralph Allen says: "Dairy farming furnishes a constant source of income. It enriches the land more rapidly than any other branch of animal husbandry. It may be carried on with small capital without danger of being smothered by larger establishments. It is profitable on high-priced lands, where other cattle would not more than make a good rent. In short, dairy farming, like every other branch of agriculture, has advantages peculiar to itself, which make it in many places and under many circumstances a desirable and remunerative employment.

J. A. Dawson, of Pictou, N. S., was reported at a meeting of the Nova Scotia Fruit Growers' association, by the Secretary, as having tried with entire success the application of salt water to the bark of apple trees for destroying the bark louse. One pint of salt is dissolved in two gallons of water. A single application is made about June 10, with a stiff paint-brush. Care is taken not to wet the leaves, as the salt will destroy them. It has the merit of being very easily tried. It is obviously important to apply it at the right time or early in June when the eggs are hatching.

THE WORLD'S MARVELOUS EVENTS

A Summary of Recent Scientific Progress.

Lightning rods are out of fashion.

Welding by electricity seems to have come to stay.

Photographs have been taken by the light from a fire place.

Calming the sea with oil is now regularly and systematically done.

Vancouver Island coal is to be mined at the rate of 2,000 tons per day.

Executions by electricity will be compulsory in New York after Janurary 1 next.

Galvanized lemon squeezers poison the juice by the zinc which it dissolves from them.

The French propose to send pigeon messages from ship to ship upon the broad seas.

A French laundry man cleans linen without soap by rubbing it with boiled potatoes.

Chaussier dried a man in a kiln and there resulted only twelve pounds of solid matter.

Paper pipes have been used for a church organ at Milan and give great sweetness of tone.

Modern fortifications seem likely to be great mushrooms of concrete or of steel castings.

Berlin is to have next year an exhibition devoted to appliances for preventing accidents.

Natural gas has caused in Pennsylvania in three years seventy-three fires, costing $900,000.

Wilder says that if you hold your breath while a wasp stings you the skin will become insensible to pain.

Transplanting teeth has been revived. It was done twenty-five or thirty-years ago in very rare cases.

A wire gun recently designed weighs only twenty-two tons and drives a 380 pound projectile twelve miles.

Saccharine, which was to be used as a substitute for sugar, appears to cause nausea and dyspeptic symptoms.

A bill has been submitted to Congress for a railway from the U. S. border through British Columbia and Alaska.

Photographing in colors seems to be the object of considerable experimenting, but so far with little or no success.

Florida is to grow opium. It is expected that sixteen plants will grow an ounce of the drug and that an acre will give $1000 profit.

The "one thousand-foot tower" at Paris Exposition will be only 984 feet high. It will take two and a half million rivets to put it up.

Paris has thirty miles of pipe for carrying compressed air for power. The engines are 3000 horse power and the coal consumption fifty tons daily.

The Panama Canal lottery has not proved a success. The canal will require only about $500,000.000 more to complete it making about $850,000,000 in all.

Grubbe is experimenting upon telegraphing by the clouds, using the rays of an arc lamp reflected by the clouds and interupted by the heliographic code.

The beds of sick persons in hospitals are now ventilated by exaust fans. This is particularly good where there are contagious or offensive diseases.

The arc light at St. Catherine's, Isle of Wight, is the most powerful in the world, being 60,000 candle-power and having carbons two and one-half inches in diameter.

A gun which will throw a shell fifteen miles (and there are such) will drop it upon the deck of a ship before the ship can be seen, as at that distance any ship is "hull down."

The deaf often hear conversations when there is music going on which they could not hear when there was no music. With "hearing persons" the reverse is the case.

The new small-bore rifles of the French Government do not prove to be more humane than the old large-bore guns, as expected; they shiver the bone and tear the flesh just as badly.

At Feather River, Cal., they are putting in a plant to carry power eighteen miles by electricity and in Arizona one is projected to carry it eight miles, using eight tons of copper conductor per mile.

By a new marine brake the steamer Corsaire, of the French navy, is stopped in seven seconds from a speed of thirteen knots; thirty-four seconds being needed to do the same thing without the brake by reversing her engines.

Niagara will probably be utilized for lighting and manufacturing purposes, by tapping it and using the water power in turbines, which will run dynamos, from which light ing and power currents will be taken by wires.

A race for ten minutes between telegraph and long distance telephone from New York to Boston resulted in 330 words ready for the printer by telegraph and 346 by telephone, but many of the latter were incorrectly received.

Thomas J. Mayall, recently deceased, started as a poor boy. He invented the first rubber belt, the first cylinder printing machine for wall paper printing and also for gluing, displacing the former mode of printing from independent blocks; invented rubber cement and satin-finished paper; helped Charles Goodyear in the invention of vulcanized rubber, and also produced a number of other inventions in revolvers, guns, rifles, steam apparatus for loading and firing artillery, ammunition, coffee-hulling machines, self-acting drawbridges and railway switches.

Philip II.'s Handwriting.

The innumerable despatches, signed by Philip, were not the emanations of his own mind. The King had a fixed purpose—to subdue Protestantism and to conquer the world; but the plans for carrying the purpose into effect were developed by subtler and more comprehensive minds than his own. It was enough for him to ponder wearily over schemes which he was supposed to dictate, and to give himself the appearance of supervising what he scarcely comprehended. And his work of supervision was often confined to pettiest details. The handwriting of Spain and Italy at that day was beautiful, and in our modern eyes seems neither antiquated nor ungraceful. But Philip's scrawl was like that of a clown just admitted to a writing school, and the whole margin of a fairly-penned despatch, perhaps fifty pages long, laid before him for comment and signature by Idiaquez or Muora, would be sometimes covered with a few awkward sentences, which it was almost impossible to read, and which when deciphered, were apt to reveal suggestions of astounding triviality.

A woman passenger on the Union Pacific Railroad, near Cheyenne, lost her bonnet out of the window, and jumped off the train to get it. She escaped with no broken bones but received internal injuries that will probably prove fatal. The bonnet was ruined.

The Czar's Heir.

When the Czar Alexander II. was killed in 1881 by the explosion of a Nihilist's bomb, his son, who became Alexander III., was thirty-six years old. The new Emperor's eldest son, who became the Czarewitch or Crown Prince, was then a boy of not quite thirteen years old. Born on the 18th of May, 1868, the Czarewitch, whose name is Nicholas, has now completed his twentieth year, and the Russian people, always interested in the personality of their rulers, are taking note what sort of man their future autocrat has become.

He is, by all accounts, a different man in appearance and in many points of character from all his ancestors who have reigned in this century.

The young prince's father, Alexander III., is a man of large stature, with heavy features, a shaggy beard and almost a fierce expression of countenance. His grandfather, Alexander II, the victim of the Nihilist's terrible crime, was also a tall man, though his face was of a gentler and milder type than that of Alexander III.

Young Nicholas's great-grandfather, the Czar Nicholas, who died during the Crimean War, in 1855, was the tallest and handsomest sovereign in all Europe.

The young Czarewitch Nicholas is not tall, but he has a very agreeable face; he resembles the family of his mother, Mari-Dagmar of Denmark. His eyes are very bright and piercing.

His mother's family, the royal family of Denmark, is noted for intelligence and personal tact, and the Czarewitch seems to have inherited these qualities. His natural brightness has been developed by laborious studies under eminent teachers. He speaks and writes perfectly, besides Russian, the English, French, German and Danish languages.

The Czarewitch has not travelled much. He lately represented his father the Czar at the funeral of the Emperor William of Germany, and this was accounted in Russia his "entrance into the world."

If the young Prince lives to succeed his father, he will ascend the throne of Russia under the title Nicholas II. As his father is now but forty-three years old, his succession may be long deferred, if the present Emperor goes to his grave in peace.

Railway Accidents.

The returns to the English Board of Trade of the accidents occurring upon railway lines show that during the first three months of the present year 209 persons were killed and 934 injured. This is a decrease of 20 deaths and an increase of 91 injuries as compared with the corresponding period of last year. What are commonly understood by railway accidents—that is, collisions, running off the line, and so forth are only responsible for three deaths and 197 less serious mishaps. Twelve people lost their lives at level crossings, 18 committed suicide, and no fewer than 53 were killed in the act of trespassing. Accidents due to the movement of trains account for 91 fatal cases and 748 others. Of these the London and North-Western has one-sixth, with 16 deaths and 132 injuries. It is followed by the Midland with 10 deaths; after which come the Lancashire and Yorkshire, 9; the North-Eastern, Great-Eastern, and North British, 6; the South-Western, 5; the Great-Northern, 4; the Great-Western, the Brighton and South-Coast, and some other lines, 3; the South-Eastern, 2; and so on, until last among the important lines comes the London, Chatham, and Dover, which escaped with only four accidents, none of which proved fatal. Detailed reports are given of eleven collisions and two instances of trains leaving the rails. It is noticeable that five of the collisions and one of the other accidents occurred within the metropolitan area, happening, as they did, at Coborn Road, Euston, King's Cross, Portland Road, New Cross, and Tulse Hill.

The Pleasure of Dying.

I have seen a great many people die, some of them great sinners, even ruffians of the most degraded type, and I have never yet witnessed in any case the slightest fear of death or of a hereafter. I have also been present at the death-beds of many pious and worthy persons, and I have never known an instance among this class of the least abhorrence of death or apprehension in regard to the future. A person in sound health receiving intelligence that his death is to take place in a few moments would undoubtedly at first be greatly disturbed, and if religiously brought up, would probably wish to make preparations for departing this life. But the case is very different with those who have suffered from a long illness and whose perceptions therefore have lost their sharpness. I have often told such persons that they had but a few minutes to live but the intelligence has never been received in any other than the most composed and resigned manner. Certainly this is a wise provision of nature. For if, as with his present knowledge it is impossible for man to escape death, it is well that he is so constituted as to be able to accept the inevitable with dignity and composure.—[Dr. William A. Hammond.

Stockton's Dog "Fax."

"One Sunday, as with a well-dressed crowd I was going to church, I found Fax following me. Knowing that he never entered a church, I took no particular notice of him; but happening to look back a second time, I saw him at my heels with a twist-loaf in his mouth! He had been in the shop of an irreligious baker in those few minutes. This was too much for my sense of propriety, and as I failed utterly to drive him off, and began to attract considerable attention, I was obliged to go down a side street and so home. The dog was never abashed. I have seen him chase chickens into the very houses of their owners, and, before their astonished eyes, pin the poor fowls to the floor. Of course, at such times, I did not wish anyone to think that I was acquainted with the dog. But on being discovered in any disreputable intrusion into house, store or garden, it was his habit to run to us, and jog along demurely behind us, as much as to say, 'These are the folks I belong to, if you have anything to say, say it to them.' And very often people did say it to us."

France's passion for Boulanger is cooling down, and she is now flirting with Gen. Negrier. Well she was always in love with a soldier anyhow. Negrier is a fine-looking fellow and still young, as Generals go. He distinguished himself in Africa and Tonquin by the rapidity of his movements. During the Franco-Prussian war he escaped from Metz by breaking the heads of two Prussian sentinels. He was then only an officer of some sort, and had little chance to distinguish himself, except for his daring and obstinate fighting qualities. He has just invented a new method in artillery practice which brings him once more into prominence, and bids fair to make him the rival of Boulanger. He is a silent soldier with the profile of a conqueror.

SAYINGS OF THE SAGES.

Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions in our life 'tis most meddled with by other people.—[Selden.

Heaven knows what would become of our sociality if we never visited people we speak ill of; we should live, like Egyptian hermits, in crowded solitude.—[George Eliot.

Success rides on every hour; grapple it and you may win; but without a grapple it will never go with you. Work is the weapon of honor, and he who lacks the weapon will never triumph.

Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves when the root that nourished them is destroyed.

The faithful endeavor to do right and to bear quietly and with resignation what must be borne is of itself a fruitful source of happiness and serenity; but a murmuring and discontented spirit may poison the richest blessings and turn them into bitter evils.

When the Hindoo priest is about to baptise an infant he utters the following beautiful sentiment: "Little babe, thou enterest the world weeping, while all around thee smile; contrive to live that thou mayst depart in smiles, while all around thee weep."

Bitter are a losing card, a losing horse. Bitter the public hiss, the private sneer. Bitter are old age without respect, manhood without wealth, youth without fame. Bitter is the East Wind's blast; bitter a step dame's kiss. It is bitter to die in a foreign land.—[Disraeli.

Ascertain clearly what is wrong with you, and so far as you know any means of mending it, take those means and have done. When you are examining yourself never call yourself merely a sinner—that is very cheap abuse, and utterly useless; but call yourself a liar, a coward, a sluggard, a glutton, or an evil-eyed, jealous wretch, if you indeed find yourself to be in any wise any of these.—[John Ruskin.

Frauds on the Post-Office.

Here are a few instances of the frauds to which the English authorities claim that the post-office is subject. Coins are embedded in cake and pieces of toast to escape the registration fee. They are also commonly sent in newspapers. An unsealed brown paper parcel tied with string was found to contain six sovereigns, one half crown, two sixpences, and three halfpenny pieces wrapped up in small articles of ladies' dress. Two gold watches were found inside an unregistered book-packet addressed to New Zealand, the middle portions of the leaves having been cut out so as to admit them. This mode of fraudulent despatch is evidently common. A £20 note was found pinned to the pages of a book. Inside a halfpenny wrapper were found a letter, a bill of sale, and four £5 Bank of England notes. The palm for originality must, however, be awarded to the individual who sent £1.10s. in gold coins in a seal at the back of a letter, the gold having come to light through the wax getting slightly chipped. Cigars, collars, gloves, music, postage stamps, are constantly sent with newspapers; but in this respect we are told the people of Canada and the States can take the cake, for in a single year more than 14,000 newspapers were detected with small articles concealed in them.

The Mahdi's Victims.

Poor Neufeld, one of the dozen white prisoners in the hands of the Mahdi's successor, has at last been hanged in earnest. He was a German house builder who was in the service of the Egyptian Goverment before the rise of the Mahdist troubles. For some reason Khalifa Abdullah made Neufeld the object of his particular spite. He alone of the prisoners has been kept in chains, and several times he has been suspended from the gallows and cut down, amid shouts of laughter, just in time to save his life. At last Neufeld escaped, and had actually made his way about 100 miles east of Khartoum on his journey to the coast when he was captured and his sufferings were ended on the gallows. If they survive, the other white prisoners of the Soudan will some day tell the wonderful story of their hapless lives at Khartoum since Gordon's death. Though England, Germany, Austria, and Italy are represented among these poor men and women, no effort has yet been made by any Government to secure their release.

Crop Bulletin.

Washington, Aug. 9.—The weather crop bulletin for the week ending Saturday, August 3, states that the weather during the past week has generally been favorable for growing crops in the Middle and South Atlantic States, the Southern portion of the cotton region, Central Tennessee and Eastern Kansas. Reports from Minnesota, Western Kansas, the grain regions of the central valleys, and New England indicate that the weather was unfavorable for most crops, more rain being needed. While occasional showers occurred in some of these sections, they were not well distributed. In the tobacco region of Kentucky and Eastern Tennessee a drought is threatened. Favorable weather for harvesting prevailed in the Middle Atlantic States, Ohio Valley and Michigan.

Master and Scholar.

The Rev. Samuel J. May taught a small school in Nahant, Mass., for one summer, and among his pupils was John Lothrop Motley. Forty years afterwards master and scholar met in Rome. "Mr. Motley," said Mr. May, "I think I am entitled to some share of your great reputation." "Very well," said the historian, "you may have all you can justly claim; prove property and take it away." Why," said Mr. May, "have you forgotten that I taught you to read?" "Did you," rejoined Mr. Motley; "then you must have done it well, for I have known how ever since."

Sun Power.

Mr. Preece, in a recent lecture before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, stated that on a fine summer's day the sun expends an average of 1 horse-power on every 30 square feet of the earth's surface in this latitude or 1450 horse-power per acre. This great gift of energy is neither utilised nor stored by man at present, though Nature presents us with some of it in waterfalls and flowing streams. The sun itself has been more generous. Ages upon ages ago it shone with resplendent glory on a grand luxuriant flora of a uniform but flowerless character in a climate warm and damp. England formed part of a tropical jungle or swamp, where grasses, mosses, ferns, and sedges, Coniferæ, Araucarieæ, Equisetaceæ, Sigillariæ grew and flourished, perished and fell *in situ*, to be covered up by the following geological formations and compressed into those grand seams of coal that form now the principal source of England's greatness and wealth.

A SIAMESE EXECUTION.

The Frightful Scourging which Preceded A Strange Scene of Decapatation.

The execution of the Maha Rajah pirates took place at Tongkah, on Monday, the 20th ultimo. The sentence was read in a place in front of the palace. About 200 of the principal inhabitants, Siamese and Chinese, had assembled, and a large number of police—perhaps fifty sikhs and 100 Siamese—surrounded the palace. There were nine prisoners, two of whom were arrayed in white coats, which is the sign of condemnation of death, while the others were only clothed in sarongs. All of them were in heavy chains. The sentence, which with other documents took about twenty minutes to read, was that two of the prisoners should be beheaded; the other seven were each to receive ninety strokes with the rattan—sixty on the spot and thirty at Bangkok—and to be imprisoned for life.

On the reading of the sentence it was discovered that the white coat had been put on one of the wrong men, and one of the seven, on hearing himself thus condemned to die, came out from the rest and prayed for his life, at the same time saying that one of the others deserved death more than he. It was in vain, and the white coat was transferred to the unfortunate supplicant. The flogging then commenced. Stands had been erected where four men could be flogged at once—curious erections consisting of two posts placed about eighteen feet apart, with two parallel bamboos running from the foot of the one to the top of the other, the culprits' heads being fastened between them by two bars across. On sitting down a rope was fastened around each prisoner's waist, and tied to the post behind him; his arms and legs were then pulled out straight in front of him, his hands tied to the bamboos and his feet to the other post, the ropes being pulled so tight that his back was stretched like a drum.

AWAITING THE AWFUL STROKE.

First four men were flogged. The rattans used in the operation were about four feet long, and as each stroke fell the men shrieked with agony, and their backs gradually rose into a gory, swollen, shapeless mass. After administering thirty strokes the floggers stopped for a rest of about a minute and then gave the remaining thirty, the three other men who had still to be flogged, and the two who were to be beheaded, looking on all the time. When the four had been flogged the other three were treated to the same dreadful punishment, after which they were allowed to crawl in among the crowd. As they were all heavily ironed there was no chance of their escaping.

On the flogging being over the police closed up, and marched with the two condemned prisoners to the place of execution, a field picturesquely situated at the foot of a sugar-loaf shaped hill, where a space about 250 yards in circumference had been roped off, round which a great crowd of people, principally Siamese and Chinese, had assembled. Inside this inclosure police were stationed all round at intervals of about three paces. At another there was a small platform, on which were placed food and water for the prisoners; and there, after being sprinkled with water, large dishes of curry and rice were placed before them, of which they partook heartily. They then washed their feet, covered their heads and prayed toward the setting sun.

When they had finished, the executioners, after sprinkling themselves with water proceeded to ask forgiveness of the prisoners for the deed about to be done, and on this being granted presented each prisoner with a flower. The executioners than partook of food. In the centre of the field two short stakes had been driven into the ground and to these, when the executioners had finished their meal, the prisoners walked slowly out without anyone to guard them. On arriving at the stakes they again prayed; they sat down with their backs towards the stakes, to which their arms were tied, after which an official walked out, blindfolded them with strips of linen, filled their ears with clay, and then retired with his assistants, leaving the condemned men alone in the middle of the field.

SEVEN BLOWS AT ONE NECK.

About two minutes after the executioners walked out armed with Japanese swords, and sat down some thirty paces beyond the prisoners. They sat thus for perhaps a minute; then they rose and advanced toward the doomed men executing fantastic dance-like figures, almost as if cautiously approaching an enemy, till they came within striking distance, when they raised their sword as if to strike, but instead of doing so turned round and round and retired to where they started from. After a short pause they advanced again in the same manner, but on coming close stooped down and looked fixedly for about ten seconds into the faces of the prisoners, who sat perfectly motionless, and then again retired. The third time they advanced, and, as in the first instance, raised their swords as if to strike, but instead of doing so they turned round and again retired. Then they knelt down, and bowing toward the commissioner, called out in Siamese that they awaited his order.

On receiving the word they advanced toward the prisoners more quickly than before, and when within reach, after standing for a few seconds with their swords poised in the air, proceeded to cut their heads off. The head of the man who had begged for his life was taken off at three blows; but seven or eight were struck before the head of the other—an immensely powerful-looking man, with a thick muscular neck—fell. The moment the first man's head fell his executioner ran off to a temple close by to perform certain rites, the other executioner following as soon as his victim's head was off. The heads were thrown into kerosene tins along with arsenic, to be sent to Trang, where the piracy for which the men were excuted took place. The bodies were then cut down, and a Chinaman with an axe knocked off the heels from the lifeless limbs so as to permit of the irons, which were welded on, being removed.

A Wonderful Cave.

One of the most remarkable caves on the continent is situated at the foot of Mount Wheeler, 6,630 feet above the level of the sea and not far from the Utah line. The extent of the cave is not known, but a score of immense rooms have been explored. Nearly all these are filled with beautiful stalactites and wonderful concretions. A lake, a fine waterfall, and a fountain are among the attractions.

A spiked athlete's shoe of gold, having a small diamond wing at the heel, is a favorite design in scarfpins among amateur runners.

He Knew What He Was About.—"Spieglehausen," said the leader of the little German band to the trombone, "vat for you blay so loud? You drown der rest of dot music."

"Meigensteiner," returned the trombone, "ven I don'd blay so loud und drown the rest of dat music, ve lose money; so don'd you forgot id."

LOOK! LOOK!!

AT THIS.

The GREAT BANKRUPT SALE has commenced in the Smith Block, near the O'Connor House.

GREAT BARGAINS IN

DRY GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING,

BOOTS & SHOES,

In fact in all Lines of Goods Bargains will be given.

Come one, come all, and inspect our Stock, as this is a Genuine Sale.

No Trouble to Show Goods.

Remember the Place,

SMITH'S BLOCK, DESERONTO.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO'Y (LIMITED) OUR JOBBING DEPARTMENT

Is replete with an abundant supply of new type and printing material. We are therefore in a position to execute Fine Job printing in all its branches in first class style and at rates to suit the times. Send or call and get prices. ☞Orders by mail will receive our prompt and careful attention.

The Tribune.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1888

FIVE pairs of good woolen socks for one dollar. Suits made to order and a perfect fit guaranteed. Kerr & Wims.

THE brick walls of Mr. Andrew Knapp's new house on Thomas street are now going up quite rapidly.

MR JAMES STODDART, of Toronto, contributed two excellent solos at the services in the Presbyterian church on Sunday.

THE Roman Catholic congregation of Napanee will hold a pic-nic on the Agricultural grounds in that town on the 5th of September.

THE Voters' List for this municipality has been posted up and the Clerk gives the customary notice in this issue of The TRIBUNE.

THE Band concert last Friday evening drew the usual crowd and was appreciated by all who heard the well rendered selections on the occasion.

THREE or four vehicles made the tour of the town on Saturday, the proprietor gathering in a large stock of old clothes, old iron and other refuse.

MR. Finlayson has in her possession a small cream jug which is over 175 years old. It was brought to this country many years ago from the north of Ireland.

THE Salvation Army will hold special services in their barracks to-morrow night. Capt. Taylor expresses himself much pleased with Deseronto and the kindness of its people.

DON'T forget that a first class optician will be at Malley's drug store to-morrow, Saturday, 25th inst., with a complete set of instruments for accurately fitting the eye with spectacles.

REMEMBER that next Wednesday you can go from Napanee, Deseronto, etc., to Well's Island for 50 cents on the steamer Quinte. No excuse now to stay at home with such a rate as 50 cts offered.

CREIGHTON'S Ramble by the stmr. Maude brought a large party of Kingston excursionists to town on Monday afternoon. The happy pleasure seekers appeared to enjoy their visit to the Bay district.

A STRONG agitation has already set in for a toboggan slide during the coming winter. Barnhart regrets now that he did not prove equal to the situation last fall. There is a mint of money in a toboggan slide.

HATS for children, hats for boys, hats for men, hats for every person. No one need go without a hat nor continue wearing their old one, when by going to the Big Store they can get one of the latest design at a price that will be cheaper than going bareheaded.

THE new shipyard departmental office will be 44½ by 24½ ft in dimension. The masons have made good progress with it this week. The staff of the Central office view its erection with feelings which savour of jealousy.

We hope the next industry which will be started in Deseronto will be a foundry. Such an establishment would be a great convenience to the factories here and would soon prove a great boon to the surrounding country.

MR. B. BAKER, and his family moved to Trenton this week where they make their future home. Mr. Milton Merrellth has also moved to the same town. Both men have accepted positions in Gilmour's new sash factory.

Rev. T. G. Smith, D. D., Secretary of Queen's College Endowment Fund, preached in the Church of the Redeemer last Sunday morning and evening, his eloquent discourses being much appreciated by all present on both occasions.

THE Big Store has received their first shipment of imported goods, consisting principally of Worsteds, Tweeds, Moltons, Serge coatings, Pilots, &c. Call on Mr. Stoddart and he will be delighted to show you his stock and take your measure for a suit.

It would add to the beauty of the town if an agreement could be arrived at by which parties building on new streets would keep their houses at a certain distance from the street. Already some have put their houses as close up to the front of their lots as possible thus marring the appearance of streets and detracting from the value of their neighbor's lot and property.

A NEW fire pump has been put in the Machine shops.

THE TRIBUNE office is headquarters for school books of all descriptions.

THE biggest bargains in boating shawls ever offered in Deseronto. Kerr & Wims.

SOME beautiful brussels carpets have been imported by the Big Store during the past week.

THE Quinte will be fitted out with a new awning before taking her trip to the 1000 Islands next week.

JOCKEY Caps are the newest for little boys and girls. Of course the Big Store is the only place where they can be got.

In the election for the Commons in Halton last Wednesday, Mr. Waldie, Liberal, was elected by a majority of 27 votes.

MR. ARTHUR CARTER has commenced repairing and manufacturing sleighs for use next winter in the various works of the Rathbun Company.

Notwithstanding unpropitious weather the picnic held last Friday at Davey's Island by the Salvation Army proved a gratifying success.

MRS. DALTON is very busy at present preparing for the fall trade. The ladies will find that all their wants have been anticipated when the proper time arrives.

FATHER HARRINGTON'S picnic at Centreville takes place on the 4th of September. This will draw a large number of visitors from Deseronto and Tyendinaga.

The Bay of Quinte Clerical Union held their next meeting in Deseronto in the first week of September. The proceedings will be of a very interesting character.

IF you want to buy reliable goods and get value for every dollar you expend, patronize the Big Store, remember shoddy and old shop-worn goods which are often bought up and offered to the public, as bankrupt stock are dear at any price.

THE exodus of tavern keepers and bar tenders from Napanee still continues. A bar tender from that town was observed starting in a livery rig from one of our hotels in Deseronto the other evening in a desperate rush for parts unknown.

WE observed on Wednesday last on a visit to Dalton's warerooms a large quantity of elegant furniture recently turned out of his factory. In finish and quality these articles could not be exceeded elsewhere in the province. We are glad to learn that Mr. Dalton's enterprise is meeting with success.

Mr. R. M. Jack, Worthy Master of District, No. 4, South Hastings and Mr. M. Hill, County Master of South Hastings, left yesterday as representatives of their respective lodges at the meeting of the Grand Lodge of British North America which opens at Winnipeg on the 28th inst. We wish both brethren a very pleasant trip to the far west.

The top of the spire of the Methodist church is 132 feet from the ground. No wonder that Messrs. Clement and Fitzgerald when they ascended the other day involuntarily flapped their rudimentary wings as a desire to fly to a higher and better world formed in their breasts. On second thought however, they concluded that for the present Deseronto was good enough for them.

THE public schools re-open on Monday. The work of classification of the pupils consequent on the promotion examinations will proceed during next week. It is hoped that parents will remember this fact and insist on all the children being present on Monday morning. It will assist the teachers very materially in their work if all are punctual next week.

PRINCIPAL Cole and Messrs. R. Geddis, Wm. Stoddart, James Stoddart, etc., went up to Mosquito Bay on Tuesday to capture some of the large maskelonge so numerous in that locality. They camped out and only returned home yesterday. The high winds forbade good sport, though they captured many bass. They sailed home yesterday afternoon, Capt. Geddis being in command of the fleet on the return trip.

WHILE in Toronto last week Mr. Richardson bought a full line of hats which had been sent by manufacturers as samples and hence are the very newest styles made. In consideration of taking the whole lot, and paying cash, he secured them at about half of their real value and as the Big Store is satisfied with a reasonable margin of profit this splendid assortment of hats for men and boys will be sold at prices so low that no other dealer can approach them.

THE agitation for the reduction of letter postage to two cents per half ounce is gaining in force and the new postmaster-general will probably accede to the demand of the public in this important matter. There is also a movement in progress having for its object the reduction of railway mileage to two cents per mile as a maximum rate. At present the passenger rates on railways are altogether too high. Every reduction in England has been found profitable and railway men in Canada would also find it in every respect advantageous to adopt a lower tariff.

SEE the nobby ties at the Big Store for 20c each.

THE figures 1888 on the Terra Cotta Works chimney are 2½ feet in length.

MRS. G. P. SILLS, Dundas street, exhibits some of the finest house and garden flowers in town. She has kindly placed on our desk a vase of flowers including some blossoms of the moon plant, grown from seed brought from northern New York. These blossoms are very pretty and the only specimens of the kind that we have ever seen in Deseronto.

THE establishment of a carriage and wagon factory in Deseronto would satisfy a long felt want in this district. Deseronto is admirably situated for such a business which would be a great convenience to the farmers of the surrounding country. The trade need not be confined to local demands but could be easily extended so that products might be shipped to the northwest and other parts of Canada.

Block Pavement

The block pavement laid down in the drykiln yard six years ago is as good as the day it was put down. Why do not the Rathbun Company pave Mill street and the road from the Machine Shops to the Terra Cotta Works? It would be the cheapest method in the long run.

Casualties.

While Mr. George Gordon was driving a key out of a shaft, a piece of it flew and struck him on the shin laying him up for a few days. Isaac Powles, who works by night at the sawdust elevator in the Big Mill, got caught by the conveyor and sustained a severe cut, four inches in length. Mr. Patrick Hart dressed the wound in an efficient manner.

Car Works.

Operations continue very brisk at the Deseronto car works. An order for twenty-five box cars has been received from the Manitoba and North Western railway. This with the cars now being built for the C. P. R. will keep the works busy until late in the fall. A large force of men is now employed at these works.

Chemical Works.

Arrangements have been effected by which the capacity of the Deseronto Chemical Works will be at once doubled. Valuable patents have been secured which give promise of results which will tend to the benefit not only of Deseronto but of Canada itself. Workmen have already commenced the foundation of four charcoal kilns and the work on the main building is progressing as rapidly as possible.

Lawn Festival.

A lawn festival and band concert will be held on the spacious grounds adjoining the residence of Mr. Wm. Stoddart, St. George street, on the evening of Tuesday, August 28th. Refreshments will be served by the prettiest young ladies of Deseronto. The best of music will be provided. Admission to the grounds is only 10 cts. The proceeds of the festival will go towards the band-stand fund. The Band deserve well of the citizens, and the latter will extend a generous patronage on the occasion.

The Channel.

The beautiful yacht Narod, of New York, arrived in this port on Tuesday. She is owned by Capt. S. G. Doran, sailed from New York on July 5th and has had a fine cruise up the Gulf and River St. Lawrence. Besides the owner and family there are on board the Misses Ford and Willard and Mr. A. H. Doran. The yacht is schooner rigged with graceful lines and most elegantly fitted up. She carries a crew of ten men.

Concert.

The Board of Managers of the Presbyterian congregation are making arrangements for a concert to be held in the White Church on the evening of Thursday, September 6th. They feel confident of presenting an excellent programme having secured the services of the best local talent together with some vocalists from other towns. This will be the first of a series of concerts to be held during the autumn and winter months.

The Read Picnic.

The annual picnic of the Roman Catholic congregation at Read, Tyendinaga, will be held next Wednesday, August 29th. Father McCarthy and his parishioners will leave nothing undone to make this event a complete success. In past years the Read picnic has always proved a pleasant and enjoyable event and each year finds it more largely patronized. All from Deseronto and vicinity who will favour the committee with their presence will receive a cordial welcome. Already the livery stables in this town are besieged with orders for conveyances for the occasion. Remember the date, Aug. 29th.

Stabbing Affray.

Joseph Smith, fisherman, aged 70, has been committed to gaol to stand his trial for stabbing Joseph McFerrin and Charles Swiff on Saturday at Amherst Island. Ellen Craw, Smith's housekeeper, came to Kingston and took home with her a gallon of whiskey. McFerrin and Smith saw the woman carrying the jug to Fish Point camping place, and being somewhat intoxicated, became seized with a desire to capture Ellen's jug. They went to the camp, and when the old fisherman refused to part with the beverage a fight ensued, and the sturdy netter was thrown into the lake. This so exasperated the old man that he drew his knife, and in the *melee* he plunged it into both assailants. McFerrin received a serious stab in the left side, at the edge of the ribs, sufficiently large to allow his spleen to protrude, and Swiff received a slash in his left leg about four inches in length, in the fleshy part of the thigh. This occurred about midnight, and the men lay bleeding on the shore until 10 o'clock Sunday morning, when Drs. R. and A. Kennedy, Bath, succeeded in dressing the wounds. Both men had bled freely and were exhausted. They will probably recover. The sympathy of the people is with the old man.

Dedication of the Methodist Church.

All the arrangements are completed for the dedication of the new Methodist church, Deseronto, which will take place on Sunday, Sept. 2nd. At the morning service which will commence at 10:30 a. m. Rev. A. Carman, M. A., D. D., one of the general superintendants of the Methodist Church in Canada, will preach after which the solemn and impressive dedication service will be held. At 3 p. m. Dr. Carman will address the Sabbath school and a mass meeting. At 7 o'clock p. m. Rev. A. B. Chambers, L. L. B., Chairman of the Napanee District, will preach. A collection will be taken at the close of each service in aid of the building fund. In connection with the dedication of the church the ladies of the congregation will have a tea meeting from 6 to 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, 6th Sept. All the delicacies of the season will be provided, tickets of admission being placed at 25 cts. W. R. Aylsworth, Esq., will preside on the occasion and addresses will be delivered by E. W. Rathbun, Esq., and clergymen of the town and district. The choir will also render a number of musical selections. Everything possible will be done to provide strangers and visitors with good sitting accommodation at the various services.

Quinte's Excursion.

To-day the Quinte carries an excursion from Napanee to Belleville and Trenton calling at Deseronto at 9:00 a. m. Tickets 25 cts. On Saturday, 25th inst., she carries an excursion from Belleville to Picton calling here at 5:00, p. m.; tickets 25 cts.

Precautions Against Fire.

Water pipes have been laid down through the big stables and hose attachments effected to guard against danger from fire. Pipes connecting with the refuse boilers pumps have also been laid down along both sides of the trestle dock with hose and branches placed every 75 feet apart to guard against danger in that district.

Dentistry.

A gentleman objects to The TRIBUNE stating that there is only one dentist in Deseronto. He informs us that they have one at the Big Mill. Michael Dunn is his name and his office is in the filing room. He is very expert at extracting old teeth and inserting new ones, doing it with the least pain possible. They are saw teeth of course.

Pic-nic next Wednesday.

The annual pic-nic and excursion of the Sunday school of Trinity Church, Shannonville, will take place on Wednesday, 29th inst., to Massassaga Point. The steamer will leave Shannonville at 8, and 10 a. m. Tickets only 25 cts. The committee have made all the necessary arrangements to ensure a time of great enjoyment.

The Fences Are Going.

That good work, the removal of front fences, is still going on much to the improvement of all the streets. One after another the residents are taking the good advice of THE TRIBUNE and converting the costly, paint-consuming, and too often rickety fences into frei. There are still a number, however, which should be removed immediately. People wonder what have become of the cows—not one to be seen on our streets, thanks to the watchful eye of the Chief.

Cement Works.

MESSRS. Wm. Irvine and F. C. Whitton drove down to Napanee last Saturday to inspect some work recently done by Mr. John Wallace on the Dominion House in that town, in which the Bravender lime manufactured by the Napanee Cement Works had been used. Like all others who examined the work they were well pleased and in consequence Mr. Irvine intends using this lime for his fine new residence now in course of erection in Deseronto.

Machine Shops.

Locomotive, No 1., B. of Q. R'y., which was broken last week was repaired by Saturday night and the Grand Trunk engine sent home. No. 3 which has been undergoing repairs all summer is about finished and is now in the paint shops to get the finishing touches. On Monday the gearing of the line shaft broke down about noon delaying work in the shops for the rest of the day. The machine shops have been kept very busy this season.

Death of Mr. Robt. Clapp.

MR. ROBT. CLAPP, U. S. consul at Picton, died at Picton last Friday. He was born in Milford and filled many offices of trust and responsibility in his native town. He was for years reeve of the township, was Warden of the county and chairman of the high school board. Mr. Clapp twice contested the county in the Conservative interest, for a seat in the local legislature, but was defeated each time by Mr. Striker. He twice contested the county for a seat in the commons and was defeated each time by Dr. Platt.

The New Methodist Church.

Work on the Methodist Church is rapidly approaching completion. The carpenters got through with their portion last Saturday evening. The painters are also near the end of their labours. Messrs Reubeck Clement and J. Fitzgerald have been busy this week at the difficult task of painting the spire. Tuck-pointers from Toronto have been busy this week on the outside of the edifice which by their labours will be completely metamorphosed. Everything will be in readiness for the dedication services on Sunday, Sept. 2nd. The congregation are justly proud of their handsome place of worship.

Eat Freely of Lemons.

An experienced and highly respected physician gave me a valuable hint the other day which others may find as useful as I did. "I am convinced," said he, "not only from practical personal experience, but on theoretically scientific grounds also, that a safeguard against much prevalent summer illness lies in the free use of lemon juice. Citric acid helps to supply the place of the fluids which are unduly dissipated through the pores of the skin in hot weather. Eat plenty of lemons and you can stand the heat infinitely better than those who do not make use of the fruit with which nature has supplied tropical countries."—*The Epoch.*

To Alexandria Bay.

The very best excursion of the season will take place on Wednesday, Aug. 29th, to Alexandria Bay by the steamer Quinte. The boat will leave Napanee at six o'clock in the morning, calling at Deseronto, Thompson's Point, Picton, Bath, Kingston and other bay ports, passing down the American channel giving a splendid opportunity of seeing the far-famed Pullman mansion and reaching the bay about three o'clock. One hour will be given for sight seeing, then the steamer will return by the Canadian channel, thus affording excursionists a delightful trip among the far famed Thousand Islands. Alexandria Bay is twelve miles below Wells Island and the right bower called Fairyland. Fare for the round trip only fifty cents. A limited number of tickets have been issued and those desiring to go can procure tickets from either H. V. Fralick or J. C. Drewry, Napanee. Remember, tickets only fifty cents for the round trip.

Deseronto as a Shipping Port.

The *Oswego Palladium* believes that Deseronto will yet become a great shipping port. This fact is becoming more evident every day to thinking people in all the towns along lake Ontario. With better railway communications with North Hastings and the interior generally, Deseronto must become the point from which shipments of produce, ore, &c., must be made to Oswego, and other points in Northern New York. We have often been surprised that our council and business men generally have been so indifferent in directing trade in this direction. The inertness of our town council during the past ten years in matters of this kind would try the patience of a saint. Deseronto people are afraid of asking anything whatever from governments, dominion or provincial, and, as nothing is given without being asked, Deseronto gets nothing. Hence there is as yet no bridge across the bay; no continuous line of railway to Napanee; no industrial school; nothing, in fine, but what has been obtained by the enterprise of one or two citizens. No wonder that politically speaking Deseronto counts only as a drop in the balance.

VILLAGE COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Village Council was held in the town hall, on Monday evening, 20th inst., the following members being present, viz., W. R. Aylsworth, Reeve, and A. A. Richardson and T. Roach, Jr., councillors.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The Clerk read several communications including an account from Mr. John Dalton for expenses of a funeral; also a statement of the estimates for school purposes from the public school board; and from the County Council the estimates for county purposes. A petition signed by over 200 ratepayers was also presented praying that the market by-law might be so amended that farmers and others might be allowed to cut meat and sell in small quantities on the market. The Reeve also stated that he had received a communication from the Reeve of Blyth asking for information concerning the fire system, &c., of Deseronto, which he stated he had answered; also a circular from Mr. J. H. Menzies, Toronto, respecting the licensing of public auditors. The Reeve brought up the question of the sale of Third street, and the necessity of making provisions for boathouses, &c. Further consideration of this matter was deferred until the next meeting.

The Reeve in submitting the by-law for assessment purposes for the current year stated that the assessor had raised the assessment nearly $100,000 over last year. There was a surplus of about $1,000 carried over from last year. The amounts required for county and school purposes was a little greater than last year, the former would require an assessment of 2 mills and the latter 6 mills on the dollar, and for other purposes 9 mills would be required making an assessment of 17 mills for all purposes. The council had expended $1,850 in the streets and boardwalks, but he considered it advisable to wait until next season before proceeding with these, with the exception of the west side of Green street on which he thought it well to widen the walk to Main street. On motion of Mr. Richardson, seconded by Mr. Roach the by-law was passed, sealed and numbered 132. It was agreed to continue the boardwalk on Green street, and Mr. Robt. Anderson being heard on the condition of the boardwalk on East Thomas street near his residence, it was agreed to raise it for a short distance.

As there was not a full attendance of council, it was agreed to defer action on the market by-law petition, and other business to a special meeting to be held at a near date.

On motion of Mr. Richardson the council then adjourned.

MILLTOWN.

From Our Own Correspondent

Mrs. Potter and her daughter, Miss May Lord, from Campbellford, returned to their home on Tuesday last, after enjoying a very pleasant visit with Miss Jane Pegan.

Miss White returned to school on Saturday last, bringing her sister Emma, with her to enjoy a few days with friends here.

Miss Nettie Ray, of Melrose, visited her aunt, Mrs. R. S. Pegan, last week.

If Mr. Brass Buttons were to call around once and a while especially of a Sunday perhaps, he would surprise some of our young men who congregate in back barns, or in the railroad bridge or on the banks of the river for the purpose of playing cards and drinking liquor, but of course they can't get liquor unless it is sold to them. Where is our inspector?

The Sunday School of Trinity Church, Shannonville, purpose holding their annual excursion on Tuesday, 28th of August, to be held at Massassaga Point.

So much has been said of late, about old coins; Mr. T. D. Appleby was showing your correspondent a collection his son has, I think it was 17 pieces in all. The coins are not so old as they are rare, one penny in particular weighs, I should judge, about 3 ozs. The inscription on one side is Georgius, III., D. G. R. F. E. X., and on the other side the date 1797, Britannia, the figure of a female with a branch in her right hand, a spear in the left. I cannot remember the rest but they are more foreign mostly French.

Misses Ella and Lizzie Pennick are visiting friends in Consecon.

Miss De Motte Appleby spent Sunday and Monday with friends in Belleville.

Mrs. L.A. Appleby and her two children, Willie and Daisy, were the guests of Mrs. T. D. Appleby on Sunday last.

Mr. Hugh Reid is seriously ill.

LONSDALE.

From Our Own Correspondent

On Wednesday of last week several of our number determined to knock a day's sport, fishing on the Bay of Quinte and accordingly set out well equipped. Though there were indications of rain in the morning the day proved very favourable. On arriving at the ferry we met with our genial friend Mr. Wm. Jamieson, of Toronto, who very kindly invited us to his summer resort on his farm in Prince Edward, beautifully situated on the shore of the Bay which was well furnished with all the comforts of life, telling us to make ourselves at home and use anything we wished. He also furnished us with his commodious craft and we spent a very pleasant day, taking in over 200 fish, and returned with all we wished, and making a little boy happy by leaving him a large number on the shore. Mr. Jamieson has our thanks for his kindness and trouble to make our picnic a pleasant time.

A perfect complexion, free from pimple or blemish, is very rarely seen, because few people have perfectly pure blood. And yet, all disfiguring eruptions are easily removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Try it, and surprise your friends with the result.

NOTICE.

VOTERS' LIST, 1888, Municipality of the village of Deseronto, in the County of Hastings.

Notice is hereby given, that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 5 and 6 of The Voters' Lists' Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office at Deseronto, on the 22nd day of August, 1888, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and, if any omissions or other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

ROBERT N. IRVINE,
Clerk of the Village of Deseronto.

Dated at Deseronto, this 22nd day of August, 1888.

WORD HAS GONE FORTH

throughout these counties that for best qualities and best values you must go to

Robinson & Co.

Our stock is very large; our assortment is very large. We are doing our best to deserve your patronage. We are exercising extreme carefulness in buying the goods you want and we are selling them to you at right prices. All our customers receive the most courteous treatment. We could name scores of customers who were not buying a dollar's worth of goods from us last year and this year they are not buying a dollar's worth any place excepting here. We do our best to please all and are happy to know that we are succeeding so well.

DRESS GOODS.

As the fall season approaches we desire to call your attention particularly to this department. We want to sell you your next dress. We have the largest stock of dress goods and trimmings of every description for you to choose from and Miss Allison will gladly give you all the information you require regarding the styles, etc. You are sure to be pleased.

FANCY GOODS.

We take great pains in looking after our assortment in this department. Ladies collars, ruffs, gloves, hosiery, corsets, bustles, handkerchiefs, underwear. You are sure to find just the goods you want.

JACKETS & WRAPS.

On cool days and cool evenings, jackets and wraps are indispensible. We have made preparations for a large trade in this department. A great many of our new goods are to hand and are much admired. We make a specialty of the manufacture of these goods.

STAPLES.

It is surprising the amount of staple goods we are selling, but when you see our goods and prices the wonder ceases. Cotton, positively the best values in the market at 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 7c, 8c, 9c, 10c per yard; steam looms at 5c, 7c, 8c, 10c, 11, 12½c, 14c, 15c; shirtings at 7c, 8c, 10c, 11c, 12c, 14c, 15c. We can sell you staples as low as any house in the trade and a great deal lower than most of them. Try us and you will say so too.

GENT'S FURNISHINGS.

Gent's gloves in Kid, Lisle thread cotton and woolen. Gent's handkerchiefs in linen, lawn and cotton. Gent's underwear in Cashmere, Scotch lamb's wool, natural wool balbriggan, merino and cotton. Gents' hats in hard and soft felts in all colors. Gent's umbrellas in silk, durable, lustre and alpaca. A splendid assortment of Gents' ties.

CLOTHING.

We do a very large clothing trade. We keep an assortment of ready made clothing of every description and we make to order clothing of every description for men and boys. We can suit you in pattern, we can suit you in style, we can suit you in price. Mr. Walters, our cutter, is a first-class artist. We guarantee you a perfect fit and an article which will be entirely satisfactory throughout. Take a look through our stock before purchasing a suit or overcoat.

We make a specialty of boys' ready-made clothing.

New goods to hand this week in dress goods, dress trimmings, silks, kid gloves, mantlings, mantle ornaments, ribbons, tweeds.

ROBINSON & CO.

Successors to Downey & Co.

NAPANEE.

DESERONTO MARKET.

Deseronto August 23, 1888.

BARLEY, 55 to 75 cents per bushel.
OATS, 45 to 50 " "
BUTTER, 16 to 18 cents per pound.
LAMB, 7 to 8 " "
BEEF, 4 to 5 " "
LARD, 11 to 12 " "
EGGS, 12 to 15 cents per dozen.
POTATOES, 80c. to $1.00 per bag.
HAY, 15 to 18 dollars per ton.
CHICKENS, 30 to 50 cents per pair.
Hides 3 to 3.50 dollars per cwt.
Pelts 25 cents each.
Tallow in rough 2 cents per lb.
Tallow rendered 5 "
Hogs, live weight, $5.00 per cwt.
Hogs, dead, $6.50 to $7 per cwt.
Apples, 80 cents to $1.30 per bag.

BIRTHS.

MCGUINESS:—At Lonsdale on the 17th inst., the wife of Mr. William McGuiness, of a son.

CALLAGHAN:—At Melrose, on the 17th inst., the wife of Mr. Dennis Callaghan, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

CARTER:—At Deseronto, on the 15th inst., Laura May, infant daughter, of Arthur and Lizzie Carter, aged 2 months and 10 days.

NAPHIN:—On the 17th inst., after a short illness, Helena, daughter of the late Mr. Martin Naphin, 9th concession Tyendinaga.

KINGSFORD.

From Our Own Correspondent

Mr. William Edwards and Miss Edwards of Deseronto were visiting Mrs. Sexsmith this week.

Miss Alice Shannon has been visiting Miss Maggie Sexsmith.

Mr. Wellington Frigell has been spending a few days here.

Mr Henry Sexsmith, and Mr. Frederick Sexsmith are spending a few days home.

Mr. James Winters son of Mr. William Winters from the State of Missouri has been visiting his relatives here after an absence of 21 years. He observes many changes in the place and people. When living here he was in the employ of the late H. B. Rathbun.

On Sunday afternoon and evening a great many buggies passed through the village from the north, south and west and Lonsdale Avenue and Church St. were full of pedestrians.

Mr. Daniel Griffin has been threshing during the past two weeks in this neighborhood and is doing excellent work with his "Advance" machine.

A large quantity of fall wheat and rye will be sown in this section this fall.

$1.00 per bushel has been already offered for barley in Napanee.

We have had fine rains during the past week and the meadows and pastures are beginning to look green. Cows are coming up in their milk owing to the improvement in the pasture. The mornings and evenings are very cool and this week it had much the appearance of an early fall.

PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION OF PRENTICE BOYS.

VICTORIA LODGE, No. 9, meet in their Hall, corner of St. George and Edmund Streets on the First and Third Tuesday in each Month,

J. D. Monaghan, W. M. H. Solmes, D. M. J. Gordon, Secretary.

FOR SALE.

A SECOND-HAND FANNING MILL is offered for sale. For terms, etc., apply at

BAY VIEW RANCHE.

Deseronto, Aug. 15th, 1888.

BOARDERS WANTED

SUITABLE ROOMS AND BOARD for Gentlemen can be had at

MRS. R. B. OWENS,

Main Street, opposite Chemical Works.

Deseronto, Aug. 10th.

DESERONTO.

We want to say a word to you this week about clothing. We are not strangers to you. Many of your most

STYLISH YOUNG MEN

have worn our Clothes for years, but there are others we want to know, and the sooner the better for both. Why not at once? You like

NICE FITTING GARMENTS.

You pay for them, why not have them? Our stock is large and our prices reasonable, We give you city goods and city cut at

COUNTRY FIGURES.

We look after the details. Nothing neglected to ensure satisfaction. You want the clothes, we want your orders. Why can't we deal?

We are to be found opposite The Beaver Office, Napanee.

McALISTER & CO.,
Popular Clothiers and Furnishers.

FARMERS', -:- ATTENTION!

LOOK HERE!

H. M. SNIDER

HAS opened up ware-rooms on St. George Street, Deseronto, for the sale of agricultural implements of all descriptions. He is agent for J. O. Wisner, Son & Co's, of Brantford, manufacturers of the celebrated

WISNER COMBINED DRILL,
SINGLE DRILL AND SECTIONAL SEEDER,
SPRING-TOOTH CULTIVATORS,
SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS AND PERFECTION RAKES.

Also of A. Harris, Son & Co., of Brantford, manufacturers of

No. 2 STEEL FRAME BRANTFORD —BINDERS,—
REAPERS AND MOWERS.

A full line of Repairs kept constantly on hand.

Plows. Shares for all kinds of Plows.

Deseronto, April 12, 1888. 6 mos.

REMNANTS

Will accumulate in the best regulated stores.

P. SLAVEN & CO.

Are clearing out their Remnants at the rate of three or four hundred a week, so that the Stock of Colored Remnants is pretty well reduced.

We have one Table of BLACK GOODS that have not gone as fast as we would like to see them go.

And also about 30 Remnants of CARPETS, and we will have

A Special Sale of These Goods

Only for Three Days Next Week,

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,

Aug. 22nd, 23rd & 24th

When we will offer a SPECIAL DISCOUNT of 25 per cent off all Remnants of Carpets and Black Goods of all kinds, that is, 25 per cent Discount off the Reduced Remnant Prices.

For Next Week we will also lay out a Table of

Cheap Dress Goods

AND MARK THEM DOWN

To such Ridiculously Low Prices,

To such Absurdly Low Prices,

Such Give-away Prices,

That people who see them cannot help buying them whether they want them or not.

Our New FALL STOCK is arriving and we now show

New French Dress Goods,

New Prints, New Ribbons,

Corsets, Gloves, etc.

We are selling a 29 inch Grey Cotton at 3 cents a yard; we are selling a 36 inch Grey Cotton at 5 cents a yard that beats anything we ever sold at the price. New Flannels, Table Linens, Towels and Staple Goods of all kinds.

P. SLAVEN & CO.,

NAPANEE, ONT.

Do you know Dalton is agent for The Dominion, The Karn and The Thomas Organs.

Do you know Dalton is agent for The White, The New Williams and Wanzer sewing machines.

A SPECIAL LINE OF

COUCHES

At Greatly Reduced Rates for the Next 30 Days

DALTON'S,

ST. GEORGE STREET, DESERONTO.

"In Union is Strength."

Particularly is this the case in the union or combination of the vegetable oils which blended together compose

SIMSON'S LINIMENT.

Its penetrating powers in Cases of Rheumatism, Lame Back, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, etc., have been thoroughly proven. Mr. James Avery, Mallorytown, Leeds Co., Ontario, writes: "Shortly after your agent was here last winter my son unfortunately strained the cords of his back and not paying attention to it at once caught cold which settled there. He was laid up for about a week and suffered considerably. I, as an experiment, gave your **Simpson's Liniment** a trial and it brought him around in twenty-four hours. I heartily recommend it." Sold everywhere for 25c.

Manufactured by

BROWN BROS. & CO.,
Chemists,
Halifax, N. S.

FIRE INSURANCE!

We beg to advise those desiring insurance that we are Agents for

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, OF ENGLAND;
THE COMMERCIAL UNION INSURANCE CO'Y. OF ENGLAND;
THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY OF TORONTO, ONT.;
THE BRITISH AMERICAN INSURANCE CO'Y, OF TORONTO ONT.,
THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y

Who will write Policies as low as any other *Stock* Company in the Dominion.

The standing of these Companies is such that all may be satisfied that in case of loss the settlement will be prompt and equitable.

Farmers will find it to their interest to insure with us.

Record kept of all Policies and Notices sent insurers before expiration of same.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
Deseronto, Ont.

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air-cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that, until the hacking cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes can have no opportunity to heal. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Soothes and Heals

the inflamed membrane, arrests the wasting process, and leaves no injurious results. This is why it is more highly esteemed than any other pulmonary specific.

L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonzo P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, had frequent choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

1888. SPRING. 1888

New and Seasonable Goods

are being shown in every department at

THE : BIG : STORE.

We are now offering special inducements in

SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

Many lines which we are showing cannot be got elsewhere, as we have imported them direct and in advance of the Wholesale Dealers, upon whom most retail merchants depend for their stock.

Many novelties will be found in the

FANCY : GOODS : DEPARTMENT,

As everything new is added to our Stock. When you want anything in this line come direct to THE BIG STORE.

STAPLE DRY GOODS, SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, COTTONADES, WHITE AND GREY COTTONS, DUCKS, etc.

We are in a position to sell at a lower price than any other house in the trade.

THE TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

A very complete line of ENGLISH AND SCOTCH TWEEDS are kept, and being bought from manufacturers all middle handling is avoided, and the cost to our patrons largely diminished. All the operations of the work are conducted under MR. STODDART'S close and practical supervision.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—It is almost marvelous to contemplate the magnitude which this branch of our Store has attained. All who buy their foot-wear from us can rely upon getting Boots, Shoes, &c., of the highest standard of excellence and at the lowest prices considering the quality.

Groceries and Provisions.—This Department is so well known that comment is unnecessary. A large section of the surrounding country as well as nearly all the inhabitants of the village seeks their supplies at The Big Store, and the demand though large, has been amply provided for. Our Stock was never so complete as it now is, and consumers who leave their orders with us may rely with certainty on their being promptly and satisfactorily filled.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

—THE BIG STORE,—
MAIN STREET, DESERONTO.

A TRIP ON THE HERO.

During the past few years we had frequently received, and had as often promised to accept, an invitation from Capt. Nicholson to take a trip on the good steamer Hero. Circumstances, and not ingratitude, prevented us fulfilling our promise until last Saturday morning. Rising early we were soon at the steamboat dock where with several others we boarded the Hero at 5 a.m, the necessities of the trip requiring her to leave at this early hour. A few minutes after, Capt. Nicholson, already astir, made us cordially welcome. He had enjoyed a splendid night's sleep having been actually in his berth five hours, something unusual for him this season. The morning was beautiful and the sail down the reach was fine. Picton was reached in good time and the landing effected at the new dock and ware-house lately purchased by Mr. Gildersleeve. A large party of passengers were there awaiting the steamer. Much difficulty was experienced in getting two horses aboard. They were afraid of the water and new situation generally and obstinately refused to be lead down the gangway. Coaxing or driving were alike tried in vain. The devices of the deck hands to make them move forward caused much amusement. At last one was successfully backed down the gangway by main force. The second, a grey, was most stubborn. He carried a proud head which the weight of two burly fellows could not bend. Alluding to his colour, one of these reminded the steed that he should not carry his head so high as this was not the 12th of July. The other asked him, "Where he had been *fetched* up? At last his head being covered with a bag he also was backed down the gangway amid great rejoicing. Shortly after leaving Picton the breakfast bell sounded and in a few minutes the excellent bill of fare provided by Mr. Spellman, the popular steward, was keenly discussed by the passengers with appetites which had been whetted by the fresh morning air. On we speed past Glenora, Adolphustown, Conway, Prinyer's, Bath, Stella and other regular stopping places each of which contributed its quota of passengers and freight. After a delightful trip Kingston was reached shortly after eleven o'clock. The Hero leaves for the Islands at 1:45 p. m. This gave us nearly three hours to take in the sights of the Limestone City, to make a hurried call on friends, and get lunch at a restaurant. The appointed hour found us again on the Hero whose decks were crowded with a full complement of passengers. They were a well dressed, pleasant, and exceedingly orderly party of excursionists. During the whole trip we did not hear one objectionable expression nor witness one offensive action on the part of even one individual. The sail down the river has been so often described that we would be intruding on the patience of the reader were we to refer to it at length. Suffice it is to say that the Hero carried us quickly to Thousand Island Park where many of the excursionists debarked to spend an hour, thence through the fairy land which follows until Alexandria bay was reached. The channel is lined with beautiful cottages in all designs, the latest wonder being the castle erected at great cost by Mr. Pullman which is well worth going the whole distance to behold. The return trip to Kingston was enlivened with music and singing, an accomplished young lady presiding at the piano rendering many selections with an execution which was by common consent pronounced very brilliant. On the way Mr. Spellman accomplished the difficult task of providing his large company with supper with an alertness and skill which elicited well deserved compliments. After a half hour more spent at Kingston the Hero proceeded up the bay; all the different docks were touched on the way. The moon shone bright above, its beams being reflected on the water in a manner to satisfy the most sentimental. At last the lighthouse at Deseronto looms up and at an early hour of the morning the town of tall chimneys and busy factories is reached. With every disposition to criticise we must confess that our trip was much enjoyed. The Hero is a staunch and trim craft. Whether on account of skillful management, or adaptability in her build, or both, she appears to have a nimbleness in approaching and leaving a dock peculiarly her own. Capt. Nicholson evidently believes in the touch and-go system, which ensures promptitude, saves time, and is especially pleasing to passengers. The officers and crew were unfailing in their attention and courtesy to passengers of all ranks, ages and condition. There was every disposition manifest to oblige and assist, and as a fellow passenger observed there was a total absence of that profanity which too frequently greets the ear on many excursion steamers. We have said that Capt. Nicholson greeted us when we boarded the steamer at 5 o'clock in the morning; it was nearly 4 a. m. the next morning when Deseronto was reached, and he was still at the post of duty, having been on deck at every landing made during the intervening time, thus manifesting a care and an almost morbid anxiety in the welfare and safety of his vessel and passengers. No wonder that he has succeeded in making the Hero so popular with the travelling public. Finally we would say to all the readers of THE TRIBUNE, if you wish to enjoy a day of pleasure, of healthy and invigorating pleasure, take the steamer Hero and start off on her next trip down the bay and river to the enchanting scenes of the Thousand islands.

DONT NEGLECT THE COUGH

COUGH, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS WHOOPING COUGH CROUP, INFLUENZA DIFFICULT BREATHING and all Throat and Lung complaints. Pleasant to take; children are fond of it. Instant relief from first dose; heals and cures like magic. Prepared scientifically from the Pure Pine Tar.

Sold Everywhere at 25 cents a Bottle.

RECOMMENDED BY EVERYBODY.

I am acquainted with the composition of Perrin' Pine Tar Cordial, and can recommend it as being the most efficient Cough Remedy I know of.

P. PLMER BURROWS, M.D., C.M.

(Member of the American Public Health Association, and President of the Executive Association of Health Officers of Ontario.)

Perrin's Pine Tar Cordial Co.,
LINDSAY, ONT.

THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION

A successful medicine tested over 30 years in thousands of cases. Promptly cures *Nervous Prostration, Weakness of Brain, Spinal Cord,* and *Generative Organs* of either sex. *Emissions* and all ills caused by indiscretion or over-exertion. Six packages is *guaranteed* to effect a cure when all other medicines fail. One package $1, six packages $5, by mail. Sold by druggists. *Write for Pamphlet.* EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., *Detroit, Mich.*

LONG LIFE ON LITTLE FOOD.

We Could Prolong Existence If We Would Only Eat Less.

BY PROF. PROCTOR.

In two recent articles I considered the evidence we have as to the value of abstinence in regard to food as tending to promote health, to lengthen life and to increase the value of life by diminishing the burdens which often make lengthened years sorrow rather than gain, while in the other I touched on the real independence which thousands, nay millions, of the working order might gain by steadily pursuing a method of living which would save for storing half their earnings.

Undoubtedly such cases as that of the Venetian Cornaro, who restored a constitution apparently ruined at 40, by changing high living into abstinence, such as many would consider akin to starvation, and lived a bright, cheerful and active life till he had reached within a year of 100 affords very striking evidence of the advantage (to some at least) of extreme moderation in food and drink. And, on the other hand, I was able to make out a good case for the advantage which the great working majority of humanity might gain in the long run (and not such a very long run either) by relieving themselves of a large part of the burden of maintenance, while nevertheless maintaining themselves in better health and higher spirits than when living on the usual scale.

Without undertaking to preach the doctrine of extreme abstinence as a cure for individual suffering or for social inequalities, I propose here briefly to touch on some points of evidence which seem worth considering.

ASCETICS OF HISTORY.

There seems to be good reason for believing that with men of sound constitutions extreme abstinence tends directly to length of years. We have in the history of ascetics so many remarkable instances of longevity that we can hardly doubt that there was some connection between their asceticism and their long life—unless (which is a reasonable supposition too, however) we suppose that the strength of will and purpose indicated by their entering into and continuing the ascetic life was itself a proof of the constitutional strength and tenacity essential to longevity. Be this as it may, the ascetics lived healthy and cheerful lives on very little food, and many of them far outlived the four score years which the Psalmist assigns as an age at which life becomes but a weary burden.

Cassian asserts that the usual daily supply of food for an ascetic was twelve ounces of bread, their drink being water. There must be some mistake, however, in this, as it has been abundantly proved that life can not be maintained on bread and water alone for any great length of time. On the meagre diet (for meagre it undoubtedly was) of the ascetic rules, St. Anthony lived 105 years; James the Hermit, 104 years; Arsenius, who had been tutor of the Emperor Arcadius, 120 years; Epippanius, 115 years; Simeon the Stylite, 112 years, and Romauld, 120 years. Doubtless some of these cases have been exaggerated; still there is good reason for believing that the century was in many cases passed. Open air and quiet surroundings may have had something to do with the extreme longevity of most of the ascetics, but per contra they were exexposed to hardships which are commonly regarded as tending to shorten life.

Some of the ascetics, indeed, invented discomforts for themselves which can hardly have tended to promote longevity. Simeon the Stylite, for example, lived on a column (or "Style") having only a space about three feet in diameter whereon to live and move and have his being, a rail reaching to about the height of his girdle serving at once to limit his movements and to save him from falling off. Such a manner of living, though one cannot but admit that it was on a high style, was scarcely conducive to comfort. Now Cornaro himself attributed his longevity in large degree to the ease and comfort as well as to the asceticism of his life. It is a matter of as much importance to consider how far men may endure long fasting without injury to their health as to inquire how far life may be prolonged by extreme abstinence.

VARIOUS FASTING TYPES.

In regard to the former question we have evidence obtained in several ways. In some cases prolonged fasting has been compelled by accident or misfortune or sickness; in others men have tried long fasting an an experiment for the improvement of the health or to bring the body into subjection, or to clear the mind; while in yet others, long fasts have been undertaken for less worthy motives, as for money or wages, from notoriety, and so forth. To these may be added cases in which certain cranks whom we should have to regard as profanely blasphemous unless we admitted the weakness of their minds, in the vain notion that the Almighty takes pleasure in seeing His creatures expose themselves to unnecessary hardships and trials of endurance.

We may pass over the last class. They are indeed partly included among the ascetics, among whom also we find those who imagined that the body may be brought into subjection and the mind cleared by extreme fasts. On this last point be it remarked in passing the evidence is tolerably clear. The body is not brought into subjection by being weakened, as might have been expected, since on the strength of the body depends in great degree the strength of the mind. The very men who by their endurance of hard lives showed the original strength of their resolution, have displayed after body and mind had been alike weakened by unduly abstemious lives, a proneness to fleshly temptations which men far less devout and far less inclined originally to self-restraint or self abnegation have not been troubled by. It may be said that the devotional type of character is of its own nature a type for which such temptations have exceptional strength, but though this is so it does not affect the evidence which has been again and again afforded that weakening the body weakens also the moral nature.

SIXTY-ONE DAYS WITHOUT SOLID FOOD.

It would be a curious problem to determine how much weight can be given to cases in which religious mania has led to prolonged fasting, for the proverb *mens sana in corpore sane* implies that where the mind is not sane the body can hardly be in good health. It is among such cases that until recently the largest experience as to the effects of long fasting has been obtained. A year or two ago a young man who had fallen into some foolish notions about religion abstained from all solid food for sixty-one days, only occasionally moistening his mouth with water slightly flavored with the juice of an orange. This case far outdoes all the recent cases in which men have fasted for money or for notoriety. During fifty-one days the young idiot retained a fair degree of strength, and though he was not cheerful that—like his weakness of mind—was natural with him. During the next ten days his strength failed rapidly. He began to lose faith in the great things which were to happen as a reward from Heaven for flying in Heaven's face. He was now little better than a skeleton, preserved by drying the muscles upon it in their natural situation. His mind had passed from extreme weakness to absolute imbecility.

At this time an able physician was called to attend him. Unfortunately the doctor was too late to save the patient, for although the young man began to improve for a few days, he fell into high fever on the sixth day, and remained delirious till the eleventh (the seventy second from the beginning of his fast) when he died. The world did not lose much by his death; but it would have been interesting to have followed the progress of his recovery, and to have heard something from him when he was restored to strength about his feelings, bodily and mental, during the latter part of his long fast. On this point we only know that after the third day he suffered little from either hunger or thirst.

The general idea has been that in such cases when food begins to be taken it should be taken very gradually. So far as experiments on the lower animals can be trusted this would seem not to be the case. Dogs have been starved almost to death, both without water and with—the experiment as in man's case lasting much longer when water is allowed—and then food has been set before them. In every case, the dog has immediately gone for the food with resolution and despatch, consuming a large meal and being apparently all the better for it.

Mr. Tanner's fast, whatever the motives with which it was undertaken, proved nothing of any scientific value. There have been several cases in which men have been deprived of food for so long as six weeks, yet have survived and apparently recovered their full strength. Miners imprisoned by colliery explosions, enclosed in some damp, cold, dark, gloomy space, with water by them to be drunk only when thirst was too painful to be resisted, so exceedingly foul was it, were in case somewhat different from Dr. Tanner's; so that their recovery after forty-two or forty-three days' exposure has meant much more than his too much talked of watermelon feast after forty days of comfortable wet fasting.

The same remark applies to the recent fasting tests for money. If we had heard anything of the famous food of which a few grains was to suffice for a man's sustenance during a week, we might feel that such experiments had proved of some service. As matters really stood they only proved that numbers are ready to attach notoriety to feats, or to pay money for them, which prove nothing but that for notoriety or money some will always be found ready to endure discomfort.

France and Italy.

The fact that the Italian Government has announced the definite annexation of Massowah would not of itself account for the bitterness engendered in Paris by the incident. No doubt French shipmasters and merchants may regret the substitution of Italian tribunals for the consular courts established under the regime of captulations. But as precisely the same course was taken some time ago by the French authorities in Tunis, they seem estopped from complaining of arbitrary interference with treaty rights.

We can also see that the commercial importance of Massowah, although it is the entrepot of trade between Europe and the Abyssinian highlands, scarcely justifies the outlay of money and of human life which its occupation has imposed on Italy. That her acquisition of the island seaport should excite so much irritation on the part of her French neighbor may rather be ascribed partly to the strategic value of the place, commanding as it does the entrance of the Red Sea, but mainly to the apprehension that this is only the first of many advantages which Signor Crispi means to win for his countrymen in Egyptian territory.

To secure influence at Cairo has been one of the chief aims of Italian diplomacy since France made the mistake of refusing to cooperate with England in enforcing the joint ultimatum, and thus lost the moral and financial ascendancy which her construction of the Suez Canal had earned for her in the Nile country. From that time to this no effort has been spared to convince the British Government that, in the event of a recurrence of trouble in Egypt, it would find in Italy a more trustworthy partner. Indeed, Massowah itself was originally occupied in pursuance of a promise to effect a diversion in favor of Khartoum through the advance of an Italian expedition by way of Kassala. That demonstration failed of its specific purpose, but it has been accepted as a proof of the loyal support which England might expect from Italy, should the latter power be admitted to that share of control over the Khedival administration which formerly belonged to France. Nor can it be denied that if we look at the number of her citizens residing in Alexandria and at her activity in Levantine commerce, Italy has strong claims to divide with England the responsibilities and profits of Egypt.

In connection with this subject it is well to bear in mind that, should the present Ministry go out of office, the British force now stationed in the Nile land would in all likelihood be soon recalled. At all events, it would be so materially reduced that Italy's offer to cooperate in the safeguarding of the Suez Canal and the maintenance of order at Cairo might be accepted. A long step would thus be taken toward the virtual mastery of a country incomparably more useful to a commercial power than is the Tunisian Regency to France. Not Tripoli, whose productive capabilities are small, but Egypt is the real object of Italian combinations in the East. Once firmly lodged at Port Said and Alexandria, Italy would not only share with England the possession of the key to the Red Sea, but would gradually supplant France as a patron and purveyor of the Christian subjects of the Sultan in Syria and Asia Minor.

In other words, the formal annexation of Massowah is the first frank avowal on the part of King Humbert's Government of the large role it aims to fill in the eastern Mediterranean.

Some Typographical Errors.

Shortly after the invention of printing the wife of a printer in Germany, while an edition of the Bible was in the press, on one occasion made a small but important change in the types. The sentence in Genesis in which it is declared that Eve shall be subject to her husband runs thus: "He shall be thy lord," (Herr) This was altered to "He shall be thy fool," (Narr.) Many copies of the book got into circulation before the substitution of the one word for the other was discovered, for in black letter Herr and Narr much resemble each other. It is said that the practical joke cost the unfortunate woman her life, she having been condemned to the stake by the ecclesiastical authorities. During the latter part of the last century an awkward mistake occurred in this country in printing the Bible. In this edition the word "not" was omitted in the seventh commandment. For this piece of carelessness the then Archbishop of Canterbury imposed a heavy penalty. The edition, so far as practicable, was called in and destroyed, and a fine of £20,000 was inflicted upon the printers. The Roman Catholic Missal issued in France was once the subject of a ludicrous blunder. By the accidental substitution of a u for an a the word "calotte" (an ecclesiastical cap of mitre) was printed "culotte" (breeches) The error occurred in the directions for conducting the service, and the sentence as altered read: 'Here the priest will take off his "culotte."

Cultivating the Memory.

Every child should be taught the art of mastering anything. The first step in the process is to learn everything perfectly, and never to "scamp" a lesson. Be it short or long, be it spelling, arithmetic, grammar, or geometry, the lesson should be learned, as the school-boys say, "up the middle and down the sides, inside and out," so that the recitation shall be perfect. Mr. C.G. Leland, in his work on "Practical Education," says that this thoroughness in acquiring a lesson should be insisted on at the beginning of a child's educational training.

He thinks that no regard should at first be paid to the acquisition of mere knowledge. The object which the teacher ought to keep in mind is simply the development of the child's memory, the latent power of which may be developed to a marvellous degree.

Before the invention of printing, there were in every country in Europe thousands of men who had memories that at the present day would be considered almost miraculous. In ancient India stupendous works, such as that "three-hundred-thousand-legged lyric," the *Mahabarata*, were kept in existence by memory alone.

"I have been intimate with a learned Chinese," writes Mr. Leland, "who has passed the great examination of Pekin, and I am confident that though quite a young man, his memory contained ten times as much as any European I ever met. There are Jews living who can repeat by heart from any given word the whole of the Talmud, which is almost a library in itself."

Among the Highlands of Scotland a few old people may be found who can repeat thousands of verses of Gaelic poetry. The early Scandinavian bards preserved by their memories alone long epics, thousands of ballads, the legends and history of the times.

Max Muller tells us that the Brahmins of to-day do not employ either the written or the printed texts in learning and transmitting their holy lore. "They learn it, as their ancestors learned it thousands of years ago, from the mouth of a teacher."

So well do these Brahmins memorize and transmit the text that their accuracy is a satire upon "the art preservative of arts," as printing has been called. There are many "various readings" in Shakespeare's works and the "first folio" was printed only two hundred and sixty five years ago.

"There is hardly," says Max Muller, writing of Brahminical memory, "a *various reading* in the proper sense of the word, or even an uncertain accent in the whole of the *Rig-Veda*, which consists of more than a thousand hymns, averaging ten verses, and contains more than one hundred and fifty thousand words."

The Hindu Brahmin has, by nature, no better memory than the American, but it has been cultivated from his childhood. He is taught to learn one thing at a time, and to learn that perfectly.

Dr. Schlieman, the excavator of Troy, tells us that his memory was bad originally but by will and hard work he so perfected it that he learned a new language every six months, so as to write and speak it perfectly and that, too, while engaged in business as a wholesale grocer.

"What man has done man may do," quotes Mr. Leland, in urging that the memory of children should be cultivated. "The art of printing should have been our staff; we have made it a crutch, and used it till we cannot walk without it."

Mr. Leland would have a child's memory developed by giving it very easy lessons in pure, simple English, such as proverbs and texts of Scripture. No effort should be made to explain the text, but the child should learn it "parrot- like."

One-half of every lesson, after the first one, should consist of reviewing the previous lesson. The lesson for the day should be learned perfectly. When the child can recite at will several series of texts and proverbs, with accuracy, the teacher may give, without book, phrases to be learned.

When the pupil can repeat many proverbs and sentences, and can grasp and retain phrases given verbally, a new *power* will be manifested, which will show itself wax to receive and marble to retain. From the first the pupil must be taught to use the *will*; that is, to will to look intently and to repeat the words.

Shipbuilding in Great Britain.

The tonnage of the vessels launched in Great Britain during the year 1886 was 473 000, the lowest output for many years. The tonnage built during 1887 was 578,000, showing an increase of 105,000. It is a noticeable fact that much of the building during 1887 was of craft for special trades.

There is also little doubt that the cheapness of the cost of construction helped to increase the demand for vessels. It is also worthy of remark that the class of vessels built during the past year has been of a better type; built of a material believed to be more enduring, and with engines capable of working more economically, with a lessened use of fuel.

Most of the vessels now on the stocks are of large carrying capacity. An important fact affecting the prospects of shipbuilding is that the number of vessels lying idle, especially steamships, is very small. A fact which favors shipbuilding is that for some time past the tonnage of the United Kingdom and its colonies has been diminishing. The returns of the registrar general show that there were removed from the registries by loss and sale during the year 1887 497,000 tons, and that there were added to the same 403,000, showing a decrease of 94,000 tons. This decrease is said to be mostly in sailing vessels. It is also stated that the increase of tonnage shows a large proportion of tugs, yachts and other river craft and fishing vessels.

Of steamships there is an increased proportion of large-sized vessels for the great lines, passenger rather than cargo-carrying vessels.

The Dublin Court has confirmed the conviction of Mr. John Dillon, and refuses the application for a writ of *habeas corpus* for his release from prison.

Cremation, reasonably considered, is a horror, say The Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette. It is not true, as is popularly supposed, that in a few minutes the body is reduced to a handful of ashes. The burning process lasts for hours, and the less that is said of the details the better. It refers significantly to the fact that after the late Mr. Courtland Palmer's body had been burned the remains were not placed in an urn or bottle, but hidden away in a grave. The Gazette thinks the better way is to commit the body to the earth in such a way that it will be speedily absorbed.

THE HAT IN PARLIAMENT.

The Part Played by Head-Gear Among British Law Makers.

Hats play by no means an unimportant part in the procedure of the House of Commons, says an English writer. When or why they were first worn, and how the practice became fossilized into a custom, remains a mystery. At the meetings of no other assemblies in the kingdom, except the two Houses of Parliament, is it, we believe, either good taste or, indeed, allowable to remain hatted. The custom may have arisen from a trifling cause, as these things sometimes do. Perhaps some honorable member at some remote period, asked Mr. Speaker for permission to wear his hat on account of draughts, which are not altogether unknown in the House, and a precedent being once established—and in Parliament precedents are everything—it became the rule, and not the exception, to remain covered during the sittings of the House.

A strict etiquette governs the wearing of hats in the Commons. An honorable member who, ignorant or forgetful of the forms of the House, attempted to walk to his seat when covered would be met with loud cries of "Order," and although an absent-minded member sometimes does so he has never been known to repeat it. He must only wear his hat when seated. Directly he rises he must doff it, though he may only wish to speak to a member behind him, or to get a paper from the table. If any bill or resolution for which he is responsible is mentioned by the Speaker a member raises his hat and does not rise, and the same is done when another member alludes to him in the course of a speech or answers a question which he has put. If he is not wearing his hat at the time he immediately puts it on and then raises it in acknowledgment.

This practice has given rise to some funny contretemps, as when an honorable member, who was remarkable for a very small head, unconsciously picked up the hat of the member next to him, in mistake for his own; this member happened to be chiefly remarkable for a very large head, and his hat was like an extinguisher when put on his fellow member, and had a very ludicrous effect.

Of course a member never speaks in his hat except on one occasion which we shall notice presently. He generally places it carefully on the seat which he has just vacated. If he is going to make a long speech and his throat requires lubrication his hat is the receptacle for a glass of water, which is replenished from time to time by an attentive friend. Members are generally collected enough to remember, when they sit down, to be careful to remove their hats from the bench.

This is not invariably the case, however, for an honorable member a short time ago, acquired an unenviable notoriety in the House as "the member who sat on his hat." He had just finished a maiden speech of some length, and in the excitement of the moment entirely forgot that a shiny and well brushed "tile" occupied his seat. He sat down suddenly, rather more suddenly, perhaps, than he had foreseen—for maiden speeches are famous for uncertainties—and he sat unfortunately on his hat. We are not aware that there was a glass of water in it, but there might have been, and the example should be borne in mind by rising, or perhaps we should say sinking, orators.

We have intimated that there is one occasion on which a member can, or rather, according to the rules, must address the House with his hat on. This happens when the House has been cleared for a division and when a member desires to raise a point of order. To mark the fact that the debate has been closed and the interruption is purely incidental the member must speak sitting, and with his hat on.

In addition to the uses of hats in the House to which we have referred there is another and very common one. No member being allowed to claim as a right the possession of any seat (the tenure by which they are held being priority of occupation), except in certain cases allowed as a matter of courtesy, the practice has arisen of members leaving their hats on the seats they desire to occupy during the sitting.

Advantages of Farming.

In stories, it is apparently only after much tribulation that the country boy discovers that he would have been happier to "stick to the farm." The city lad, however, is often more appreciative of agricultural blessings.

"I tell you what it is, Dick," said Tom, to his younger brother, as they brushed their hair in concert, and discussed the affairs of the world at large, "what we need is a farm!"

Dick, being a younger brother, always listened with awe, and assented with discretion.

"It is?" he inquired.

"Just think of it for a minute! You have a piece of land; you buy a few pumpkin seeds, and plant 'em. Next fall, when you want a jack-o' lantern, all you've got to do is to gather a pumpkin."

"That's so," agreed Dick.

"If you want to make a pea-shooter, walk out into your garden and dig your peas!"

"That's a fact!"

"Then, if you want to make a cow out of a cucumber—Harry Lee says he used to when he lived on a farm—go out and knock off a cucumber."

"We'll have a farm!" cried Dick.

"We'll have a farm!" echoed Tom,—and when they do, no doubt they will continue "healthy and wealthy and *wise*."

The State of Things in Servia.

Some idea of the state of things in Belgrade may be gained from the following extract from a letter from the Servian capital published in the "Frankfurter Journal:"—"The situation is intensely sad. To give you any adequate idea of it is quite impossible. We are living at a veritable period of horrors. Mme. Y. (a friend of the queen) was threatened with arrest merely because she had written a friendly letter to the Queen. Mme. B. is under police supervision because she holds an official position under the Queen. We might almost imagine that we were living in a Venetian republic under the lash of the Council of Ten. Under the present Government anything is possible. The life of no one is safe. But what grieves me most of all is the fate of our poor heir apparent, the hope of Servia, who is to be snatched away from his mother and exposed to all kinds of demoralizing influences—God only knows in whose hands." This, it may be said, is obviously from a source which cannot claim to be impartial. But it represents the views of what is undoubtedly a very strong party in Belgrade.

Late summer hats look like moving flower gardens.

Nicholas Crouch, the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," is revisiting Providence, R. I., where he once made his home.

Fearless Irishwomen.

The women of these coasts and islands are as skilful as the men in handling the oar and rudder. They know every sunken rock and dangerous current of the intricate channels between the great island of Aran and the mainland, and take the boats in and out in all weathers. For many years a Grace Darling of this western coast, the daughter of a pilot who lived on Eights Island, went out in storm and darkness with her old father, never trusting him alone as she knew his weakness for the whisky. This brave girl never flinched from facing the wildest gales, fearing that disaster might befall her father, and the vessels it was his business to guide to a safe anchorage, if she were not at the helm. Many a ship's crew beating about between Aran and Owey owned its preservation to Nellie Boyle. Two sisters have taken the post boat into Aran for many years past, their father, John Nancy, being now old and infirm.

The beetling cliffs and echoing caves of this dangerous coast have a weird charm of their own, and the simple people born within the sound of the Atlantic surges cling with surprising tenacity to their thatched and roped cottages, sheltered behind huge round backed rocks, in the hollows of which they grow their patches of potatoes and stunted oats and barley.

The number of these dwellings, starting up out of what from afar looks like a stony desert, both by the sea, and for miles inland, is start ing to us who reflect on the possibilites of subsistence afforded the so-called land. The unfailing bog affords ample fuel. it is true, and the potato crop, when as good as now, will last throughout the Winter.

In a good season such as this the oats have a chance of getting stacked before the equinoctial gales begin to blow. Well it would be if these oats, ground into meal, might form a larger part of the staple food of Dongeal. Strong tea, boiled in the "wee pot" beside the turf embers. with baker's bread, have now taken the place of the wholesome bone-making porridge on which the canny Scot still lives.

To buy groceries money is needed, and we wonder how this can be earned here. Kelp, or seaweed burning used to bring them money; and this year, too, thin pillars of blue smoke are rising all round by the sea, showing, let us hope, that trade in iodine is brisk. The fishing ought to be a fruitful source of prosperity to the Rosses, but on this subject a resident writes in 1884 as follows:

To the north of Aranmore, stretching away to the northwest of Tory, there is a fine fishing bank, where all kinds of fish might be caught every day in the year with suitable boats and gear. In very fine weather our small craft often go out from four to six miles off Aran Heads. Next day they all come back laden, and after such a take all the other boats in the neighborhood will go out. It may be that a breeze springs up, the sea rises in the middle of a good catch, then all have to run for home or shelter. Large, well-fitted fishing smacks could stay out there for days, and make plenty of money too, but facilities for the transit and sale of fish there are none.

The Senate and the Treaty.

The United States Senate, or rather the Republican majority of that body, has determined upon rejecting the fisheries treaty. It is generally believed that the Republican party do not object to the fisheries treaty on its merits; they are anxious, however, to deprive the democratic party of the prestige which the settlement of such a difficult and long-standing international dispute would give it in the approaching presidential campaign. It was, therefore, hoped that the Republicans would present the arguments against the treaty, denounces it as a base surrender of United States interests to Great Britain, and having thus made some political capital out of the affair, allow it to stand over until after the election, when it would probably recommend itself to the majority on its merits. The Democrats ought to have the further consideration of the bill postponed until after November, but the Republicans, believing, apparently, that more is to be gained by pursuing an out and out Jingo policy against Great Britain and Canada, have rejected the proposal to postpone the bill, and are pursuing their course of carrying on a one sided word warfare against England. The feelings of envy, uncharitableness and malice which so many representative men of the United States entertain for the country from which their own nation has its birth, are unaccountable. Surely, the United States is large enough, rich enough and powerful enough, to go its own way, at least, without open exhibition of envy and covetousness. Unless history teaches false lessons the spirit of the United States will have to undergo a great change or a grievous fall is before it. It would be useless to say that Mr. Riddleberger is not a representative man. He, doubtless, out-herods other senators in his ravings against a very friendly country, but a large number of the most prominent men in the Senate are only less brilliant or less daring in their effusions of venom. The purpose is popularity and that the chosen representatives of great States, States equal to nations in extent, should use those methods is to convict those States of the most puerile ignorance and irresponsibility with regard to external affairs, and of sharing in the malice which is appealed to. Riddelberger's political speech to the Senate reminds one of Haman's speech to his wife, when he told her "of the glory of his riches and the multitude of his children and of all the things wherein the King had promoted him and how he had advanced him above the princes and servants of the King," ending with the whine, "yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai, the Jew, sitting at the King's gate. Riddleberger thinks that all the wealth and all the power of the United States will avail her nothing, she will never "be a national Government until she has whipped England for the third time." As a matter of fact the United States is respected by the whole world, and valued by England, where people simply shrug their shoulders at these meaningless vaporings. But her Senate is not respected, either at home or abroad, and cannot be until its leaders lay aside such infantile appeals to the lowest vanity, envy and ignorance of the people. While these Riddlebergers are preparing to "whip England," they might perhaps, with advantage, remember the results of Haman's preparations to hang Mordecai. When the king's chamberlain told him of the gallows fifty cubits high which Haman had made for Mordecai, the king said: "Hang him thereon." So they hanged Haman on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai.

A radical innovation has visited the Chinese empire. The Marquis Tseng, formerly Minister to England, has just celebrated the marriage of his daughter, Lady Blossom, after asking her consent to her husband. This is a reversal of Chinese custom. The Marquis kept up other customs, as, for example, heading the procession carrying 120 tables of presents about the streets of Pekin.

STATISTICS.

In thirty years, from 1851 to 1881, the members of Christian churches in India increased from 14,661 to 138,254, or nearly tenfold.

The French crops have been disastrously affected by the weather. According to the returns the yield of wheat will probably be 35,000,000 hectolitres (96,000,000 bushels) short.

The national debt of the United States was reduced by over $14,000,000 in June, 1888. The total reduction for the year ending June 30, when the treasury books closed, was $113,844,080.

The River and Harbor bill which the present Congress has passed appropriates over $22,000,000 for the improvement of navigable water-ways and harbors in the United States. This is the largest sum ever voted for this purpose.

The total revenue derived by the British Government from working the telegraph lines of the United Kingdom during the fifteen years since it took possession of them has fallen short of the working expenses and the 3 per cent. on the amount paid for their purchase by £3,024,900, or about $15,000,000. Last year the deficiency was £471,890, which is more than it was in any previous year. It is proposed to raise the rates charged to newspapers, which, it is said, entail an annual loss of $1,000,000.

It is proposed to construct a bridge across the Hudson, or North River, between Fourteenth Street, New York city, and Castle Point, New Jersey. The bill which has been introduced in Congress for the purpose of authorizing the undertaking provides for a suspension bridge of one span 2,850 feet long, with approaches 1,500 feet long at either end, the structure to be 140 feet above high water mark. If built according to these plans the "New York and New Jersey Bridge" will be much greater than the famous Brooklyn Bridge and will cost fully $15,000,000.

The average return of Jersey crops is nearly £53 per acre. There are 6,335 acres under potatoes, which last year produced £455,391. Tomatoes to the value of £8,000 were grown, and nearly £3,000 worth of pears, although the fruit season was a very bad one. One hundred and twelve tons of grapes were despatched to the London market, which sold for £18,000. The great specialty of Jersey cultivation is now the production of early potatoes, the growing of which is very costly, averaging nearly £45 per acre. As much as £24 per ton has been obtained for these potatoes at the opening of the season. One hundred and eighty-three acres are exclusively devoted to fruit, and 175 acres to salads and vegetables.

Very curious statistics are drawn from the minute funeral records of Rev. J. S. Pattengill during fifty years' ministry in Central New York, now at Cannonsville.

The first 100 decedents averaged 26½ years, 7 being over 70.

The second 100 decedents averaged 36 years, 13 being over 70.

The third 100 decedents averaged 37 years, 20 being over 70.

The fourth 100 decedents averaged 37 years, 28 being over 70.

The fifth 100 decedents averaged 37½ years, 32 being over 70.

The last 73 decedents averaged 58 years, 32 being over 70.

Deaths at over seventy in Baltimore, says Dr. Hamilton, have increased in ten years from 0 064 per cent. to 10 per cent. of the total mortality, and in Washington from 0.10 per cent. to 13 per cent.

Says the Manchester *Guardian*:—London is alarmingly over-stocked with doctors. A quarter of the whole population gets gratuitous medical advice. To enable the doctors, as a class, to live and thrive, they should be in the proportion of 1 to 1,200 of the lay inhabitants; and, adopting this equation, there are 1,943 more doctors in London than there should be. Even Brighton is over-doctored, with one physician to each 753 of its population, while in Sheffield there is but one to every 3,000. The existing state of things is bad, but the future promises to be worse. On an average 600 doctors die every year, and on an average those 600 are represented the following year by 1,800 novices. The specialists thrive. The baronets and the great consultants seem to get larger fees every year. On the other hand, there are many doctors now in the poorer parts of London who will see a patient, prescribe and supply medicine, at 6d. (twelve and a half cents) a visit.

Over half a million of Europeans were added to the population of the United States during the year ending June 30, 1888. Germany and German Austria and Switzerland contributed the largest number—142,924. If Great Britain and Ireland be considered as one nation of English-speaking people its contribution exceeds that figure, however, being 189,766. This does not include the large number of immigrants who come to the United States after a brief sojourn in Canada. The addition of these would bring the figure up to 200,000. The immigration from England and Wales was nearly 10,000 greater than the immigration from Ireland, being 83,132 English against 73,238 Irish. The Scotch immigrants numbered 24,396. There was an increase in the immigration from all three countries as compared with the previous year. The greatest proportionate increase was from Scotland, being over 30 per cent. The Immigration from Germany, 107,628, showed an increase of only 1,069 all told. The immigration from Hungary and Bohemia was 19,927 in the last twelve months, an increase of only 120 over the previous year. Russia contributed 33,407 of its inhabitants to the increase, being greater than the contribution of Austria, which was 25,884. The Scandinavian countries contributed 81,986, being nearly 15,000 more than during the previous year. Italy sent 51,075, against 48,524 the preceding twelve months. The immigration from Poland seems to be falling off, being only 5,826 against 6,128 the previous year. France's contribution was but 6,247. The grand total from all countries except Mexico and Canada was 539,818, against 483,116 in the year ending June, 1887.—(Chicago Tribune.

New York's hotels are a small city in themselves. There were only nineteen of them in 1870 but now there are 62, with six more to follow, and they will accommodate 30,000 people.

The Sioux Indians object to giving up their reservation in Dakota because the Government wants to throw open the land for settlement. In a word, the Indians object to move on. A few years ago they were assigned 22,000,000 odd acres in Dakota, and have been living there more or less peaceably since. The demand of the Government is that they take up land elsewhere if three-fifths of the Sioux agree to the change. It looks as though they would not agree. That matters little, however, for there is strong reason to believe that the Government will not stand on ceremony because a sacred treaty has been made, but will again force the red men to give way before the advancing tide of white civilization.

GEORGE SIDWELL'S PLAN TO ESCAPE.

How Near a Warden in Pentonville Came to Getting His Eyes Full of Tar Dust.

George Sidwell, the famous forger, who is now living a quiet life at his home in East Hartford, tells a story of how he planned to escape from Pentonville prison in London.

"I had," he says, "for some years been troubled with dyspepsia, lumbago, and throat complaint. The nature of the prison food aggravated the first and the damp atmosphere of the English climate the others. As the winter approached I became worse. Owing to the complete and sudden change in my mode of life, I suffered extremely from the cold and was constantly sick from the effects of the food and after I had been a few months in Pentonville's solitary cells, I felt sure that I should die unless I had a change of some kind. At that time I had no knowledge of English prison life, nor of the severity with which trivial offences were punished, and especially attempts to escape.

"A few days previously the doctor had ordered me to be weighed, and the principal warder in charge of the infirmary, which was in a separate building, came to my cell and took me across the yard to a small cottage, where the scales were stored. As I passed back and forth I observed that this was one of several uninhabited cottages which had been enclosed within the walls, which were about thirty feet in height. One of these passed along near the rear of the cottages. There were a number of long poles lying about near the foot of the wall, such as builders use in constructing scaffolds. In crossing the yard I saw no one, and we entered the cottage, went up stairs and after being weighed I was marched back to my cell. This took about fifteen minutes, and I saw no one during the whole operation except the warder who was with me. I thought to myself: 'There are a good many foggy days, and in that isolated cottage it would not be difficult for me to throw dust into the warder's eyes, slip a gag into his mouth, and having stripped off his clothes for myself, tie his elbows behind his back, and his feet to the scales or stair railings. In the fog I could easily place one of the poles against the wall unobserved, climb to the top, and drop into the street."

"Sometimes there was little or no sewing to be done, and the little bundle of oakum had been left that I might pick away upon it during such intervals, but I could not, according to the doctor's order, be compelled to do that work. I selected a suitable piece of dry, old tarred rope, six inches long, that I thought would answer for a gag. Out of the picked rope fibre I made stout cords and fastened two on the ends of the gag, so that they could be tied behind the warder's neck and thus secure the gag to his mouth. I also saved some of the stringe for the purpose of binding his hands and feet, and collected a quantity of tar dust to throw in his eyes. I concealed all but the gag in the toes of my brogans, which were of so unfashionable a size that this pound of stuffing made them fit perfectly. I then waited for a dark, foggy day. On the morning of just such a day I put down my name for the doctor, and when he came I complained about my food causing me much distress, and that I was losing weight. As I anticipated he ordered the warder to weigh me. I instantly prepared everything and held my right hand full of dust.

"About 11 o'clock he came, and, as before, we passed through the yard to the cottage. I peered into the fog to see if the coast was clear—which it appeared to be—and I began saying to myself:

"Courage, George! Within ten minutes you will be a free man or else a corpse! This warder seems to be a nice sort of fellow, and I must be careful not to make the mistake that O'Neil and his party did at Sing Sing, and choke him to death by drawing the gag strings unintentionally too tight around his neck."

"As we neared the cottage something caught my eye, and, on looking again, I saw the indistinct form of a guard standing under the wall near the spot where I intended to scale it.

"I comprehended that it was customary to put on a guard in foggy weather, and it was fortunate that I caught sight of him before entering the cottage. After having perpetrated an outrage on the warder, even if successful, I should have been obliged to surrender to the guard, and, besides, a flogging with a cat-o'-nine-tails (which many prisoners who have undergone it informed me took off a strip of skin at each stroke). I should have been put in chains, and kept under punishment of some sort as long as I lived.

"My only anxiety now was that the warder should not discover, while weighing me, anything to arouse his suspicion: for I had sufficient contraband articles about me to insure the yellow dress and chains for six months. Even the sight of my closed hand might cause him to order it opened, and the dust therein lead to further search. I had to take my shoes off to be weighed, and as the other articles had been transferred from them to my pockets, I took occasion to empty the dust into my shoe, and got back to my cell without discovery.

Unsung Heroes.

J. S. FLETCHER.

So long as the world and the heart are young,
Shall deeds of daring and valour be sung;

And the hand of the poet shall throw the rhyme
At the feet of the hero of battle time.

But nobler deeds are done every day
In the world close by, than in fight or fray.

There are heroes whose prowess never sees light,
Far greater than ever was ancient knight.

In many a heart lies a secret tale
That would make the Homeric legends pale;

And oft is a deed of valour untold
Which is meet to be written in letters of gold!

The Sahara's Underground Lakes.

In the Algerian Sahara there are numerous subterranean lakes in which a number of small fish and mollusks live and multiply. Moreover, the artesian wells of the Sahara often throw out fish that are sometimes two inches in length. The governor of the oases of Thebes and Garbes, in Egypt, in 1849 asserted that he took from an artesian well 440 feet deep, near his residence, fish in sufficient quantity to supply his table.

Walter Baring, British agent at Cettinje, Montenegro, reports that there is only one road fit for a wagon in the whole country, and that there is practically no industry, Montenegrins scorning any pursuit but that of arms. All the tailors, painters, carpenters, masons and other artisans are foreigners, and all goods except those which are the direct product of agriculture are imported, and are of the commonest description, except the green and white cloth used for men's coats.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Four men at Gainesville, Fla., in twenty days killed 600 alligators for their hides and teeth.

It is claimed that California will produce 1,500,000 boxes of raisins this year, against 800,000 last year, and 300,000 three years ago.

This has been a good season for bears in Maine. A Lewiston furrier says that he has already bought fifty-five skins, and thinks the crop will beat last year's, which was 344 pelts.

While Charles Cogswell was courting a pretty young woman of Birmingham, Conn., the other night, he dropped dead by her side. She fainted from the shock, and was for a time likely to die.

Mrs. Mary E. Hill, an old woman of Gwinnett country, Ga., who has long been in hard circumstances, has just received word that she is entitled to $2,731.13 under the Arrears of Pension act.

Butler, Ga., claims to have a vein of natural glass. It is found at a depth of 317 feet in round, hollow, and very rough pieces which appear to have come from the fusing of the sandy soil by intense heat.

Mr. Marcus Milner, whom the Dowager Duchess of Montrose has just married for her third husband, is but 24 years of age. The Duchess is over 70. She has spent her three honeymoons in the same house.

The salute of seventy-two guns fired at Berlin when the new Empress gave birth to a son, marked the first time since 1809 that a similar event has happened in the case of a reigning sovereign of the Hohenzolern family.

A Harvard professor, who is passing the summer on Canobie Lake, N.H., has a cottage built on a raft made of fifty-three empty oil casks, and the dwelling is towed about the lake whenever the owner wants a change of air and scenery.

There is now on exhibition at the Alexandra Palace a steam lifeboat built of steel. It is absolutely unsinkable, is uncapsizable, worked with twin screws placed in a position where they will not be lifted out of the water, and can be raised instantly on coming on shore. The engines and fires are perfectly protected, and the draught of the vessel with fifteen men on board is only twelve inches.

Miss Emily Warnock of Macon, in bathing at St. Simons, Ga., one day recently, got beyond her depth and was about to sink for the last time when she was rescued by Dr. J. M. Whittaker. The same evening while on her way to visit some friends, she walked off a pier, into deep water, and was rescued with difficulty. She wears a life preserver now whenever she goes within half a mile of the water.

The Castle of Hapsburg, seat of the founders of the present Austrian dynasty, is owned by the State of Aarga, in Switzerland, and the Government has just refused to sell it to the Austrians. It is true, the Swiss said, that the castle is the ancestral seat of the imperial house of Austria, but it is also a monument of Swiss history, having been conquered by the Berne republican soldiers in 1415, when they wrested Aarga from the Hapsburgs.

The faculty of the Ottawa Normal School think that the fact that this year there were no honor students, and not one qualified for the Governor-General's medal, is due to the rules permitting young men of the school to call upon young women of the school, and pass evenings with them. Until recently the rules to prevent the commingling of the sexes were of the strictest kind. They were not even allowed to recognize each other on the streets. If it appears that the relaxed rules are likely to result in too much calling and too little study, the old methods will again be employed.

Capt. Rivers of the ship A. G. Ropes, that left New York for San Francisco on July 12, reports from Provincetown that on Monday, the 16th, while sailing along with a six-knot breeze from the east northeast, the top spars suddenly began falling. There was no perceptible change in the wind or atmosphere before or after the accident, and he can account for it only on the supposition that a whirlwind passed just high enough to strike the spars, o which he lost nineteen.

Beitullah, a Turkish bandit, has married Aishe, a beautiful girl whom he had long wooed, and whom he finally won by force, carrying her off in a raid upon Guebzeh, where she lived. The ceremony was duly performed in the presence of his followers, and on its conclusion the bridegroom wrote to the officials of Guebzeh informing them of the wedding and requesting them to properly register it. He threatened them with terrible vengeance if they failed to thus legalize his wedding.

The largest dam in the world is to be built across the upper end of the San Mateo canon, about four miles west of the village of San Mateo. The dam will consist of a solid wall of concrete from hillside to hillside, the measurements being 700 feet long, 175 feet high, 172 feet thick at the base, and 20 feet thick at the top. The vast reservoir which will be formed by the construction of this dam will have the enormous capacity of 32,000,000 gallons, and at a future time will be connected with the San Francisco watershed by a tunnel five miles long.

Sonnet.

I saw her once, once only, long ago;
Yet now she often comes to me by night
Known by the hair, so silken-soft and bright,
That veils warm cheeks where crimson roses throw
A tender flush o'er pallid lily-snow.
She speaks not; only her golden head is light
Above my heart, that throbs with wild delight—
Dreaming she takes the love she cannot know.

Dear distant love, doth some sweet spirit-voice
Breathe in thine ear, when slumber is most deep,
All I were fain to tell if we should meet
And dost thou come, because the word is sweet,
By shadowy paths we tread not save in sleep,
To bid me trust the future, and rejoice?

Rheumatic Pains

Require no description, since, with rare exception, all at some time have experienced their twinges. Rheumatism is not easily dislodged, only the most powerfully penetrating remedies reach to its very foundations. The most successful treatment known, and it is now frequently resorted to by medical men, is the application of that now famous remedy for pain—Polson's Nerviline. It is safe to say that nothing yet discovered has afforded equal satisfaction to the suffering. A trial can be made at a small cost, as sample bottles of Nerviline can be had at the drug stores for 10 cents, large bottles 25 cents.

Didn't Want to Discourage the Mourners.

Lawyer (drawing will of sick client)—"Your estate is much smaller, sir, than has generally been supposed."

Sick Client—"Yes, but that fact must be kept quiet until after the funeral. I want a good showing of grief-stricken mourners."

The stouter the woman the slimmer the bathing suit.

The Cockroach of India.

"I should like to make your flesh creep," is the involuntary thought of one who essays to describe the Indian cockroach. Who that has been in India does not know the flat, shining, ill-savored, coffee colored thing seen only in dimly-lighted places, the eyes starting out of the head, the long ever-moving feelers, the swift uncertain movements, the sudden uncontrolled flight when he dashes, perhaps, into your face, and for a brief and horrible moment his clammy legs cling to your skin? What a life he must lead! Ever in cowardly terror of his life, his perpetual instinct is to hide himself. From some dark corner he glares at you with guilty eye. As he darts from place to place he knows you will kill him if you can, and he knows he deserves to be killed. Even in the houses of the highest in the land the cockroach is not unknown. Boots, gloves, and books bear witness to his ravages, and a pungent smell betrays his presence in your wardrobe. But the paradise of the cockroach is a ship. It is in the depths of the ship's hold, where he may hide among the cargo undisturbed and feed on all rank things, that he is in his glory. Happily, he seems unable to live except in tropical heat, so that in the great passenger steamers constantly returning to Europe he is seldom seen. The home of his heart is the hold of the ship whose course is limited to tropical seas. There, among bales of rice and kegs of oil, where darkness reigns and the air is hot and foul, and where human foot rarely intrudes, he roams at will from port to port. Thence the more venturous spirits ascend to the upper decks and haunt saloon and cabins, and especialy pantries and storerooms, where corners and crevices shelter them, and there are endless crumbs of "loot." Hence comes the chief ingredient of that sickly atmosphere which strikes the sense on descending from the outer air, and often makes a voyage in such a vessel a penance indeed.

Encounter with an Alligator.

L. W. Jackson lost some cattle a day or two ago, and started out to hunt them, accompanied by his dog. In hunting around they came across an immense alligator, but as his 'gatorship was engaged in watching some calves, he did not notice Mr. Jackson and his pay (he hadn't been joined by two friends). Mr. Jackson's dog not being very well up in the 'gator business, commenced the attack at once. As soon as his 'gatorship could change his mind from calves to dog he made a sweep with his tail that brought the canine around to his business end, and before the dog had time to think of his past, made a snap that would have ended his career then and there, but the 'gator miscalculated his dis ance, and instead of taking the whole dog, tail and all, he got his tail only. The dog being thus freed, started on a home-run; but the 'gator wanted dog if he could not get calf and therefore started after him rol ng over and over. This method of locomotion was so unusual that the dog became disgusted, and made such good time that the gator gave it up, and turned his attention to his human enemies. They in their turn armed themselves with fence rails, and then the fight was fast and furious. The 'gator would take the rails between his teeth and crush them as if he enjoyed them as a diet. To vary the exercise he would snatch a rail and sweep it round over that section of the country, making his assailants give him plenty room. Finally, after a terrible struggle, he was forced to go where all 'gators go—and hunt calves and dogs no more.

That Deadly Scourge!

Tubercular consumption is simply lung-scrofula—the active and dangerous development of a taint in the blood. The grand blood-cleansing botanic principles contained in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery specially fit it to purify the blood, and prevent the formation of ulcers in the lungs and bronchial tubes. Liver complaint, skin diseases, and sores, are also cured by it. All druggists.

A fishing line and reel of silver is a seasonable design on match safes.

The "old reliable"—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A copper crab in the act of seizing a small fish is a pleasidg design on silver match-boxes.

Dr. Pillbags' Diagnosis.

To Dr Pillbags, Patrick came
With a most woeful face;
Says he, "Dear Docther, phat's your name,
Will you plaze trate me case."
The doctor looked him in the eye,
His tongue he made his show;
Said he, "My man, you're going to die;
You've got *tic-douloureux*."
"My faith," says Pat, "phat's that you say?
I've got 'tick-dollar,' oh!
Yez lyin' thafe. I always pay
X ray bill before I go.
I'll have no more to do wid yez,
I'll docther my own case"
He took a dos of P. P. P.'s,
And wears a brighter face.

Use Pierce's pleasant Purgative Pellets for torpid liver, constipation, and all the derangements of the stomach and bowels. By druggists.

Hat pins tipped with pearls now have numerous bright-hued insects clustered near the head.

Alma Ladies' College,

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

This institution, which had last year the largest enrolment of all the Canadian Colleges for women, is offering superior advantages to young women in Literary Course, Fine Arts, Commercial Science and Music at the very lowest rates. Address Principal Austin, B. D.

KNITTING MACHINES Creelman Bros.- Georgetown, Ont.

FARMS FOR SALE or RENT. ALL SIZES, KINDS AND PRICES. Some special bargains. H. S. MITCHELL, Drayton, Ont.

MONEY. Agents send for our Illustrated Catalogue. Address, TRIUMPH SELF WRINGING MOP Co., Toronto, Ont.

WORK FOR ALL. $30 a week and expenses paid. Agents outfit and particulars free. P.O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED—"EAGLE" Steam Washer. Address GEO. D. FERRIS, 87 Church St., Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED for the Improved Model Washer and Bleacher. Price $3. Address C. W. DENNIS, 0 Arcade, Toronto.

MONEY TO LOAN on Farms. Lowest Rates No delay. Correspondence solicited E. W. D. REYLER, Financial Agt. Established 1860. 72 King St. E., Toronto.

THE BOILER INSPECTION and Insurance Company of Canada, Consulting Engineers and Solicitors of Patents, TORONTO. G. C. ROSS, Chief Engineer. A. FRASER, Sec'y-Treas.

THE CANADIAN MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION
LIFE INSURANCE AT COST!
(ASSESSMENT SYSTEM).
CHEAP, RELIABLE, POPULAR
LARGE RESERVE FUND
AGENTS WANTED.
Address HEAD OFFICE, 19 King Street E., Toronto.

Small silver frames with beaded rims are much admired as artistic photograph holders.

A bird's nest of oxidized silver in which lie three small pearls is a pretty conceit in Summer scarfpins.

A Cure for Drunkenness

The opium habit, dipsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause *not mentioned above*, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington street East, Toronto, Ont.

A locket charm for the nautically inclined is of gold, and represents a ship's block. It contains space for two pictures.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine All Druggists, 50 cents.

The rainy season in India failed to arrive on time this year, and there has been a drought, and much suffering, while the crops are believed to be seriously damaged.

HUS! COUGH CURE cures in one minute.

A miniature corncob of Roman gold, from which springs a strong amber mouthpiece is a dainty cigarette holder.

COWLADES HAIR RESTORER restores grey and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out

Peas and oats sown together is a crop increasing in favor.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist

A. P. 411.

SELF-THREADING NEEDLES. GREATEST OUT! Instantly threaded *without* passing thread through the eye. Agents coin money selling them. Sample packet by mail 15c., dozen packets $1 00. Walton Manufacturing Co., Toronto, Ont.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS, and Traders generally.
We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up
CALFSKINS
or us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address,
C. S. PAGE,
HYDE PARK, Vermont, U. S.

BEAVER LINE of STEAMSHIPS.
—SAILING WEEKLY BETWEEN—
MONTREAL AND LIVERPOOL.
Saloon Tickets, $40, $50 and $60. Return $80, $90 $110. Intermediate, $30. Steerage $20. Apply to H. E. MURRAY, Gen'l. Manager. 1 Custom House Square. MONTREAL.

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BEST VALUE IN THE DOMINION.
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SAFES. FIRE & BURGLAR PROOF Patent Non-Conducting Doors A SPECIALTY. VAULT DOORS.
J. & J. TAYLOR,
Toronto Safe Works.

Cheap Excursion
Will leave all points on the C.P.R., G.T.R. and N. & N.W. Ry. in Ontario, on
AUGUST 28TH
—FOR—
LANGENBURG
—PASSING THROUGH—
NORTH-WESTERN MANITOBA,
Over M. & N. W. Ry.
Fare for Round Trip, $28
Trains leave TORONTO at 11 p.m. AUG. 28th.

The party will be accompanied by J. S. CRAWFORD, of BIRTLE, MAN.

TICKETS issued at all stations and good to return for **60 DAYS,** also for to lay over on return at **WINNIPEG.**

For information apply to all Agents of C.P.R., G.T.R., or
J. S. CRAWFORD,
Canadian Pacific Railway Ticket Office, TORONTO.

SPORTING GOODS.
The Cheapest House in Canada for Guns, Rifles, Cartridges, Fishing Tackle, Base Balls Goods and Sportsmen's Supplies of every kind.
OUR BIG OFFER:
On receipt of $12.50, we will express to any address a DOUBLE BARREL BREACH-LOADING SHOT GUN, with fine Laminated Steel Barrels, oiled stock, a good gun for country use. And for $3 00 will ship to any address a 22 cal. RIFLE that will shoot accurate for 100 feet.
W. M'DOWALL & CO., 51 KING ST. E. TORONTO.

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OVER 100
Second-Hand Bicycles, Safeties and Tricycles
Send for List and Catalogue. Agents wanted in every town.
A. T. LANE,
MONTREAL.

10000 PRESENTS
TO FIRST APPLYING, WHILE THEY LAST.
We will send by mail an appropriate gift to each maiden, wife, mother or cook—one to a family—who will try the BREADMAKER'S BAKING POWDER
Cut the red circle from the label and send it in a letter stating honest opinion after fair trial. Either 10 or 25 cent size will secure the gift.
Any grocer or storekeeper knows where to get it if asked for by you.—*Address*—
CHURCHILL & CO., TORONTO

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—Manufacturers of the High Grade of—
SILVER-PLATED WARES.
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FACTORIES AND SALESROOM:
420 to 426 King St. West, TORONTO
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A Summer Medicine
Summer's heat debilitates both nerves and body, and **Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration,** and an "all-played-out" sensation prove that PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND should be used now. This medicine restores health to **Nerves, Kidneys, Liver,** and **Bowels,** and imparts life and energy to the heart prostrated system. Vacations or no vacations, PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is the medicine for this season. It is a scientific combination of the best tonics, and those who use it begin the hot summer days with **clear heads, strong nerves,** and general good health. PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is sold by all druggists, $1 a bottle. Six for $5.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's, Montreal P.Q.
AND
Hot Weather Invigorator

H. WILLIAMS & CO. Slaters and Roofers
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
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DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the last fifteen years, with great success, in the treatment nervous debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price, $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application.
THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Toronto.

Young Men
SUFFERING from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and read M. V. Lubon's Treatise on the Diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address,
M. V. LUBON, Wellington St. E., Toronto, Ont

CANADIAN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, Public Library Building, Toronto. Students from British Columbia, California, Kansas, Illinois, and quite a number of the other States and provinces now in attendance. Write for descriptive circulars.
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FOR CHURCHES, DWELLINGS, AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.
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HAMILTON, CANADA.
First of Ladies' Colleges. Has graduated over 230 in full course. Full faculties in Literature, Languages, Science, Music and Art. Largest College Building in Dominion. Opens Sept. 5th, 1888. Address, Principal, Rev. A. BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

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Head Office: Toronto St., Toronto

Subscribed Capital, over 1,000,000	$4,500,000
Paid Up Capital	2,500,000
Total Assets	10,500,000

The enlarged capital and resources of this Company, together with the increased facilities it has recently acquired for supplying land owners with cheap money, enable the Directors to meet with promptness and at the lowest current rate of interest all requirements for loans upon satisfactory real estate security.
Application may be made to either of the Company's local Agents, or to
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Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships
Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland; also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter to and from Halifax, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal weekly; Glasgow and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia fortnightly.
For freight, passage or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co. Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, Nfld.; Wm. Thompson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allen & Co., Chicago Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto Allans, Agents, Quebec; Wm. Brooke, Philadelphia; H. A. Allen, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

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ORNAMENTAL WROUGHT IRON FENCING WORKS
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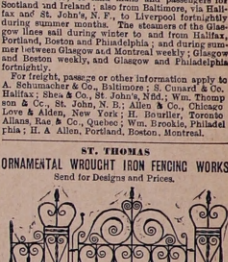

PROPRIETOR.

Will Re-Open SEPT. 3rd, 1888.
YOUNG MEN
Desiring to obtain a Business Education, or become proficient in Shorthand and Typewriting, should attend the
BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE
Arcade, Yonge street, Toronto.
For Circulars, etc., Address C. O'DEA, Secretary.

TO THE SICK AND DEBILITATED.
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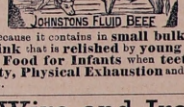

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Is a great Blessing because it contains in **small bulk Powerful Nutrition.** It makes a **pleasant drink** that is **relished** by **young and old.** It is specially adapted as a **Nutritious Food for Infants** when **teething.** For **Dyspeptics,** and in all cases of **Debility, Physical Exhaustion** and **Prostration, it is the Best and Safest Diet.**

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Made from 3-16 Steel Rods, with Heavy Iron Frame and Iron Foundations.
We are offering the Fence at exceptionally low prices.
Iron Fence, Cresting, Stable Fittings, and all kinds of Iron and Brass Work.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST FENCE.

There are many IMITATIONS of
"Peerless"
MACHINE OIL,
but none equal it in lubricating properties. FARMERS, MILLERS, etc., find none equal to the GENUINE Peerless made by
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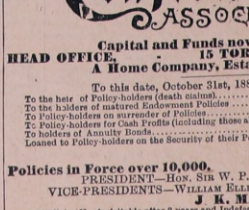
Sold by dealers everywhere.



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Capital and Funds now over $3,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE, 15 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO, Ont
A Home Company, Established October, 1871.

To this date, October 31st, 1887, there has been returned:

To the heir of Policy-holders (death claims)	$649,249 00
To the holders of matured Endowment Policies	36,426 63
To Policy-holders on surrender of Policies	98,656 00
To Policy-holders for Cash Profits (including those allocated and being paid)	432,544 03
To holders of Annuity Bonds	16,067 84
Loaned to Policy-holders on the Security of their Policies	82,284 98
	$1,315,308,174 47

Amount over $15,000,000.
Policies in Force over 10,000.
PRESIDENT—HON. SIR W. P. HOWLAND, C.B., K.C.M.G.
VICE-PRESIDENTS—WILLIAM ELLIOTT, ESQ.; EDWARD HOOPER, ESQ.
J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.
☞ Policies Nonforfeitable after 2 years and Indefeasible after 3 years.

The Tribune

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1888.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Allen, of Kingston, spent Sunday in this city.

Mr. H. B. Rathbun spent last Sunday at Wellington.

Miss Libbie Hart is visiting friends in Belleville.

Dep-Sheriff McCoy, of Napanee, was in town yesterday.

Mr. T. W. Terry enjoyed a visit to Kingston last Wednesday.

Mr. & Mrs. G. P. Sills spent last Sunday in Adolphustown.

Mr. R. C. Catlin has been on the sick list during the past week.

Mr. & Mrs. Robt. Massie spent a few days in Kingston last week.

Miss Laura Ferguson has been visiting at Picton and the Sand Banks.

Mrs. Frank Clement has been visiting friends in Kingston and vicinity.

Mr. & Mrs. J. F. Chapman enjoyed a few days very pleasantly in Frankford.

Mr. Hardy, teacher, Lonsdale, favoured us with a call last Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Amelia Snider and Mrs. R N. Irvine have been visiting friends in Kingston.

Mr. Colip, of the township of Thurlow, was the guest of Mr. Geo. Field last Sunday.

Mr. S. B. Burdette, M. P., has returned home from the sea coast much improved in health.

Mr. J. C. Drewry, of the *Express*, Napanee, favoured us with a call on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. H. B. Rathbun and family are enjoying the lake breezes at Wellington, Prince Edward.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Anderson spent last Sunday on a visit to his father, Mr. Samuel Anderson, Albert.

Messrs. Wm. Dawes and Joseph Heggarty enjoyed the Hero's trip to the Thousand Islands last Saturday.

Rev. R. J. Craig was in Trenton last Sunday and preached in St. Andrew's Church in that town.

Masters Herbert and Stanley Allen, of Kingston, are the guests of their sister, Mrs. Robt. Massie, Mill street.

Mr. Bertrand E. Storms, of Syracuse, N. Y., is enjoying a visit to Deseronto as the guest of Mr. E. W. Rathbun.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Cherry, of Barrie, are visiting Mrs. Cherry's father, Mr. I. Scrimshaw, Main street.

Miss Alice Shannon, of Napanee, has been during the past week the guest of Miss Maggie Edwards, Centre street.

Mr. W. H. Farrel, of Cornwall, who was in town last week renewing old associations, gave us a pleasant call last Friday.

Mr. A. R. Weese, the dentist, has been seriously ill during the past week, but we are glad to learn that he is now recovering.

Mr. John Holcomb was called to Gananoque to take charge of the locomotive on the Thousand Islands Railway for a few weeks.

Mrs. H. Hoppins and Master Herbert Hoppins have been visiting Deseronto as the guests of Mr. L. Hoppins, Fourth street.

Mrs. Thomas Barrington and Miss Rachel Barrington left on Monday for Montreal where they will spend a few months of holidays.

Mr. Wm. Marshall, of the Calvin Company, Garden Island, spent a few days in town this week as the guest of Mr. C. Oliver, Dundas street.

Miss Baker, who has been spending the summer in Deseronto as the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. C. Catlin, has returned home to Utica, N. Y.,

Rev. W. W. Andrews and Mrs. Andrews have been visiting Deseronto as the guests of Mr. C. Greenwood, superintendent of the Deseronto Car Works.

Mr. J. F. Stokes enjoyed a trip to Kingston on Tuesday and witnessed the great cricket match between the Gentlemen of Ireland and a Kingston district team.

MARYSVILLE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mrs. J. W. Meagher is visiting at her father's home in Collins Bay.

Mrs. T.A. Flack, of Lisbon Centre, N.Y., spent a few days with her cousin, Mr. W. Bellamy.

Dr. Dowling, of Bay City, Mich,, while on his way to Brockville stopped off here for a couple of days.

Mr. J. S. Kenny arrived last week on a visit to his old home and returned with his wife to their home in Rochester, N. Y., this week.

Mr. J. W. Kenny spent a couple of days in Montreal on business this week. Mr. A. Campbell carries the two color lamp during Mr. Kenny's absence.

Young men who can afford it should not fail to take advantage of the cheap fares to the Northwest on the 28th inst. The rate being $28 for a return ticket. Tickets can be bought and baggage checked through at Marysville station. Young men who are slaving themselves for a mere living here in Ontario should not wait until nearly all the choice lots have been taken up by Europeans and others.

ALBERT.

From Our Own Correspondent.

I see in the TRIBUNE, some one planted potatoes last spring, which never sent any stalks above ground. It seems quite a number of potatoes which were planted last spring sent out new potatoes direct from the seed, and no stalks at all. Perhaps the state in which the potatoes were last autumn at the time of digging, has something to do with it. Last year there were two crops of potatoes on the same stalk. The first crop had about got to maturity, when we had a good rain or two. Of course when a potato gets well filled with starch or flour it cannot grow any more. The potatoes tops being still green, with plenty of moisture, there starts a new crop of potatoes direct from the potatoes already grown. At digging time last fall there was quite a number of potatoes just starting a second growth, some as large as a pea, others just budding. I think very likely this bud or germ retained it's vitality until spring, and started ahead of the other sprouts. A potato can't do two jobs at the same time, it can't send up stalks above ground and grow potatoes too. It must have taken all the strength and vitality of the seed potato to grow the new potato, so there was nothing left for stalks and leaves. Some of the second growth of potatoes were larger than the first growth. Some of us poor mortals, when we start in our Canadian wild woods to make a home have got to live in a small log cabin, and as our meals increase we put up an addition. Kind nature is always doing something for us poor creatures, even when it was impossible to increase the size of the first growth of potatoes it builds another by its side. The last growth of potatoes were not so good as the first growth, they lacked the flour or starch.

DEMORESTVILLE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. Albro Sprague and his friend, Mr. Goodfellow, of Calfornia, are visiting at his father's, W. Sprague.

Mrs. Saylor and her son Stanley, of Toronto, paid Demorestville a visit being the guests of Wm. Baker.

Our Presbyterian friends gave a S. School pic-nic last Thursday which was well attended and greatly enjoyed by all. The Picton base ball team (Delhi Stars) came over and our boys beat them by one run. It is said to be the best game ever played in Prince Edward, Demorestville got eight runs and Picton seven. Northport team feels pretty sick. Demorestville beat them by twenty last Saturday and our second nine (The Hardly Ables) Crafton by Nine.

Miss Minnie Sprague has returned home from her visit to Trenton.

Miss Mary Simonds, of Belleville, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Butler.

Mrs. E. R. Nixon is very low not expected to live through the day.

TYENDINAGA RESERVE

From Our Own Correspondent.

The Napanee Presbyterian Sunday school picnicked in the parsonage grove on Tuesday chaperoned by their clergyman Mr. Young, and school superintendent, Mr. Ash. The whole party appeared to enjoy the day as we wish visitors to do when they come to the Reserve.

Friend David Smith is improving his house by a neat verandah. Dave is a tasty fellow and has spared no expense in making his farm the most attractive on the Reserve.

Maggie Brant, who died on the 16th, was buried on the 18th, a large number followed her remains to Christ Church Cemetery.

L. O. L., No.99, propose holding an old fashioned basket pic-nic at the west end of Eagle's Nest, a beautiful spot, on Wednesday, the 29th inst. An enjoyable day is anticipated, dinner at noon, speeches, music, and games in any quantity. Everybody is invited to bring a basket and have a good time.

Mrs. Andrew, of London, Ontario, is visiting at the Mansion. She admires the scenery of the far famed Bay of Quinte.

Miss Mark is paying her annual visit to her parents on the Slash Road.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Mrs. Penn, wife of the late Joseph Penn, Jr.

Jeremiah Hill lost his little boy, nearly two years old, on the 21st inst. Death is busy upon the Reserve this season.

Chief Annosothkah has been engaged for a season to travel on behalf of the Colonial and Continental Church Society in England. He will leave this for his work on the 5th of September.

We predicted a wedding in high life some time since, thought it was off, but again observe a loadstone in the vicinity of All Saints' Church, which attracts a special friend of ours.

There are rumors of a *Bon-Ton* wedding less than a hundred miles west of the ferry.

Mr. Cornelius Maracle threshed 475 bush. of barley from 50 sown, not so bad this season; but it was John Harvey's thresher did the work; it leaves no grain in the straw.

David C. Maracle's infant, 4 months old, buried at All Saints' cemetery on Monday afternoon, died on Sunday after a few hours illness.

Amongst the callers at the parsonage on Tuesday, from the Presbyterian S. S. picnic, was the widow of the late Charles McGreer.

Our Sunday School pic nic was held as announced on the 22nd inst., and was a great success. The Rev. Messrs. Forneri and Geen assisted in the services at Christ Church, the former delivering a most appropriate practical address. The weather was all that could be desired, the ladies of the congregations provided bountifully as usual and the pic-nic of 1888 was in every sense the great event of the season.

The borrowing propensity of the occupants of the rear glebe farm is a nuisance to the neighborhood. They have run the length of their tether now and must adopt other means to gratify their wants.

The Deputation of Pow Wowers, who visited the neighborhood of Syracuse, N.Y., on important business, returned on Wednesday, highly pleased with their reception by the Indians residing under the American flag and the important work accomplished.

READ.

From Our Own Correspondent.

On Friday last, 17th inst., Helena Naphin, daughter of the late Martin Naphin, of the 9th con., died rather suddenly after a few days' illness. She was only 14 years of age. Her funeral took place on Sunday at St. Charles Cemetery and was largely attended.

His Lordship Bishop Cleary, who has been on a visit to Belleville, visited the Rev. Father McCarthy. His Lordship is looking remarkably well and appears to have benefitted by his recent journey to Europe.

The annual picnic given by the congregation of St. Charles' Church is always looked forward to with great interest and usually takes place in the month of June. This year however, for many reasons it was put off until after harvest. The committee having the matter in hand announce that the annual picnic will be held on Wednesday next, the 29th inst., at Read. All the usual games on such occasions will take place. There will be a football match and first class music will be provided. The ladies as usual will be on hand with their wanted good services and the committee, which is composed of active and energetic members, will spare no pains to make everything as attractive and successful as in past years. In addition to the many other games and amusements, horse races, running and trotting, will take place on the race course on the 6th con., one mile west of Read. This course was built during the past season and is in first class order. Remember the date, 29th inst. Come one. Come all.

The McAuley Brothers are threshing with their well known "Wide Awake," and doing a large business amongst their old patrons.

The Buckley Brothers are threshing with Mr. Charles Mowerson as engineer. They have a large patronage through this section of the country.

Mr. Patrick Walsh is also on the road with his "Advance" machine and steamer. Mr. Walsh does excellent work and gives every satisfaction to his patrons.

Don Carlos is seen around once more, but the Mowersonians are scattered and gone and the Mowersonian Club is but a thing of the past.

THE Young Ladies Journal, &c, for sale at THE TRIBUNE office.

SUMMER GOODS MUST GO.

BARGAINS in PRINTS.
Bargains in Dress Goods.
Bargains in Parasols.
Bargains in Embroideries.
Bargains all over the Store.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

TERMS CASH.

Kerr & Wims

Mar. 9—3 mos. ST. GEORGE STREET. DESERONTO.

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands "head and shoulders" above every other **Alterative and Blood Medicine.** As proof, read these reliable testimonies:

G. C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says: "For the past 25 years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all the diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."

Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth Ave., New York, says: "As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives perfect satisfaction."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally efficacious in all forms of Scrofula, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c.; and is, therefore, the very best

Spring and Family Medicine

in use. "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

does sell." Prepared by

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

FOR SALE.

GOOD second hand Pork Barrels suitable to put pork in for home use. Also a number of Iron Bedsteads which can be seen at The Big Store or our office, Deseronto.

THE RATHBUN CO.

43rd PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Agriculture and Arts Association of Ontario

WILL BE HELD IN THE

CITY OF KINGSTON

FROM SEPT. 10TH TO 15TH.

Entries close on Aug. 18th. For Prize Lists and all other information apply to the Secretary.

HENRY WADE, Toronto, Secretary. ... MORGAN, Metcalfe, President.

EXHIBITION AT KINGSTON.

IN ADDITION to the general attractions of the Provincial Exhibition, held at Kingston, SEPT. 10th to 15th, there will be, under the auspices of the Midland Agricultural Association,

SPEEDING IN THE HORSE RING

—ON—

Thursday and Friday, SEPT. 13th & 14th.

Five events, as follows: Farmers' Trotting Trial, $25, $15 and $10; Farmers' Racing Test, $25, $15, and $10; Exhibition of Walking, Trotting and Running, to saddle, $35; Lady Riding, Gold and Silver Medals and Silver Mounted Whip; and Matched Team test of speed, $30 and $20. Entrance Free.

Entries to close with the undersigned on SATURDAY, SEPT. 8th.

R. MEEK, Secretary.

Kingston, Aug. 8th.

FOR :- SALE OR TO LET.

THAT desirable property just opposite Deseronto, lately occupied by Mrs. Walmsley. Fine Garden; excellent Orchard; beautiful view. A grand opportunity for some one to open a general store.

Apply to J. E. WALMSLEY, Belleville, or to W. H. VANBLARICOM, Deseronto.

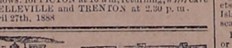
May 25, 1888.

THE FAVORITE

STMR. "VARUNA,"

Will, on and after APRIL 29TH, leave DESERONTO as follows: for PICTON at 10 a.m; returning, will leave BELLEVILLE and TRENTON at 2.30 p. m.

April 27th, 1888



BAY OF QUINTE.

Railway & Navigation Company.

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE TRAINS on this road make sure connection with all G. T. R. trains both East and West, and with Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company or all Bay and River ports.

1888. TIME TABLE. 1883.

DESERONTO & GRAND TRUNK LINE.

BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

TATIONS	EXP. WEST.	MIXED EAST.	MIXED WEST.	MIXD. EAST.	EXP. WEST	MIXED M.&W.	EXP. EAST
	NO.1	NO.3	NO.5	NO.7	NO. 9	NO.11	
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A. M.
Des. lve	..2:45	7:45	9:15	11:10	4:45	8:55	12:45
E End, "	..2:50	7:50	9:20	11:15	4:50	9:00	12:50
Des. Ju. ar.	3:05	8:05	9:35	11:30	5:05	9:15	10:05

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS	EXP. EAST.	MIXED WEST.	MIXED. EAST.	EXP. WNST.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED E.& W	EXP. WEST.
	No 2	No.4	No. 6	NO.8	NO.10	NO.12	NO 14
	A.M.	A.M	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M
Des. J. lve.	3:20	8:20	9:45	11:40	5:20	10:05	12:00
East End	..3:45	8:35	10:00	11:55	5:35	10:20	1:35
Des. arrive.	3:50	8:40	10:05	12:00	5:40	10:25	1:40

Trains Nos. 1 and 13 run daily, (Sundays included.)
Sure connections to and from Bay of Quinte Ports
Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

This Time-Table shows the times at which the Trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations; but, as the regularity of Trains depends on connection with other lines, the Arrivals and Departure at the time stated are not guaranteed, nor will the Company hold itself responsible for delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER, Gen. Manager.

Deseronto, Ont.

SALT,

BY Car Load, Barrel or in Bulk, American or Canadian, at lowest market prices. Write for prices.

THE RATHBUN CO.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

ECAR'S DRUG STORE

—FOR PURE—

Drugs, Chemicals and medicines of all kinds.

Horse, Cattle and Patent Medicines.

WALL PAPER AND STATIONERY.

EVERYTHING AT ECARS'.

DR. NEWTON'S OFFICE.

Canada Life Assurance Co'y.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

A. G. RAMSAY, PRESIDENT.
R. HILLS, Secy. ALEX. RAMSAY, Supt.

THIS is the leading Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Assets over 9,000,000 dollars.

Annual Income for year ending April 30th, $1,600,000.

Applications made before April 30th, 1888, will participate in the division of profits in April 1890. For information apply to

S. G. CHAMBERLAIN, Special Agent, Toronto.

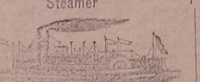
THE RATHBUN COMPANY, Agents, Deseronto.

THE BAY OF QUINTE STEAMBOAT ROUTE.

CHANGE OF TIME. NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

Daily to Kingston and 1000 Islands.

The Fast and Elegantly Furnished Steamer



"HERO,"

CAPT. C. H. NICHOLSION.

Will on and after Monday, July 30th, sail as follows:

	Mon, Wed. & Friday.	Tues, Thur. & Saturday.
Leave Belleville,	6.00 a.m.	3.30 a.m.
" Deseronto,	7.30 a.m.	5.00 "
" Picton,	9.00 a.m.	6.30 "
Arrive Kingston,	1.30 p.m.	11.00 "

Returning leaves Kingston at 3:30 p.m., Deseronto 9 p.m. daily, (Saturday excepted) for Belleville.

Connecting every day at Kingston with

STEAMER PRINCESS LOUISE

—FOR—

GANANOQUE, CLAYTON, 1000 ISLAND PARK AND ALEXANDRIA BAY.

Through ticket arrangement complete. Sure connections and Best Route.

Passengers and Baggage transferred at Kingston free of charge.

CONNECTIONS.—The "Hero" at Kingston with Cape Vincent, Rideau Canal and Lake Steamers; "Princess Louise" at Clayton with R.W. & O. Ry. and Steamers for Alexandria Bay.

On Saturdays the "Hero" will make a Grand Cheap Excursion from all Bay Ports to 1000 Islands on regular time and leaving Kingston at 1:45 p.m.; returning leaves Kingston for Bay Ports at 8:00 p.m. Tickets from Deseronto $1 00, good to return from 1000 Island Park, not Kingston, any Saturday during season.

For information apply to Capt. Nicholsion on board or

THE RATHBUN CO., Agents.

DESERONTO

Navigation -:- Company,

(LIMITED.)

RUNNING in connection with the Grand Trunk and Bay of Quinte Railways, for Picton and all Bay of Quinte Ports.

SURE CONNECTION WITH ALL TRAINS.

STR. "QUINTE"

Will, until further notice sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Picton....6:00 a.m.	Leave Trenton.. 1:00 p.m.
" Deseronto, 7:15 "	" Bellevillle, 3:00 "
" Northport, 8:10 "	" Northport, 4:30 "
" Belleville, 10:00 "	" Deseronto, 5:30 "
Arrive Trenton, 11:30 "	Arrive Picton.. 6:15 "

STR. "DESERONTO"

Will sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Napanee, 6:00 a.m.	Leave Picton... 3:00 p.m.
" Deseronto, 7:00 "	" Deseronto, 5:00 "
Arrive Picton,.. 8:30 "	Arrive Napanee, 6:00 "

This Steamer makes one extra trip between Picton and Deseronto with Mails and Passengers for G.T.R. going East as follows:—

Leave Picton... 9:30 a m.	Lev. Deseronto, 1:00 p.m.
Arr. Deseronto, 11:00 "	Arrive Picton, 2:30 "

DESERONTO : TO : OSWEGO

—AND—

ALL U. S. POINTS.

THE comfortable and fast sailing Steamers will sail as follows (weather permitting.)

"RESOLUTE."	"RELIANCE."
TUESDAY.	MONDAY.
THURSDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
SATURDAY.	FRIDAY.

Parties for New York and other U. S. points will find it to their advantage to travel by this line.

CHEAP RATES FOR FREIGHT.

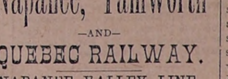
FARES MODERATE.

Purchase your Tickets Reading via. Deseronto Junction.

The Steamers are open for engagements for Excursions at all times. For further particulars apply to

THE RATHBUN COMPANY.

May 2nd, 1888.



Napanee, Tamworth

—AND—

QUEBEC RAILWAY.

NAPANEE VALLEY LINE.

TIME TABLE No. 13.

IN EFFECT NOV 28TH 1887.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 2. A.M.	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee	Leave	11 50	5 10
Napanee Mills	"	12 05	5 25
Newburgh	"	12 15	5 30
Thomson's Mills*	"	12 20	5 38
Camden East	"	12 25	5 43
Yarker	"	12 40	6 00
Colebrooke*	"	12 43	6 02
Galbraith Road*	"	12 45	6 05
Varty Lake, (Excursion Ground)		12 50	6 10
Moscow	"	12 55	6 15
Mudlake Bridge*	"	1 03	6 25
Enterprise	"	1 10	6 30
Wilson's Crossing*	"	1 18	6 28
Tamworth	Arrive	1 30	6 50

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1. A.M.	No. 3 P.M.
Tamworth	Leave	6 40	30
Wilson's Crossing*	"	6 55	40
Enterprise	"	7 00	
Mudlake Bridge*	"	7 07	3 00
Moscow	"	7 15	3 05
Varty Lake, (Excursion Ground)			
Galbraith Road*	"	7 25	3 15
Colebrooke*	"	7 28	3 17
Yarker	"	7 30	3 20
Camden East	"	7 45	3 35
Thomson's Mills*	"	7 50	3 42
Newburgh	"	7 55	3 50
Napanee Mills	"	8 05	4 00
Napanee	Arrive	8 20	4 15

*Stop only when Passengers at or for.

R. C. CARTER, Gen. Mgr. H. B. SHERWOOD, Superintendent. E. W. RATHBUN, Gen Manager.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the

Municipal Council

—OF THE—

VILLAGE

—OF—

DESERONTO

In the County of Hastings, after the expiration of three months from the publication of this notice in THE TRIBUNE, of Deseronto, intend to apply for the erection of the Village of Deseronto and a part of the Township of Tyendinaga, adjoining the village on the north side, into a town

—TO BE CALLED—

THE

Town of Deseronto

With boundaries as follows, that is to say:—

Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte at the western limit of township lot number thirty-six (36) in the Third Concession, south of the slash road, of the Township of Tyendinaga, and running thence northerly along the said western limit of said lot thirty-six, and along the western limit of township lot thirty-six (36) in the Second Concession south of the slash road of the Township of Tyendinaga aforesaid, eighty-five chains; thence easterly at right angles to the said western limit of said lot thirty-six in the said Second Concession of Tyendinaga, one hundred and four chains, more or less, to the western limit of the boundary road between the Township of Richmond in the County of Lennox and Addington and the said Township of Tyendinaga; thence southerly along the western limit of said boundary road sixty-five chains, more or less, to the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte; and thence, following the said water's edge westerly to the place of beginning, containing 859 acres, more or less, and including the water frontage in front thereof.

And that the said Town of Deseronto shall be divided into three wards to be called the "Centre Ward," the "East Ward," and the "West Ward," and that the said Wards be constituted as follows, that is to say:—

THE "CENTRE WARD"

shall comprise that part of said town embraced within these boundaries, namely:—Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte, at the western limit of Fourth street, thence northerly along said limit to the north side of Main street, thence westerly along the north side of Main street to the west side of Prince street, thence northerly along the west side of Prince street to Dundas street, and then across Dundas street and northerly along the centre line of township lot thirty-nine to the northern boundary of the town; thence westerly along the north boundary line of the town to the centre line of east half of township lot thirty eight, thence southerly along the last mentioned centre line, and through St. George street to Main street; thence westerly along Main street to Mill street, and thence southerly along Mill street to the water's edge, and thence along the water's edge easterly to the place of beginning, together with the water front in front thereof.

THE "EAST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of the said town which lies east of the Centre Ward, and

THE "WEST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of said town which lies west of Centre Ward.

By order of the Council,

ROBERT N. IRVINE, Village Clerk.

Deseronto, May 28th, 1888.

June 1st—3mos.

The Tribune.

VOL. V — DESERONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, AUG. 31, 1888 — NO 49

THE TRIBUNE.

Published every Friday Morning.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO.

(LIMITED.)

ublishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One copy, $1.00 per year. 50 cents per six months. Strictly in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE	1 Year.	6 mos.	3 Mos.
Column	$50.00	30.00	$18.00
Half Column	30.00	18.00	10.00
Quarter Column	20.00	12.00	7.00
One Inch	6.00	3.00	2.00
Business Cards, (less than one inch.)	4.00	2.50	1.75

Wants, Lost, Found, Strayed, etc 25 cts each insertion or on a contract at the rate of 75 cents per month.

Casual advertisements 5 cents per line first insertion each subsequent insertion 3 cts. per line.

Advertisements for insertion among the local items 6 cents per line each insertion

Communications should be addressed to THE DESERONTO NEWS Co., (Limited), Deseronto Ont.

DESERONTO POST OFFICE.

Office open daily (Sundays excepted) from 7.30 a.m. o 7 p.m.

Mails for despatch are closed at the office as follows:—

For Napanee and Kingston and all points East at 10.45 a.m. and 8.00 p.m.

For Belleville and Toronto and all points West at 4.20 p.m. and 8.00 p.m.

For Picton at 10.45 a.m. and 8.00 p.m.

Mails arriving are due as follows:—

From Kingston, Napanee, and all points East at 7.20 a.m. and 6.00 p.m.

From Belleville, Toronto and all points West at 7.20 a.m. and 12.00 noon.

From Picton at 11.30 a.m. and 5.00 p.m.

Registered letters must be posted half an hour before the close of each mail.

N.B.—A mail is made up for all points at 6 p.m. on Sundays.

F. S. RATHBUN, *Postmaster.*

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

T. G. PILE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES, Deseronto Ontario 3

JOHN A. FORIN.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. OFFICE, ASHLEY BLOCK, Front Street, Belleville, Ont.

COAL.

FOR HOUSE USE OR BLACKSMITH SHOPS, AT lowest market rates. Write for prices. THE RATHBUN CO.

WATER LIME.

WATER LIME, PORTLAND CEMENT, AND Plaster Paris for sale, cheap, and full directions given how to use successfully. Write for prices. THE RATHBUN CO.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto; Fellow of Trinity Medical School; Late Clinical assistant in Toronto General Hospital. OFFICE:—Mallet's Drug Store, Deseronto. RESIDENCE—Next house north of Cameron's Store

A. R. WEESE, L.D.S.,

DENTIST, Honor Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty. Artificial teeth inserted on all the leading bases. Operations made as painless as possible. OFFICE:—TRENCH BLOCK, Main Street, Deseronto

NOTICE.

INSURANCE ON FARM OR VILLAGE PROPERTY at low rates in Standard Stock Companies—the Royal Insurance Company and Commercial Union of England, Western and British American of Toronto. THE RATHBUN CO., Agents

REVERE HOUSE,

CORNER KING AND YORK STREETS, TORONTO, ONT.

ROBERT MCDONALD, PROPRIETOR. Parties from this section visiting Toronto will find this house most convenient to stop at, and will be sure of a very cordial welcome. A call solicited.

O'CONNOR HOUSE.

THIS HOTEL IS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED throughout, in the latest styles. Large and convenient Sample Rooms; and every accommodation and comfort for guests. The Bar is supplied with best imported and domestic Liquors and Cigars. Charges Moderate. First-class Livery in connection. Good Yard and Stables attached.

P. O'CONNOR, Prop'r
*3-y. Deseronto, Ont.

ORIENTAL HOTEL.

W. J. HUNT, Proprietor (formerly of Napanee) As I have leased this fine Hotel for a term of years I have refurnished and refitted it throughout, making it one of the best hotels in Deseronto. The bar will always be supplied with the finest liquors and Cigars. Good stabling in connection.

W. J. HUNT, Proprietor

GEO. E. SNIDER,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELER & DEALER

in all kinds of SILVERWARE, &c.

Corner Main & St. George Streets, Deseronto.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,

DESERONTO

SAVING, BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits received and Interest allowed at rate of

FIVE PER CENT PER ANNUM.

DESERONTO :-: AGENCY

—OF THE—

KINGSTON & PEMBROKE AND CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

TICKETS may be obtained from the undersigned for all points in

MANITOBA, NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE WESTERN STATES.

If you wish to go to any point along the line of these Railways, secure your ticket in advance at this agency and thus save time and expense.

For other information apply to

S. RUSSELL,
TRIBUNE Office, Deseronto.

LIME FOR SALE.

BY CAR LOADS, WAGON LOADS or by Bushel at low prices. Special terms given to parties building who require a quantity. Leave orders with Mr. F. C. WHITTON, or at the Rathbun Co's. office.

OUR FIRST SHIPMENTS.

of goods from Berlin, Germany, and Nottingham, England (direct importations) just to hand, and we must say the styles are away up while the prices are away down. You may rest assured we will be able to show you values in fine goods such as you have never seen before.

THESE FIRST SHIPMENTS CONSIST OF

Ladies' and children's Black Cashmere Hose in wonderful value. We shall be able to sell a nice Cashmere Stocking, ladies' size, for 25 cents a pair.

Mantle and Jacket Goods in Rosina Travers Cloth, Christine and Genoa Cloths.

Mantle Plushes in surpassing value.

Silk Sealettes at $8.50 a yard, as good as were ever offered at $12 before.

Check Dress Goods. The latest novelty in Flannelette Wool Goods at 25c and 35c a yard.

Black Fine Dress Goods in the newest weaves, Armure, Sebastapol, Satin Compoise, Elastique, Soliel.

We have just passed into stock a lot of 45-inch Colored Cashmere at 50 cents a yard. Awfully cheap.

All Wool heavy Ottoman Dress Goods at 25 cents a yard.

All Wool Grey Flannels at 20c and 25c. Splendid value.

Our stock is rapidly assuming a Fall and Winter aspect and will be found A 1 in value and style.

The latest thing out in the Millinery line. "The Tourist Hat" in Black and Colored Felt.

HINCH & CO.

NAPANEE.

HAMILTON is SHOWING

New Dress Goods,

New Prints,

New Seersuckers,

Shambrae in Pink, Blue and Grey,

extra value, with embroidery to match.

A Full line of Gents Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Ties, &c

Ready-Made Clothing in Boy's, Children's and Men's. A large line of light summer wear.

Prices Low. Quality the best. In fact everything to be found in a first-class Dry Goods Store.

M. C. HAMILTON'S, McCullough's Block.

Lardine Machine Oil.

FARMERS, THRESHERS AND MECHANICS

Will save money by using Lardine. No gum, no grit, and will wear out Lard or Castor Oil.

Manufactured by McCOLL BROS., Toronto.

NOTICE.

IN future all engagments and other arrangements in connection with the Rathbun Company Band must be made through Mr. James Stokes, their President, to whom full powers in such matters have been delegated by the Band.

Deseronto, July 26, 1888.

Building Lots.

FORTY choice building lots just laid out and ready for sale,

Apply to F. C. WHITTON.

Deseronto, June7, 1888.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY have a few lots for sale on the hill near the White Church.

Apply to MR. F. C. WHITTON.

Deseronto, April 12, 1887.

C. H. OTTO,

BOOKBINDER,

over the TRIBUNE office,

DESERONTO.

MAGAZINES and MUSIC bound in any style.

BLANK BOOKS ruled and bound to any pattern desired.

June 7, 1888—37.

THE TRIBUNE

Will be sent to new subscribers from now till the 1st of January, 1889, for 25 cents in advance. No person should miss this opportunity.

RESIGNATION.

Thou wouldst not have my sheaves,
With dew and twilight on their gold;
Thou wouldst not have my song,
From this valley dim and cold,
Where my stars like wandering dreams
Fade in silences:
My song (no world won strain)
Fledged from the mysteries
Of the night land, love and pain—
Woke not the world's wild joy,
But stole to thee soft and low,
Trembling like sweet child tears,
Half of laughter's ecstacies.

My sheaves are lying still
In the path where none pass
Save ghosts that whispering go,
In the silent shiv'ring grass,
Afraid of hope's lost signs,
Afraid of those sad, sad eyes,
Love closed sometime,
Lest death them seeing might fear to come
And claim the song, and her,
And bind with stars the sheaves
In the musky rosy eves.

Ay, if by my lonely bier
Thy solitude comes near,
An' thou hear'st some sweeter word
Than wind or flower or bird—just say
Her spirit pass'd - 'twas winged song
And lost in light—and go thy way.
—Lillian Rozell Messenger in Home Journal.

AN HISTORICAL REMINISCENCE.

The *Canadian Church Magazine* for Aug. contains an interesting sketch of the life of the Hon. Charles James Stewart, fifth son of the seventh Earl of Galloway, and second bishop of the diocese of Quebec. Appointed to an important parish in England he continued in charge of it until he came to Canada in 1807 when he was thirty-two years of age. He manifested a spirit of true missionary zeal by thus giving up a life of ease and retirement for the hardships incidental to colonial life in those early days. His first mission was St. Armand, P. Q. After enduring many hardships as a missionary in various parts of the province of Quebec he was in 1826 consecrated as successor to the venerable Bishop Mountain, of Quebec. His diocese embraced the whole of Canada from Quebec westward, and it is easy to see that his labours were great and the hardships to which he was exposed most trying. He continued to exercise episcopal functions in Canada until 1836 when he returned to seek a grave in his native land where he died in 1837. The following extract from one of his letters will be interesting to many of the readers of THE TRIBUNE:—

"We came yesterday from Hallowell to Davenport's (fourteen miles), afterwards crossed the bay (Quinte), two miles to the Mohawk Church—there examined several persons and confirmed twenty one—buried one corpse nearly half a mile from the church—performed part of the evening service; the Rev. Mr. Campbell and myself exhorted and conferred with some of the chiefs. We were now getting cold and hungry, but we had a good fire made in the stove, which rendered us comfortable. It rained all day till nearly 5 p. m. Soon after it had become dark we got a good supply of bread, butter, and milk, and candles, which were very acceptable. About 11 p. m. the steamboat passed—we called and hailed and showed a light, but stop they would not. We made up our minds to sleep as well as we could in the church till daylight. At three this morning we were roused by the steamboat coming back for us. When it had passed the captain was asleep, and the helmsman, having shortly been changed, did not know of us, and would not stop; which, however, I think he ought to have done for any person. I should observe that the boat was much later than usual in consequence of a malefactor having been hung in the morning at Kingston. I awoke at Belleville with a headache, but it has left me (3 p. m.), and my cold is gradually diminishing."

The Davenport's alluded to is now better known as Peterson's ferry. The Mohawk Church referred to was the old building which preceded the present edifice of Christ Church. Of those confirmed on the occasion — sixty years ago — John John of Tyendinaga Reserve still survives.

THE PROVINCIAL FAIR AT KINGSTON.

The band of "A" battery has been engaged for the week.

A fine platform, 60x40 ft., has been erected opposite the grand stand, This will be used for the day and evening performances of the stars.

The boarding house and hotel list is not yet closed, but it will be on Saturday. It is the most complete thing of the kind ever prepared.

The directors on Saturday sold all the refreshments privileges of the fair ground to E Godwin for $650. He will resell and sublet at once.

All the space for the cattle and much of the space for the horses has already been taken up. The entries have been very numerous.

Here's a prophecy—that the attendance at the fair will be the greatest that Kingston has ever seen. The show is all the talk in Ontario and New York state.

The water pipes have been laid in the grounds, and the city is laying the pipes to the grounds. The supply of water will, therefore, be ample.

Great crowds of people along the Bay of Quinte will visit the provincial fair. To supply accommodation the steamer Quinte has been chartered to assist the steamer Hero during the week.

The superintendent of the fair, Mr. White, of Chatham, will be here on the 5th of September, and arrange for the location of exhibits. The local merchants and manufacturers are expected to make a good display.

"Some years ago Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of asthma after the best medical skill had failed to give me relief. A few weeks since, being again troubled with the disease, I was promptly relieved by the same remedy."—F. S. Hassler, Editor *Argus*, Table Rock, Nebr.

RETREAT OF NIAGARA FALLS.

Although the retreat of the fall is slow, it will in a very brief time, in the geological sense of that word, lead to certain momentous consequences. When the hard layer of Niagara limestone passes below the bed of the river, the stream will then cut upon rocks of another constitution, making for a time certain small falls at a higher geological level; but in the course of ages, much less long than those which have elapsed since the birth of this waterfall, the gorge of the river will extend up into the basin of Lake Erie, draining away a considerable portion of that fresh water sea. We shall then, if the continent retains its present height above the level of the sea, have another system of cataracts in the passage between Lake Erie and Lake Huron which will also in time be worn away. Other cataracts will then form at the exit of Lake Michigan; and thus the lower lakes of our great American system would be diminished in area, or perhaps even disappear At a yet later stage, we may look for diminution in the size of Lake Superior, though that basin, owing to the strong wall which separates it from the lower lakes, is destined to endure long after the last-named basins have been diminished or entirely drained away.—*Professor N. S. Shaler, in Scribner's Magazine.*

BEWARE OF CANNED GOODS.

When a person who does not know how to use canned fruits, meats and vegetables gets "poisoned," he charges the fault upon the can or the soldering; he seems to be utterly unconscious, because ignorant of his own fault in the case. In the use of canned foods certain precautions must be observed. The food must be turned out of the can, as soon as opened. Never on any account add vinegar, sauces, etc., to canned foods while they are in the tins and if from forgetfulness it is done, never allow such mixtures to remain in the cans an hour or so. Canned foods are put up as fresh as possible and after they are opened will not keep as long as people generally think they will, with the exception of sardines, which may be kept several days.

A person should use the same common sense in eating canned fruits, vegetables and meats that is used in regard to food not canned, and that sense should be sound in either case. A proper use of the nose and eyes is enough to detect bad food whether canned or not, though some people are foolish enough to think that canning guarantees the keeping of food after the cans are opened as well as before.—*Good Housekeeping.*

THE GAME LAW.

The only season during which the following game may be hunted, taken or killed is as follows:

Deer—15th October to 20th November. Moose elk, reindeer or caribou may not be killed before Oct. 15th, 1893. The number of deer which may be killed or taken alive in any one season, prior to 1895, is as follows;—one person, 5, two persons hunting together or from one camp, or rendezvous, 8; three persons, as before, 12.

Partridges—1st September to 1st January.

Woodcock—15th August to 1st January.

Snipe, rail and golden plover—1st September to 1st January.

Ducks of all kinds and all other waterfowl—1st September to 1st January.

Geese—1st September to 1st May.

Hare—1st September to 15th March.

The above dates are exclusive.

These may be exposed for sale for fifteen days after expiration of time for killing. No eggs to be taken or destroyed at any time. No traps, nets or snares, baited lines or similar contrivances to be used. These may be destroyed by any person without liability. No contrivances described or known as batteries, swivel-guns, sunken punts or night lights to be used for killing wild fowl.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER.

"Our Journey to the Hebrides" is the opening paper in *Harper's Magazine* for September, and therein is described a tramp trip taken by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennel through Scotland. As they went, Mr. Pennel sketched and Mrs. Pennel took notes of what she saw. The result is a charming contribution, which will be relished by all lovers of Scotch scenery. It must not be supposed, however, that everything was lovely all the way. Mrs. Pennel saw much of the suffering of the wretched people who formerly owned small holdings, but were ejected from their farms that the country might run wild, and the noble landlords thus have a good place to hunt; and she writes about the outrage with vigor and earnestness that must attract attention. Here and there throughout the article are gentle hits at well-known depicters of Scotch scenery and life, who, from Mrs. Pennell's point of view, have been guilty of too great enthusiasm. The personality of the writer, as revealed in this article, is certainly charming. Mr. Pennell's sketches —more than a dozen—are excellent. A continuation of the journey will appear in the October *Harper's.*

WHAT AM I TO DO?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unhappily but too well-known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhea or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try *Green's August Flower* it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

Sufferers from indigestion, loss of appetite, liver or kidney complaints, rheumatism or neuralgia, would do well to give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a trial. For all such disorders, no medicine is so effective as this, when faithfully and perseveringly used.

MARYSVILLE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. C. Scanlon has been seriously ill but is now, we are glad to learn, on a fair way towards recovery.

An infant child of Mr. Culhane's has been dangerously ill for some time past.

Miss Annie McHenry went to Trenton last week where she is engaged as teacher in the separate school.

Mr. Mark Storms is suffering from a dislocation and fracture of the ankle joint, and may be laid up for a long time.

Thos. Deasy Esq., left on Tuesday for Dakota where he expects to remain for a couple of months. This is Mr. Deasy's twelfth round trip to the west.

Mrs. Ryan, wife of Judge Ryan, of Portage La Prairie, Man., after an absence of fifteen years, is visiting Mrs. M. Kenny, and other friends here. She is accompanied by her daughter, Miss Ryan.

Mr. Dafoe, telegraph operator at the station here, has been transferred to Napanee station temporarily, and is succeeded by Mr. Ferguson, of Mallorytown. Mr. Dafoe, who is an agreeable and temperate young man, was well liked here.

TYENDINAGA RESERVE

From Our Own Correspondent.

Two of our people residing in your village imbibed too freely of "firewater" one evening last week and made considerable noise. No damage except sore heads the following morning.

Mr. Albert Mark, of the Slash Road, has four acres and a half of corn which stands over 7 feet high and well laden with long cobs.

Miss Mark, after a visit of three weeks under the parental roof, returned on Tuesday to her business in the city of Guelph.

A large amount of marsh hay has been cut in the vicinity of Mud Creek. Some of our men have large stacks.

Mr. C. Oliver, of your village, who for many years purchased withes in this locality, has resumed the business and is collecting a cargo near McCullough's dock.

The picnic on Wednesday under the auspices of L. O. L., No. 99, was patronized by many of our people who appeared to enjoy themselves in various ways immensely.

A wedding in Christ Church on Wednesday, 29th. The party took in the picnic and returned in time to partake of a grand supper at Mr. Wm. Maracle's, Deseronto.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Hon. Mr. Mowat is home.

Malietoa, the deposed King of Samoa, is at Hamburg.

Fifty people perished in the floods at Miniana, China.

Montreal wholesale fruit dealers are forming a peach combine.

An insane Frenchman attempted to shoot a porter at the German Embassy in Paris.

Another Nihilist plot has been unearthed in St. Petersburg and several of the plotters arrested.

The Dominion Cotton Manufacturers' Association is holding another meeting in Montreal.

Measures are being taken in Spain for an energetic fight against the spread of the phylloxera.

Several barns have been destroyed by lightning in the western part of the Provinces.

Mr. E. S. Cox was brought to Toronto from Niagara yesterday and is now in the Police Station.

London bakers have increased the price of bread in expectation of a serious shortage in the British wheat crop.

The New York Republican State Convention yesterday nominated ex-Senator Warner Miller for the Governorship.

Half of the people in Morocco are said to be in rebellion against the Sultan, and the country is generally in a bad state.

A French Government engineer has invented a new submarine boat, which is expected to revolutionise naval warfare.

The Manitoba Government expect a majority of 30 in the Legislature in support of the contract with the Northern Pacific.

It is predicted that when Dom Pedro dies an effort will be made to overthrow the Brazilian throne and establish a republic.

A North Dakota grain dealer says that thousands of acres of wheat have been left uncut on account of damage done by frost.

The sub-committee to which the Retaliation Bill was submitted has decided on some alterations to be made in the measure.

A freight train on the Manitoba road ran into a herd of cattle near Fort Buford, injuring five trainmen and killing a hundred cattle.

Rev. Isaac Crane, of Woodstock, writes from Carberry, Manitoba, stating that the wheat crop there is phenomenally heavy and has not been damaged by the frost.

John Redmond, M. P. for Wexford; William Redmond, M. P. for Fermanagh; Edward Walsh and Father Kennedy have been arrested under the Crimes Act.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS:—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething." Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic softens the Gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

THE THREAD OF LIFE

OR,

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XVII. — Breaking a Heart.

When Warren Relf returned to Lowestoft, burning with news and eager at his luck, his first act was to call his sister Edie hurriedly out of Elsie's room, and proceed to a consultation with her upon the strange evidence he had picked up so unexpectedly at Almundham Station. Should they show it to Elsie, or should they keep it from her? That was the question. Fortune had indeed favoured the brave; but how now to utilise her curious information? Should they let that wronged and suffering girl see the utter abysses of human baseness yawning in the man she once loved and trusted, or should they sedulously and carefully hide it all from her, lest they break the bruised reed with ungentle handling? Warren Relf himself, after thinking it over in his own soul—all the way back to Lowestoft in his third-class carriage—was almost in favour now of the specious and futile policy of concealment. Why needlessly harrow the poor child's feelings? Why rake up the embers of her grief? Surely she had been wounded and lacerated enough already. Let her rest content with what she knew so far of Massinger's cruel and treacherous selfishness.

But Edie met this plausible reasoning, after a true woman's fashion, with an emphatic negative. She stood out for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, come what might of it.

"Why?" Warren asked with a relenting eye.

"Because," Edie answered, looking up at him resolutely, "it would be better she should get it all over at once. It's like pulling a tooth—one wrench, and be done with it! What a pity she should spend her whole life long in mourning and wailing over this wicked man, who isn't and never was in any way worthy of her!—Warren, she's a dear, sweet, gentle girl. She takes my heart. I love her dearly already.—She'll mourn and wail for him enough anyhow. I want to disenchant her as much as I can before it's too late. The sooner she learns to hate and despise him as he deserves, the better for everybody."

"Why?" Warren asked once more, with a curious side-glance.

"Because," Edie went on, very earnestly, "she may some day meet some other better man, who could make her ten thousand times happier as his wife, than this wretched, sordid, money-hunting creature could ever make any one. If we disenchant her at once, without remorse, it'll help that better man's case forward whenever he presents himself. If not"—— She paused significantly. Their eyes met; Warren's fell. They understood one another.

"But isn't it selfish?" Warren asked wistfully. Edie looked up at him with a profoundly meaningless expression on her soft round face. "Selfish!" she cried, making her mouth small. "I don't understand you. What on earth has selfishness to do with it any way? Nobody spoke about any particular truer and better man. You jump too quick. I merely laid on a young man in the abstract. I'm sure I'm right, absolutely right. I always am. It's a way I have, and I can't help it."

"Besides which," Warren Relf interposed suddenly, "if Massinger really did write that forged letter, she'll have to arrange something about it, you see, sooner or later. She'll want to set herself right with the Meyseys, of course, and she'll probably make some sort of representation or proposition to Massinger."

"She'll do nothing of the kind, my dear," Edie answered promptly with brisk confidence.—"You're a goose, Warren, and you don't one tiny little bit understand the inferior creatures. You men always think you know instinctively all about us women, and can read us through and through at a single glance, as if we were large print on a street-poster; while as a matter of fact, you never really see an inch deep below the surface.—I'll tell you what she'll do, you great blind creature: she'll accept the forgery as if it were in actual fact her own letter; she'll never write a word, for good or for evil, to contradict it or confirm it, to any of these horrid Whitestrand people; she'll allow this hateful wretch Massinger to go on believing she's really dead; and she'll cease to exist, as far as he's concerned, in a passive sort of way, henceforth and for ever."

"Will she?" Warren Relf asked dubiously. "How on earth do you know what she'll do, Edie?"

"Why, what else on earth *could* she do, silly?" his sister answered, with the same perfect conviction in her own inbred sagacity and perspicacity as ever. "Could she go and say to him, with tears in her eyes and a becoming smile on her pretty little lips: "My own heart's darling, I love you devotedly—and I know you signed my name to that forged letter?" Could she fling herself on these Moxies, or Mumpsies, or Mixies, or Meyseys, or whatever else you call them, and say sweetly: "I did not run away from you; I wasn't in earnest? I only tried ineffectually to drown myself, for love of this dear, sweet, charming, poetical cousin of mine who disgracefully jilted me in order to propose to your own daughter, and then, believing me to have killed myself for shame and sorrow, has trumped up letters and telegrams in my name, of malice prepense, on purpose to deceive you. He's a mean scoundrel, and I hate his very name; and I want him for myself; so I won't allow him to marry your Winifred, or whatever else her precious newfangled high-faluting name may be." Could any woman on earth so utterly efface herself and her own womanliness as to go and say all that, do you suppose, to anybody anywhere?—You may think so in your heart, I daresay, my dear boy; but you won't get a solitary woman in the world to agree with you on the point for one single minute."

The painter drew his hand slowly across his cold brow. "I suppose you're right, Edie," he answered, bewildered. "But what'll she do with herself, then, I wonder?"

"Do?" Edie echoed. "As if do were the word for it? Why, do nothing, of course—be; suffer; exist; mourn over it. She'd like, if she could, poor tender, bruised, broken-hearted thing, to creep into a hole, with her head hanging down, and die quietly, like a wounded creature, with no one on earth to worry or bother her. She mustn't die; but she won't do anything. All we've got to do ourselves is just to comfort her: to be silent and comfort her. She'll cease to live now; she'll annihilate herself; she'll retire from life; and that horrid man'll think she's dead; and that'll be all. She'll accept the situation. She won't expose him; she loves him too much a great deal for that. She won't expose herself; she's a great deal too timid and shrinking and modest for that. She'll leave things alone; that's all she can do.—And on the whole, my dear, if you only knew, it's really and truly the best thing possible."

So Edie took the letter and telegram pitifully in her hand, and went with what boldness she could muster up into Elsie's bedroom. Elsie was lying on the sofa, propped up on pillows, in the white dress she had worn all along, and with her face and hands as white as the dress stuff; and as Edie held the incriminating documents, part hidden in her gown, to keep them from Elsie, she felt like the dentist who hides behind his back the cruel wrenching instrument with which he means next moment in one fierce tug to drag and tear your very nerves out. She stooped down and kissed Elsie tenderly. "Well, darling," she said—for illness makes women wonderfully intimate—"Warren's come back.—Where do you think he's been?—He's been over to-day as far as Almundham."

"Almundham!" Elsie repeated, with cheek more blanched and pale than ever. "Why, what was he doing over there to-day, dear? Did he hear anything about—about—Were they all inquiring after me, I wonder?—Was there a great deal of talk and gossip abroad?—O Edie, tell me quick all about it!"

"No, darling," Edie answered, pressing her hand tight, and signing to her mother, who sat by the bed, to clasp the other one; "nobody's talking. You shall not be discussed. Warren met Mr. Mersey himself at the Almundham Station; and Mr. Mersey was going to Scotland; and he said they'd heard from you twice already, to explain it all; and nobody seemed to think that anything serious in any way had happened."

"Heard from me twice!" Elsie cried, puzzled. "Heard from me twice—to explain it all! Why, what on earth did he mean, Edie? There must be some strange mistake somewhere."

Edie leant over her with tears in her eyes. It was a horrible wrench, but come it must, and the sooner the better. They should understand where they stood at once. "No, no mistake, darling," she answered distinctly. "Mr. Meysey gave Warren the letter to read.—He's brought it back. I've got it here for you. It's in your own hand, he says.—Would you like to see it this moment, darling?"

Elsie's cheek showed pale as death now; but she summoned up courage to murmur "Yes."

It seemed the mere unearthly ghost of a *yes*, so hollow and empty was it; but she forced it out somehow, and took the letter. Edie watched her with bent brows and trembling lips. How would she take it? Would she see what it meant? Would she know who wrote it? Could she ever believe it? Elsie gazed at it in dumb astonishment. So admirable was the imitation, that for a moment's space she actually thought it was her own hand-writing. She scanned it close. "My dear Winifred," it began as usual, and in her own hand too. Why, this must be just an old letter of her own to her friend and pupil; what possible connection could Mr. Meysey or Mr. Relf imagine it had with the present crisis? But then the date—the date was so curious: "September 17"—that fatal evening! She glanced through it all with a burning eye. "Great heavens, what was this? "So wicked, so ungrateful: I know Mrs. Meysey will never forgive me."—"By the time this reaches you, I shall have left Whitestrand, I fear for ever."—"Darling, for heaven's sake, do try to hush this up as much as you can."—"Everyour affectionate, but heart-broken Elsie."

A gasp burst from her bloodless lips. She laid it down, with both hands on her heart. That signature, Elsie, betrayed the whole truth. She was white as a sheet now, and trembling visibly from head to foot. But she would go right through with it; she would not flinch; she would know it all—all—all, utterly.

"I never wrote it," she cried to Edie with a choking voice.

"I know you didn't, darling," Edie whispered in her ear.

"And you know who did?" Elsie sobbed out terrified.

Edie nodded. "I know who did—at least, I suspect.—Cry, darling, cry. Never mind us. Don't burst your poor heart for want of crying."

But Elsie couldn't cry yet. She put her white hand, trembling, into her open bosom, and pulled out slowly, with long lingering reluctance—a tiny bundle of water-stained letter They were Hugh's letters, that she had worn at her breast on that terrible night. She had dried them all carefully one by one here in bed at Lowestoft; and she kept them still next the broken heart that Hugh had so lightly sacrificed to mammon. Smudged and half-erased by immersion as they were, she could still read them in their blurred condition; and she knew them by heart already, for the matter of that, if the water had made them quite illegible. She drew the last one out of its envelope with reverent care, and laid it down side by side with the forged letter to Winifred. Paper for paper, they answered exactly, in size and shape and glaze and quality. Hugh had often shown her how admirably he could imitate any particular handwriting. The suspicion was profound; but she would give him at least the full benefit of all possible doubts. She held it up to the light and examined the water-mark. Both were identical—an unusual paper; bought at a fantastic stationer's in Brighton. It was driving daggers into her own heart; but she would go right through with it: she must know the truth. She gave a great gasp, and then took three other letters singly from the packet. Horror and dismay were awakening within her the instincts and ideas of an experienced detective. They were the three previous letters she had last received from Hugh, in regular order. A stain caused by a drop of milk or grease, as often happens, ran right through the entire quire. It was biggest on the front page of the earliest letter, and smallest and dimmest on its back fly-leaf. It went on decreasing gradually by proportionate gradations through the other three. She looked at the letter to Winifred with tearless eyes. It corresponded exactly in every respect; for it had been the middle sheet of the original series.

Elsie laid these all down on the sofa by her side with an exhausted air and turned wearily to Edie. Her face was flushed and feverish at last. She said nothing, but leaned back with a ghastly sob on her pillow. She knew to a certainty now it was Hugh who had done this nameless thing—Hugh who had done it, believing her, his lover, to be drowned and dead—Hugh who had done it at the very moment when, as he himself supposed, her lifeless body was tossing and dancing among the mad breakers, that roared and shivered with unholy joy over the hoarse sandbanks of the bar at Whitestrand—It was past belief—but it was Hugh who had done it.

She could have forgiven him almost anything else save *that*; but *that*, never, ten thousand times never! She could have forgiven him even his cold and cruel speech that last night by the river near the poplar: "I have never been engaged to you. I owe you nothing. And now I mean to marry Winifred." She could have forgiven him all, in the depth of her despair.—She could have loved him still, even—so profound is the power of first-love in a true pure woman's inmost nature—if only she could have believed he had melted and repented in sackcloth and ashes for his sin and her sorrow. If he had lost his life in trying to save her! If he had roused the county to search for her body! Nay, even if he had merely gone home, remorseful and self-reproaching, and had proclaimed the truth and his own shame in an agony of regret and pity and bereavement.—For her own sake, she was glad, indeed, he had not done all this; or at least she would perhaps have been glad if she had had the heart to think of herself at all at such a moment. But for him—for him—she was ashamed and horrified and stricken dumb to learn it.

For, instead of all this, what nameless and unspeakable thing had Hugh Massinger really done? Gone home to the inn, at the very moment when she lay there senseless, the prey of the waves, that tossed her about like a plaything on their cruel crests—gone home to the inn, and without one thought of her, one effort to rescue her—for how could she think otherwise?—full only of vile and craven fears for his own safety, sat down at his desk and deliberately forged in alien handwriting that embodied Lie, that visible and tangible documentary Meanness, that she saw staring her in the face from the paper before her! It was incredible; it was past conception; but it was, nevertheless, the simple fact. As she floated insensible down that hideous current, for the sea and the river to fight over her blanched corpse, the man she loved, the man who had so long pretended to love her, had been quietly engaged in his own room in forging her name to a false and horrible and misleading letter, which might cover her with shame in the unknown grave to which his own cruelty and wickedness and callousness had seemingly consigned her! No wonder the tears stood back unwillingly from her burning eyeballs. For grief and horror and misery like hers, no relief can be found in mere hysterical weeping.

And who had done this heartless, this dastardly, this impossible thing? Hugh Massinger—her cousin Hugh—the man she had set on such a pinnacle of goodness and praise and affection—the man she had worshipped with her whole full heart—the man she had accepted as the very incarnation of all that was truest and noblist and best and most beautiful in human nature. Her idol was dethroned from its shrine now; and in the empty niche from which it had cast itself prone, she had nothing to set up instead for worship. There was not, and there never had been a Hugh. The universe swam like a frightful blank around her. The sun had darkened itself at once in her sky. The solid ground seemed to fail beneath her feet, and she felt herself suspended alone above an awful abyss, a seething and tossing and eddying abyss of utter chaos.

Edie Relf held her hand still; while the sweet gentle motherly old lady with the snow-white hair and the tender eyes put a cold palm up against her burning brow to help her to bear it. But Elsie was hardly aware of either of them now. Her head swam wildly round and round in a norrible phantasmagoria, of which the Hugh that was not and that never had been formed the central pivot and main revolving point; while the Hugh that was just revealing himself utterly in his inmost blackness and vileness and nothingness whirled round and round that fixed centre in a mad career, she knew not how, and she asked not wherefore. "Cry, cry, darling, do try to cry," both the other women urged upon her with sobs and tears; but Elsie's eyeballs were hard and tearless, and her heart stood still every moment within her with unspeakable awe and horror and incredulity.

Presently she stretched out a vague hand towards Edie. "Give me the telegram, dear," she said in a cold hard voice, as cold and hard as Hugh Massinger's own on that fearful evening.

Edie handed it to her without a single word.

She looked at it mechanically, her lips set tight; then she asked in the same metallic tone as before: "Do you know anything of 27 Holmbury Place, Duke Street, St James'?"

"Warren says the club porter of the Cheyne Row lives there," Edie answered softly.

Eslie fell back upon her pillows once more. "Edie," she cried, "oh, Edie, Edie, hold me tight, or I shall sink and die!—If only he had been cruel and nothing more, I wouldn't have minded it; indeed, I wouldn't. But that he should be so cowardly, so mean, so unworthy of himself—it kills me, it kills me—I couldn't have believed it!"

"Kiss her, mother," Edie whispered low. "Kiss her, and lay her head, so, upon your dear old shoulder! She's going to cry now! I know she's going to cry! Pat her cheek: yes, so. If only she can cry, she can let her heart out, and it won't quite kill her."

At the words, Elsie found the blessed relief of tears; they rose to her eyes in a torrent flood. She cried as if her heart would burst. But it eased her somehow. The two other women cried in sympathy, holding her hands, and encouraging her to let out her pent up emotions to the very full by that natural outlet. They cried together silently for many minutes. Then Elsie pressed their two hands with a convulsive grasp; and they knew she would live, and that the shock had not entirely killed out the woman within her.

An hour later, when Edie, with eyes very red and swollen, went out once more into the little front parlour to fetch some needlework, Warren Relf intercepted her with eager questioning. "How is she now?" he asked with an anxious face. "Is she very ill? And how did she take it?"

"She's crying her eyes out, thank Heaven," Edie answered fervently. "And it's broken her heart. It's almost killed her, but not quite. She's crushed and lacerated like a wounded cretaure."

"But what will she do?" Warren asked, with a wistful look.

"Do. Just what I say. Nothing at all. Annihilate and efface herself. She'll accept the position, leaving things exactly where that wretched being has managed to put them; and as far as he's concerned she'll drop altogether out of existence."

"How?"

"She'll go with mamma and me to San Remo."

"And the Meyseys?"

"She'll leave them to form their own conclusions. Henceforth, she prefers to be simply nobody."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"What makes you jam everybody up in this corner?" yelled a man in a crowd to a policeman. "I want to preserve order," replied the policeman, as he proceeded to pound the man into jelly.

TOWED BY A WHALE.

Takes the Anchor in His Mouth and Runs Away with a Schooner.

The Cape Breton *Advertiser* says:—A letter has been received from the steward of the schooner H. B. Griffin, Captain George Nelson, now absent on the Banks, in which it is stated that they have met with an unusual experience, viz., that of being towed by a whale. The captain and steward were on board as usual, looking after the vessel and keeping an eye on the dories, when all at once they felt a sudden jerk, and saw the vessel was going through the water at a rapid rate and no motive power visible. It takes considerable to startle a fisherman, but this was something so uncommon, a vessel dashing through the water at a rapid rate with her sails furled and anchor down, that they began to look alarmed. Suddenly the cause made itself manifest, when a monstrous whale arose to the surface, with the anchor fast either in his jaw or blow hole. He tore through the water at a high pressure rate, and was fast taking the craft out of sight of the dories, thus leaving the crews exposed; and besides this, there was danger of the vessel being towed under. The only remedy was to cut the cable. This was done, and his whaleship went off with the anchor in tow. The jib and foresail were hoisted, and the vessel was soon engaged in picking up her dories, and on the way to Newfoundland, where a new anchor and cable were secured.

There are but two other similar cases of which we have any record, which we have found in the files of our paper, viz.:—Schooner C. H. Price was towed a day and a half by a whale in 1873, when the fluke of the anchor broke and she was released. Then, again, on the 16th of Dec., 1874, while the schooner Sultana, Captain Peterson, was at anchor on the Grand Bank, a sudden motion was felt, and soon the vessel was speeding through the water at a twelve knot speed. The captain, not wishing to lose sight of the dorymen, cut the cable after he had been towed some distance, otherwise he thought he might have captured the monster. There was a companion whale which swam with the one who had the anchor, and he was evidently astonished at the predicament of his mate.

How to Treat Road Horses.

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* tells us that old owners and drivers say of some horses that they have no judgment as to their mode of going, or, in other words, that they will go till they drop or get over-heated and stiffened. Horses of this kind are not usually rated at their worth, for courage and willingness to move off on the road are rarely found in horses not possessed of a liberal dash of good blood. In the hands of men who appreciate a free goer such an animal is likely to last to a good old age; while under the lash of the average driver he may succumb early, and while yet in his prime be found at the auction stables to be put off at a very great reduction from his former value.

A considerate driver, if upon country roads, will select the ground, giving his horse the advantage of a good pathway, at the same time avoiding ruts and obstructing rocks. It shows want of tact in a driver to follow the beaten track regardless of its condition. During the hot months it is of more importance to stop now and then giving the horse an opportunity to regain his wind and cool off, than if the trip be made in cold weather. Heat is enervating while cold is an excellent tonic. For an extended drive no horse should be punished with a taut checkrein, but this should be either entirely let loose or slackened, as may be most conductive to the animal's comfort No man should indulge in the use of a horse with high carriage forward unless he is bred from uphead parentage and formed for carrying his head well up without the use of a check rein. A road horse, bred as he should be for road use, needs no check rein, and shows to best advantage when in motion without a check. But when driving on the road, for either a long or short distance, horses rendered uncomfortable, as most horses are by the check, should have their heads released at suitable intervals and be driven in this form till rested from the fatigue of the strained position. Especially should all restraint by the checkrein, be removed on ascending a hill, even though this be not a long one.

Nourished Through Her Skin.

Miss Annie Cole, a young woman living in Clay street, near Jefferson, died the other day after a protracted illness, having been nourished for several months preceding her death through the pores of her skin. The case is an extremely unusual one, and has attracted considerable attention. Some time ago, when it was found impossible to administer nourishment to the invalid through the usual channel, every device was resorted to that her life might be saved from a death by starvation. The stomach rejected all food, and even the liquid gruels and other substances which were introduced did not remain in the stomach long enough to impart nourishment. Miss Cole was emaciated and at the point of death when the physicians noticed that the action of the pores of the skin was normally healthy. As half of the digestible matter is emitted through the pores of the skin, an effort was made to introduce nourishment in that way. A mixture of oil and greese was composed and applied externally. The heated skin rapidly absorbed the nutriment, and the patient showed signs of renewed vigour. After each of these applications the skin was carefully cleaned, and in this way Miss Cole lived.

Prejudice is the reason of fools.

Tears are the showers that fertilize this world.

The Buffalo "Courier" warns the people of Canada against sufferings even worse than those they have endured at the hands of Messrs. Wiman and Butterworth. It says:—

In addition to his educational scheme Senator Blair has undertaken the annexation of Canada. The Canadians have endured some be-devilment at the hands of Ben. Butterworth and Erastus Wiman, but what they have suffered is as nothing compared to what they may look forward to should the New Hampshire Senator insist on projecting himself into the Dominion to elaborate on his plans for their future welfare. Then, if ever, will they be made to know that some people expiate their sins on this earth.

The budget for the colony of Victoria proposes the granting of bonuses to the extent of $1,250,000, extending over several years, as an encouragement to the farming industry, especially dairying. It is further proposed to expend $50,000 yearly for technical instruction in farming. Our Australian brethren evidently appreciate their agricultural interest. By adopting a penny postage within the colony next year, it is expected that a loss of half a million dollars of revnue will be incurred. There are some tariff changes, principally in a protective sense.

NIAGARA FALLS.

A SKETCH.

BY J. E. POLLOCK, B. A.

Travelers in many lands, those who have visited the beautiful and the wonderful, who have gazed upon Nature's sublimest panoramas, picturesque and grand with mountain and valley, with lake and river, with "field and flood," tell us of no spot on earth so grand, so sublime, so wonderful as this inimitable, incomparable, indescribable scene—Niagara Falls.

Its fame has long since spread over America, Europe and Asia; it has been heard of in Africa, Australia and the isles of the ocean; people have made long journeys from the north and the south, from the east and the west to behold its wondrous waters; travelers attracted by its fame have crossed the ocean to gaze upon its grandeur; millions have looked upon its mighty flood and felt its awe-inspiring influence and their own utter insignificance in the presence of this majestic display of divine greatness and grandeur. It has been photographed, painted, sketched, portrayed, by amateur, artist, author, poet, a thousand times. It has fascinated the greatest minds; has held spell-bound the atheist and the infidel; has filled with inspiration the thought of the poet and the hand of the artist; the Indian has woven with its waters tales of strange mysteries and myths; heart-rending shrieks have been mingled with its mournful melodies; lives have been sacrificed upon its fearful floods; suicides have been committed upon its seething surges.

How many cycles of time have passed since first was fashioned its sublime cliff, and the waters of the mighty inland seas first poured over its awful brow! How many generations of the redman had heard

ITS TUMULTUOUS THUNDERS

and had been gathered to the happy hunting grounds of the Spirit Land before the white men knew this Wonder of the World existed! How many races of the mound builders had gazed upon its plunging tide, and had listened to its deafening roar, and had slept the sleep of death before the red-man came! Who can fix the beginning of its flow or measure the seas that have leaped from its summits! Was Queenston Heights once the temple of this Tide and has the mighty flood through the countless ages channelled its bed through the solid rock seven miles up the river? It would seem so for several reasons, but who can tell! Who can declare the secrets buried in the chronicles of its history and its creation!

To gaze upon the crest of this fearful Fall, upon the arching angle of this almighty flood, is to see a scene never to be forgotten. The Rapids just above the Falls dashing their silvery spray; the convex and concave curve of liquid crystal as it rolls smoothly but swiftly over the edge of the cliff; its perpendicular leap of one hundred and sixty feet to the foaming flood beneath; the brilliant green blending with the snowy whiteness of this mighty wall of waters falling unobstructed from its lofty ledge the seething, raging, roaring, foaming cauldron at the foot of the rock produced by the fearful momentum of the mighty volume in its deep descent; the

MOMENTARY COLUMNS OF SPRAY

hurled perpendicularly to the height of a hundred feet, and volumes of mists and vapors rising high above the Falls as if steaming from the crater of some thundering Stromboli; the spray and mist and foam and flood surrounding the foot of the Fall for many yards; Goat Island with its perpendicular rocky cliff rising evenly between the two majestic and sublime walls of water—the American and the Canadian Fall; the stupendous perpendicular walls of limestone rock that bound the Falls on either side; the sun's rays weaving a series of beautiful and constantly shifting rainbows as they pass through the rising spray and cast their brilliant reflections upon the waters and the rocks around; the ceaseless thunder of the mighty cataract as it rolls with resistless power and impetuous speed in one unceasing and majestic sweep from the brow of that mighty cliff to the wild-raging spray-dashing, foam flashing, billows of agonized waters beneath, all speak in tones of terror to the human soul of God's sublimity and man's insignificance, of divine power and human weakness, of Him who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand and whose footstool is the earth, and to whom man is, as it were, but an atom in the immensity of creation, a fleeting shadow on the shores of time!

The Falls of Niagara are divided by Goat Island into the American Fall on the east and the Canadian or Horse Shoe Fall on the west. Both are the same height, 160 feet and perpendicular, but here all resemblance ends, for while the American Fall is exactly opposite the Canadian shore and pours over

A STRAIGHT-LINED LEDGE OF ROCK

400 feet wide and in a line with the American cliff below the Fall, the Canadian Fall some years ago had a semicircular curve of some 1800 feet extending from Goat Island to the Canadian shore facing northward, the curve somewhat resembling a horse-shoe, and hence the name, which is now a misnomer and is becoming more so every year. The force of the current on the Canadian side concentrating as it naturally would in the centre of the curve has not only worn an angle in the centre of the curve, but the outer curve to the angle has become slightly convex, while the inner one from the Canadian shore to the angle is concave and the fall of water in the centre of this angle is no longer perpendicular as it once was, when the curve was semicircular, but

THE TOP PART IS WEARING AWAY

much faster than the lower part, so that midway in this angle there is greater foaming of water than elsewhere and the mist here rises high above the Falls, while the upper half of the falling water on the sides of the angle presents a brilliant green, bordered on either side and beneath by the whiteness of the virgin foam, and presents a matchless combination of beauty and grandeur seen some distance below the Falls. It is useless to speculate what may be the appearance of the Canadian Falls some few years hence. That it will be materially changed is quite certain. It has changed remarkably within the last ten years and is changing yearly, while the American Fall has not perceptibly changed and probably will not for years to come.

It is not the height of Niagara Falls that makes them the Wonder of the World. The Grand Falls on the River St. John, New Brunswick, are 80 feet high and very fine; the Murchison Falls on Somerset River between lakes Albert Nyanza and Victoria Nyanza are 120 feet high; there are falls on the Orange River in South Africa 150 feet high; the Falls of Montmorency just below Quebec city are 150 feet high; the Shawenegan Falls on the St. Maurice 24 miles from Three Rivers are 160 feet high; there are falls on the Missouri 150 feet high; Victoria Falls on the Zambesi are 300 feet high; there are falls on the Essequibo in South America 700 feet in height; the Yosemite Falls in California, which are the highest in the world, are half a mile high or over 2,600 feet and decend in three great leaps. Yet none of these can compare with the beauty and grandeur of Niagara Falls—the sublimest sheet of water in the world whose chief glory lies in the beauty of its form and the immensity of its volume. No painting upon canvas, no picture in words unfold its grandeur and its glory. It must be seen to be realized.

The Number of the Stars.

The total number of stars one can see will depend very largely upon the clearness of the atmosphere and the keenness of the eye. There are in the whole celestial sphere about 6000 stars visible to an ordinarily good eye. Of these, however, we can never see more than a fraction any one time, because a half of the sphere is always below the horizon. If we can see a star in the horizon, as easily as in the zenith, a half of the whole number, or 3000, would be visible on any clear night. But stars near the horizon are seen through so great a thickness of atmosphere as greatly to obscure their light, and only the brightest ones can there be seen. As a result of this obscuration, it is not likely that more than 2000 stars can ever be taken in at a single view by any ordinary eye. About 2000 other stars are so near the South Pole that they never rise in our latitudes. Hence, out of 6000 supposed to be visible, only 4000 ever come within the range of our vision, unless we make a journey towards the equator.

As telescopic power is increased, we stil find stars of fainter and fainter light. But the number cannot go on increasing forever in the same ratio as with the brighter magnitudes, because, if it did, the whole sky would be a blaze of starlight. If telescopes with powers far exceeding our present ones were made, they would no doubt show new stars of the twentieth and twenty-first, etc., magnitudes. But it is highly probable that the number of such successive orders of stars would not increase in the same ratio as is observed in the eighth, ninth, and tenth magnitudes, for example. The enormous labor of estimating the number of stars of such classes will long prevent the accumulation of statistics on this question; but this much is certain, that in special regions of the sky, which have been searchingly examined by various telescopes of successively increasing apertures, the number of new stars found is by no means in proportion to the increased instrumental power. If this is found to be true elsewhere, the conclusion may be that, after all, the stellar system can be experimentally shown to be of finite extent and to contain only a finite number of stars. In the whole sky an eye of average power will see about 6000 stars, as I have just said. With a telescope this number is greatly increased, and the most powerful telescopes of modern times will show more than 60,000,000 stars. Of this number, not one out of one hundred has ever been catalogued at all. . . . . In all, 314,926 stars, from the first to the 9½ magnitudes are contained in the northern sky; or about 600,000 in both hemispheres. All of these can be seen with 3-inch object-glass.

Railways in Germany.

The railway stations all over Germany are models of convenience and pretension. The meanest local train on a German railway receives a degree of consideration and honor that would stagger the engineers of the Chicago limited. The railways are run entirely by the Government, and everything connected with them shows the impress of military rule. The stations are surrounded by small parks, in which there are fountains, flowers, and artistically arranged hedges. The station building is often the most pretentious one in the town, and there is usually attached to it a large restaurant with several waiters in the conventional clawhammer coats. Broad walks made of granite and marble and relieved from monotony by designs in mosaic stretch along on either side, and there is an air of spick and span brightness about everything in sight.

As the train draws into the station the waiters stand in an orderly row at the entrance to the dining room. They have all been soldiers—every man in Germany has served a number of years in the army, and they stand in a military attitude with their hands at their sides and their chins up. Directly in front of the main entrance stands the captain of the station. His rank is indicated by a red cap. His uniform is exceedingly showy, and often becoming—for the men, as a rule, are stalwart and well formed. He wears high-heeled boots, dark blue trousers, relieved by a red stripe, a double-breasted military frock coat, with a gold belt and rows of brass buttons. Ranged behind him are the guards, who are also in uniform, but whose caps are dark blue. After the train comes to a halt the chief guard jumps to the ground and salutes the station master.

Then the other men step forward, and the work of loading and unloading the train goes on with conventional Teutonic stolidity. It is the duty of one of the guards to walk along the train and rub all dust from the door handles and other brass work, so that in the course of the journey the metal becomes brilliantly polished. When the train is ready for departure the guards salute the station master again, and he takes a whistle from his belt and blows it twice. Upon this another guard, who is stationed at the further end of the platform, rings a huge bell three times, and then, with another salute by way of courtesy, the train moves on its way. This is only an indication of the military spirit which pervades Germany in every direction.

How a Hedgehog Kills a Serpent

A correspondent of the "Arch. de Pharmacie" of May 5th, who witnessed the act of taking off of a serpent by the little hedgehog, describes the proceeding as follows: The hedgehog cautiously approached the sleeping reptiles and seized the end of his tail between his teeth. Then he rolled himself up into a compact ball and awaited developments. The snake, awakened by the pain, turned upon his enemy and fought with his fangs. The hedgehog, retaining his hold, allowed himself to be dargged back and forth during the struggle, and, meanwhile, the serpent's jaws had become lacerated and useless from constant assaults upon the spines of its enemy. In a few minutes the serpent had become exhausted with his efforts, and the hedgehog, unrolling himself, disembowled the serpent and ate his meal. In this case the hedgehog does not kill the serpent directly, but obliges him to kill himself by dashing upon the sharp spines.

It is proposed to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Alexander Pope by a commemorative festival at Twickenham, when there will be a water pageant illustrative of the times of Pope, and a temporary loan exhibition of editions of the poet's works, and a collection of autographs, portraits, and relics of his busy life.

A MOD ERN DAMASCUS.

Ernest H. Heinrichs writes to the Pittsburg "Despatch" from Solingen, Germany, as follows:—

Of all the places of industry in Germany there is not one whose very name is so apt to make your blood run cold, and make you think of murder and death, as the mention of this little town on the Wupper. Wherever you go knives, forks, daggers, and swords are always confronting you. Whenever you talk to anybody you are always forcibly entertained with a voluble speech about instruments of death. As I jumped off the train at the little station the guard at once asked me did I want to see the manufacture of knives in Solingen. A few steps further the hotel porter took hold of me and said: "Our house is exactly opposite the great sword manufactory, which you have undoubtedly come to see!"

So it kept on. Whomsoever I addressed on my way up the hill from that little station to the town, the invariable addition of the direct answer to my question was: "I suppose you have come here to look at our grand cutlery establishments?"

Even the chambermaid at the hotel, when she handed me the brilliantly blackened boots the next morning, volunteered the information: Mine Herr, if you want to go through some of the knife or sabre factories, I will send you somebody to show you the way." But I replied that if she could not go with me herself I would not take a substitute, but go alone. And I did.

You do not want a guide here. Just walk out into the street, listen to the noise of the hammer which strikes the anvil, the file when it goes over the steel, or the scraping which is produced by the instrument when it is held against the grindstone. You must be as deaf as a post if you do not hear quite enough of such noise before you have gone many yards.

How many factories there are really in Solingen is hard telling. There are 25,000 inhabitants, and with the exception of women, infants, and old people, everybody is engaged in making some part or other of cutlery. This industry has been going on in this place for nearly 1,000 years. Tradition has it that Count Adolf IV. of Berg, who was the owner of Solinger, went to the crusade with Emperor Frederick II. of Germany in the eleventh century, and on his travels in the Holy Land came to Damascus in Syria. Here the nobleman observed the manufacture of all kinds of weapons, and he learned it there himself. On his return he at once started a factory in Solingen, and since then Solingen weapons have become so famous that they are now considered to be unequalled in the world. English manufacture is not able to compete with the German any longer in this particular. Even the English Government order the finer swords in Solingen, and the large weapon manufactory of Wiersbach, Kirschbaum & Co., in Solingen, is now occupied with the making of 3,000 swords for English officers. I had the opportunity of seeing one of these weapons, and they are certainly admirable. Mr. Koch, one of the foreman, took one in his hand, and putting the point on the ground, he bent it so as to have the handle almost touch the ground without breaking the blade. He then showed it to me, and the weapon was as straight as a line. The gentleman then took me into the yard, where a number of heavy sandstones were lying about.

"Here you are," he said. "See if you can knock a piece out of that sword on that stone."

I took the handle in both hands and struck the stone with all my might. But to my astonishment a piece flew off the stone, while the sword did not even show the least evidence of the blow.

"Everyone of these weapons has to stand that test," I was informed, "or we do not put the mark of our firm on it, nor do we deliver it as a first-class weapon."

I went all through this factory, which employs over 1,000 men exclusively in the manufacture of fine weapons. They are now filling an order for the German Government of a new bayonet. Eight hundred thousand are to be made, and the firm delivers 1,500 a day. The weapon is 12 inches long, and the Government pays 6 marks for each of them, when finished.

MAKING WEAPONS OF WAR.

Before a piece of steel is converted into such an instrument of war it has to go through quite a process. To show me this Mr. Koch took me into a large space at one end of the factory, where I at once noticed pieces of steel varying in length from 10 to 20 feet, standing all around the walls. In the centre of the room stood a large machine where one man and a boy were occupied.

"This is where the steel is cut before it has received a stroke yet toward the shape of a sword, so we might call this the storeroom for raw material." Thus my kind informant began his explanation. "The long pieces of steel, which were about 2½ inches wide, were then put under the machine, and by the turning of a crank pieces of about 12 inches fell one after the other into a basket. The boy then handed the man another piece of steel, put an empty basket under the machine, and carried the short pieces into an adjoining apartment. We followed, and from the number of fires all around I guessed that we must have arrived at the forges. And so it was. Each one of these pieces of steel was put into the fire, and when it was white with heat a man put it under a steam hammer, which struck the heated steel in rapid succession about 20 times on every particle of its surface. When it was pulled out, the piece was about 18 inches long. It was now thrown into a large barrel filled with water. Now the would-be-sword had gone through the hardening process, and a number of boys gathered them again into baskets to carry them to the rolling department. In the front of each of these rolls I had my attention called to a big coke fire. This fire was stirred up to an enormous heat, and then the pieces of steel were one by one put into the fire. There are two men occupied at each roll, viz: the roller and his helper. As soon as the steel is hot again it comes under the roll, from were it emerges about one-eighth of an inch thick and the eventual shape of the sword stamped on it.

Again the pieces of steel are carried off, and this time they go to the centre presses, where they are put under a contrivance which cuts the margins off the steel, and when they leave here you can see that the thing looks like a sword.

Hitherto, however, you have seen nothing but a dark blue piece of dirty steel, while we now come into the departments where the metal is brightened. There is at first the "grind mill." This is a large place which looks like a barn. From one end of the room to the other I observed rows of immense grindstones, some of them eight feet in diameter. In this factory I saw 40 stones, and in the front of each sat a ginder. He has a little wooden seat, wears a woollen shirt, no cap, and a pair of overalls. But over the latter up to his knees he has wooden gaiters, made out of four pieces of wood. His feet are also enclosed in wooden shoes. The stones are turned by steam and watered automatically. In the front of this stone the man sits from six o'clock in the morning until twelve o'clock at noon. Then he has an hour for dinner, when he sits down again from one o'clock until six in the evening. He has a boy who brings him the instruments as he wants them. The grinding department is the most important in the entire factory, and the grinder has to be very skilful. He has to have a keen eye, he must know when to press the steel hard against the stone and when not. A single scraping of the stone too much spoils the whole weapon, and it has to be thrown away. Most of the other work is mechanical, while here it is intelligence that does the work satisfactorily.

From the grinding stone the piece of steel comes bright and sharp. It is now taken to the burnishing rooms. This part of the work is chiefly performed by boys, who vary in age from 12 to 16 years. In this place there are a number of wheels, but they are very small. Some of them are of stone, others are covered with leather, which, if the article has to receive a polish, is covered with a powder which lends the blade a high polish. The nob and the back of the handle are now brilliantly burnished and the weapon is already very dangerous. But still it is unfinished. The different holes which are made in the handle, the one which fastens the blade on the gun and several others, are now bored. This is done, however, by machinery, and takes but a very short time. Then the handle is covered with leather, and now that the blade itself is thoroughly completed it is taken to the controlling room.

In this department we find, as a rule, a number of old men, who have been at work for the firm for long years. They are not able to do actual hard work, but still in this department their services are indispensable. Their duty is, in fact, to examine the article and see whether there is a blemish anywhere. As soon as he detects a flaw he knows where it is done, whether in the burnishing, the grinding, the rolling, or any other department, and the man who is found to have made the mistake has to make it good, or, in other words, he has to pay for the damage.

Things of that kind very often lead to great unpleasantness, and were it not for the iron discipline which is everywhere maintained Solingen would be the scene of bloody war every day.

When the weapon leaves the controlling department it is taken to the room where the sheath has been made, and after that the thing is packed and shipped. This process is gone through with every other article of cutlery—scissors, knives, etc.

I was also for a day in the celebrated knife factory of J. A. Heuckles, the largest in the world. The firm makes its own steel, and has machinery which is unsurpassed. Their patents for hardening steel are very valuable. Here I saw penknives made that were so small that they are used as watch charms, and every blade in them as sharp as possible. Then again I saw a common kitchen knife sold at 1 mark per dozen; and also a penknife which cost 35 marks that had no less than 22 different blades. Heuckle's factory employs 1,100 men. Besides the workmen, however, who are occupied in the firm's own buildings, they give also employment to a number of families who live in the vicinity of the town. These people go every Saturday to the offices and deliver their finished work. Then they take other goods home again. The earnings of these people, who work day by day, morning, noon, and evening, are not very large. The boys make about 50 to 60 cents a day, and the men's wages vary from 75 cents to $1. But more than that gets no one, and the men seem to be satisfied—perhaps because they know it is no use to kick.

Over-Reading.

We are partly bamboozled by tradition From our youth up we are deafened on all sides by advice to "read and improve our minds." The inference is that the mind is improved by reading. But that inference is open to serious question. For my part, I should be willing to hazard the statement that twice as many minds have been injured by reading than have been benefitted by it, and not a small proportion of the former have been made entirely worthless by the practice. It is just like dram-drinking; it is intellectual dram-drinking—and "intellectual" is scarcely the word to use in that connection. One reason is, no doubt, that the drams in question are, for the most part, of very inferior stuff. But even if it were of the best stuff imaginable, the detrimental effect would remain. The finest madeira, if swallowed in sufficiently copious doses, will produce delirium tremens; and the most unexceptionable books, if they are also too numerous, will bring on mental dyspepsia. The mind becomes a mere sack to hold other people's ideas, instead of a machine to generate ideas of its own. And the ideas thus acquired are of no use to it. The mind has lost the power to work them up into flesh and blood of wisdom. They remain a heterogeneous and incongruous mass. Foreign material, whether physical or intellectual, should be taken in with discrimination and moderation, and thoroughly assimilated. Unless you need it and like it, you cannot make it yours; whether you swallow it or not, it really stays outside of you.

Chinese Superstitions.

A girl who is partaking of the last meal she is to eat in her father's houses previous to her marriage, sits at the table with her parents and brothers; but she must eat no more than half the bowl of rice set before her, else her departure will be followed by continual scarcity in the domicile she is leaving.

If a bride breaks the heel of her shoe in going from her father's to her husband's house, it is ominous of unhappiness in her new relations.

A piece of bacon and a parcel of sugar are hung on the back of a bride's sedan chair as a sop to the demons who might molest her while on her journey. The "Three Baneful Ones" are fond of salt and spices, and the "White Tiger" likes sweets.

The man behind the parliamentry scenes says in a London weekly: "The courtship of Mr. Chamberlain with Miss Endicott goes on apace, and the marriage will take place probably at the beginning of next year. It is likely the bridegroom elect will go to America about the end of September to pay another visit to New York."

A traveller at St. Clairsville, Ga., out of curiosity visited the court house and was almost horrified to find his only sister the defendant in a murder trial going on at the time. She had mysteriously disappeared from home years before and her whereabouts were unknown to her people.

Guest—Here, waiter. Take this away. I ordered spring chicken, and this is a laying hen. Waiter—'Deed 'taint, boss. Dat's spring chicken, sho. Guest—Not this spring. Walter (ingeniously)—No, sah; not dis spring's, but last spring's. Hit's a little soon yit, boss, fo' dis yer's spring chickens.

Mr. Button and the Bear.

In the "History of Madison County,' N. Y., is related a bear story which shows the perils to which the pioneers in that now thickly-populated region were subject. Bears and panthers, indeed, were plenty in Brookfield, and although no person dared venture out far at night without a flaming torch to frighten these animals from the path, yet a man felt safe in the daytime, especially if he had his rifle.

John Button one day started for a raising, leaving his rifle hanging upon the rough ceiling of his kitchen. He followed up Mill Creek by a foot-path that wound its way among the stumps, and over fallen trees.

A few rods from his house, and at the head of his mill pond a large log lay stretched directly across his path; one end of it lay in the stream. As Button mounted the log in his passage, a ferocious-looking bear rose up from behind it, and boldly confronted him. He was not yet much accustomed to these savage foresters, but having it remarked that a bear could be easily faightened in the daytime by a shrill yell, he gave a most terrific shout, swung his hat, and dashed it into bruin's face! The black monster was not at all intimated; he rose upon his haunches, and made a move as though he would embrace his opponent. But at this instant, the little dog which accompanied Mr. Button began to worry him.

"Wife, wife," shouted the frightened man, and then as Mrs. Button appeared in the door, "let out Dash (a big dog) and bring me the two guns, here's a tremendous bear!"

In quick time Mrs. Button appeared on the scene, and her husband hastily grasped one of the guns, shot at the bear, and wounded it in the side. The next instant he seized the other gun from his wife, but not knowing that she had already raised the hammer, pulled it so sharply that the lock broke.

The wounded and enraged animal was upon the man in an instant. With the breach of the gun Mr. Button defended himself as best he could, while his wife ran for the axe.

Meanwhile the bear, though worried by the small dog—the large one had cowardly run away—fought and struggled terribly, pausing at intervals to staunch the flow of blood from its side, which he did by crowding into it hair torn from his body.

When the axe arrived, a few well-directed blows quelled Bruin's fierce wrath, and being near the bank of the creek he plunged in, and shortly breathed his last. His body was found to weigh four hundred pounds. Mr. Button had a few scratches which healed up in a week or so.

The little dog who had so bravely stood by in the contest was much praised and caressed, while the cowardly Dash soon after changed masters.

SOAPING A GEYSER.

A Favourite Nevada Amusement Tabooed at Yellowstone Park.

In the hot springs regions of Nevada, when a man wants to have a little fun no one objects to his putting a bar of soap in a boiling spring, but it appears that up at Yellowstone park it is different. There Uncle Sam's officials are on the alert, and there are strict rules against soaping a geyser and starting it on the rampage. Recently three or four scientists from the East were caught soaping a geyser in order to bring on a premature eruption, and were run out of the park. The park officials arrested the savants, escorted them to the boundary lines of the National grounds, and told them to "git."

It is bad to tie a kettle to the tail of a dog, but that is a mean trick on a small scale compared with the enormity of soaping a geyser. The antics of a soaped geyser are something fearful and tremendous, whereas to many persons the frantic capers of a kettled dog are merely laughable. A kettled dog only goes into fits, but a soaped geyser goes into convulsions. It roars, bellows, spouts hot water, hisses steam, vomits whole acres of mud, shakes the solid earth, and spatters the whole landscape with slumgullion.

Our Editor's Troubles.

Our amiable and gentlemanly Sheriff entered our office day before yesterday in his usual urbane manner, and announced that he must serve papers on us. It was a notice of a breach of promise suit against us by the Widow Clixby, who alleges that we have been toying with her heartstrings, and that it will take $5,000 of our cash to settle her thoughts back in the old channel.

It is another move on the part of our enemies to down us.

We first met the Widow Clixby twenty eight days ago in Carter's grocery. She asked our opinion of herrings, and we asked her's of soap. She invited us to call at the house and see some poetry she had written on the rise and fall of the mastodon. We complied. We called there three or four times afterward, but only as a friend. On one occasion the widow showed us a clipping from an Eastern paper, to the effect that it was better for a man who had passed the age of twenty-three to marry a widow, if he was to marry, but we didn't bite.

We know our gait. If the widow Clixby can prove to the world that we have toyed with her affections we'll cheerfully go to goal. We are not on the toy. The widow will find us no jack-rabbit, and the enemies who have encouraged this new move may hear something drop before the trial is over.

Newspaper Courtesies.

According to the Baltimore "Sun" there was a genial exchange of courtesies at Long Branch the other day between two well-known newspaper proprietors, Mr. Frank McLaughlin, of the Philadelphia "Times," and Mr. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia "Ledger." Mr. Childs strolled down from his handsome cottage to the West End hotel, where he espied Mr. McLaughlin sitting on the piazza and sunning his gouty foot on a chair. Advancing toward McLaughlin, Mr. Childs held out his hand, congratulated him on his personal appearance, and said:—"Why, you are looking better than when I saw you last; may be you will live as long as I do, but, old fellow, when you do die, you shall have a splendid obituary in the "Ledger." It is all prepared now." The "Times" proprietor was so much overcome that he could only express his appreciation by looks, and could not find words to tell Mr Childs that his obituary had not only been prepared in the "Times" office, but was in type.

It is said to be a fact that the Legislature of Kansas some years ago offered $1,000 to the first man who raised a family of thirteen children within the borders of the State.

The butter which Senator Palmer, of Michigan, uses on his table is made from the milk of his own high-bred Jersey cows, and costs him $3 a pound. But the Senator is a millionaire many times over, and can afford such luxuries.

Shopping in Morocco.

The next day a call was made upon the bashaw of Fez, whom I found in the act of administering justice in the courtyard of his palace. The old gentleman was a clever looking Arab, gotten up most imposingly in a long haik and pink Moorish slippers. He received me most cordially, and when he found that I was waiting for the letter from the sultan his hospitality knew no bounds, and he insisted upon my sitting at his right side while he meted out sentences and punishments to the malefactors brought before him. When he found I had never seen a man bastinadoed his delight was almost pitiful, and I am afraid if I had stayed every man in Fez would have been put to the bastinado before the day was out, so anxious was he to be hospitable and show me all that was of interest in the town. After seeing a couple of poor chaps thrown down and whipped just severely enough to make a man glad he was not in their place, the sight lost interest for me and I asked permission to retire, which was readily granted, and as the bashaw found I was planning to make some purchases in Fez he sent for his major-domo, instructing him to see that the merchants of Fez did not take advantage of the white man who was the sultan's friend.

They did not take advantage and if I ever get cash enough together I am going to send for that poor neglected Arab and make him my shopper in general, for his style would make a sensation on Washington street and add a comfortable sum to my income. The shops of Fez are little dog houses dug out of the thick walls, the floor of the shop being about breast high, and the shopkeeper sits upon the floor in the midst of his goods, some of which are piled upon the shelves over his head, but all three walls within touch of his hand, so confined is the space. When you approach his shop, does he jump to his feet with an eager bow and a request as to what he can show you? Not he. He does not attempt to stifle the yawn that unjoints his face, and if he is near enough to the wall he leans against it and closes his eyes in pure weariness.

If you ask him for something from the shelf above his reach, he asks in reply, without opening his eyes, if there is not something on the floor within reach, which you can buy just as well. If not, he yawns again, calls upon the saints to burn your grandmother or grandfather, and reaching up, grasps a cord hung above his head and pulls himself to his feet. None of this for my buyer. He reached in, took what he wanted, asked its price, put down about half what was asked, put the purchase under his cloak, leaving a string of howls and Arab oaths behind him. Only one man was bold enough to jump out of his shop and run after us, and to him the servant of the bashaw administered a good box on the ear, saying the purchase was for the sultan's friend by the order of the bashaw, and if the merchant did not return to his kennel, he would have him bastinadoed before night.

This looked to me so much like highway robbery that I remonstrated, but Jacob said it was custom and all right and the usual way of doing; but I have an idea there was something irregular about it after all, for I noticed there was considerable excitement wherever we tarried. Then we went to the markets where all goods are sold by auction. The auctioneer, who could be told by his lack of clothes, would take a piece of goods from any of the shopkeepers and start out to sell it upon commission. Holding it as high aloft as he could he would shout some bid and start upon the run around the market. When he passed any one who wished to examine it, he would drop it into their hands, allow them to examine it, take their bid, if they made any, start again upon his run, shouting the price like a madman, until he had made three circuits of the market, after which he would turn it over to the highest bidder.

Life in Central Africa.

Just now there is unusual interest in the work of Emin Pacha in Central Africa, as more than a year has elapsed since Stanley left Europe with a view of relieving him at Wadelai. There has recently appeared in England a volume entitled "Emin Pacha in Central Africa," which is in the main a translation of the German, and consists of the letters and papers of Emin Pacha, edited by several eminent men, and among them Professor Schweinfurth. The real name of Emin Pacha is Edward Schnitzer; and besides many other qualifications for scientific exploration, he possesses keen powers of observation in natural-history matters. He refers to the existence of a diminutive race of people of about 40 inches in height, of a brown color, and very much feared by the negroes. They shoot small poisoned arrows, feed on white ants and roots, live in caves and are very active. This account almost seemed like the revival of an old fairy tale. Emin remarks that among the tribes in the Equatorial Province cannibalism is as widespread as ever. Though there is more shame in avowing the practice. Hardly anyone is buried, but the bodies are bartered, and those who abstain from human flesh are exceptions. Another curious fact is that the lion in the Monbuttus is much less dreaded than the leopard.

The lions never attack man, and are believed to be under the control of one of the chiefs, a simple, good-natured individual who always keeps two tame lions in his house, and so long as he receives occasional presents prevents the wild lions from doing any mischief. There is a general belief among the natives that a deadly enmity exists between lions and hyenas, and that whenever the latter conspire among themselves they always get the best of the lions. Speaking of the great African python, he says that one of these great snakes may often be seen as the privileged inmate of the homes of the Agar tribe, and they are favorites more particularly with the women, who rub them down with fat, and even pour small quantities down their throats. The snakes seem to be so much at home that they will not think of touching a sheep or goat of the people with whom they live, no matter how hungry they become, but they go to the forest where they sometimes pay their friends a visit and are always welcome.

Work if You Would Rise.

Soon after the great Edmund Burke had been making one of his powerful speeches in Parliament, his brother Richard was found sitting silent in reverie, and when asked by a friend what he was thinking about, he replied: "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of our family. But then I remember that when we were doing nothing or at play he was always at work." And the force of this anecdote is increased by the fact that Richard Burke was always considered by those who knew him best to be superior in natural talent to his brother; yet the one rose to greatness while the other lived and died in comparative obscurity. The lesson to all is, if you would succeed in life, be diligent; improve your time; work. "Seest thou a man," says Solomon, "diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before"—that is, shall not be ranked with—"mean men."

The Nurse and the Slipper.

Dr. Crompton, one of the oldest doctors in Birmingham, is responsible for the following anecdote:—"When I was a young man I was for a time one of the resident medical officers of the General Hospital. This was long before highly-trained, educated nurses were thought of; but although not so refined, many of them were good, well-meaning women enough, and did their work fairly well. One day we had received a very bad case of delirium tremens. I was anxious about him, as I knew his chance of recovery was a very slender one; so before going to bed I went to see how he was. On walking quietly along the corridor in my slippers, I heard a mysterious noise, and what do you think I was in time to see and hear? Why, the nurse was repeating the Lord's Prayer, and making the man say it after her, a sentence at a time. She had her slipper in her right hand, and between every petition she brought it down on that portion of his body which appears to be considered by mothers and nurses for the corporal punishment of infants. When she had finished she thus addressed him: 'There, my man, yer can die now as soon as yer like, but I wasn't a goin' to let yer die cussin' the Lord like that!'" "Whatever is the meaning of this, nurse?" I exclamed. She replied: 'Why, his language is that horful it fair makes your blood curdle, which I thought it would give him a bit of a chance if he said a prayer before he died.'"

A Goose Story from the South.

The Atlanta Journal tells the following story:

"When I was in Alabama, between Porter's Gap and Millerville," said a gentleman living in Atlanta, "I came to a country place where a man was driving 10 or 12 geese from a branch toward a cotton patch. 'For Heaven's sake,' said I, 'what is it you have on the necks of those geese?' 'Those are gourds, full of water. I drive these geese into that cotton patch and keep them there all day weeding out the cotton. There is no water in the cotton patch, and I have to give them water in this way to keep them there.' 'But how do they get the water out of those gourds under their necks?' 'They drink out of each other's gourds. Each gourd has an opening in its side so that another goose can put his bill into the gourd and drink. If you can stay here long enough you will see it yourself.' I waited there half a day to see that performance, and finally I saw it. The geese did just as the man said they would. When a goose got thirsty he walked up to his neighbor and cooly drank out of the gourd on his neck."

A Novel Railway Accident.

A peculiar accident befel a car load of passengers on a Northern Pennsylvania railroad the other day. A physician boarded the train carrying with him a jar, or vessel of some sort, full of laughing gas, to be used on a patient on whom he had to perform an operation. Through the jolting of the train, or through not being properly secured, the stopper got loose, the gas escaped into the car, and before the passengers were aware of it they were all overcome by the effects, and giggling and grimacing like inmates of a lunatic asylum. The conductor happened in, in the course of his duties, and before he could realize the cause of the hilarity he, too, fell a victim, dropped into an empty seat and joined in the chorus. Finally some of the passengers who escaped got hold of the brakesman, and the train was stopped, the windows opened, and the passengers gradually revived.

A Unique Kind of Dumb-Bells.

An Augusta boy who went regularly to the Young Men's Christian Association Gymnasium last winter became much interested in developing his muscle. He had been told the best way to do this was to swing Indian clubs, beginning with a light pair and gradually increasing the weight as he became stronger. As this would necessitate the purchase of several pair of clubs, which he could ill afford he hit upon the following scheme: He was the owner of two pups which though small in size possessed to a remarkable degree that tenacity of grip for which the bulldog is justly celebrated. He easily taught each of these to fix his teeth in the end of a short stick, and then taking one of the sticks in each hand, he waved them about his head in some of the simple movements. As the dogs grew his strength increased, and now he may be seen in easy posture performing all the graceful gyrations of an expert club swinger with two woode handles, to the ends of which a couple of 15 pound bulldogs hang by their teeth with a death-like grip.

The Old Confidence Game.

Just as the train for the east was about to leave the Union station on Monday night, a stylishly dressed young man entred one of the coaches and burst into tears, exclaiming, "My God, what am I to do? This is a strange country, where a man can't get his money changed even under the greatest necessity." An accomplice asked the young man what was wrong, when the latter explained that he had his father's body on board, that all the ice had melted, and that all the money he had was $7,000 worth of gold bonds and a check for $600. If he had $15 he could get all the ice he wanted. Thomas B. Flannery, a Montreal merchant, handed over $15 and received the cheque as security. On arriving at Whitby he stepped out on the platform and said to the conductor: "Have you seen anything of the young fellow who is taking his father's corpse home? The ice had all melted and I gave him——." "That will do," replied the conductor. "The same game has been played twice on my train within the past couple of months." Mr. Flannery said nothing, but returned to his seat to commune with his own thoughts for the remainder of the journey.

Two Meanings.

Some remarks, made in all innocence, are capable of unfortunate interpretations. Take, for example, that of the boy who proudly said, in regard to some toy, that he "made it out of his own head, and had wood enough left for another."

A celebrated English bishop one day stopped to talk with some village children who were playing in the mud.

"Well, my little men," said he, "what are you doing there?"

"We're making a church, sir,"

"Oh, a church, are you? But where's the parson?"

"There ain't mud enough to make him, sir," replied an urchin, innocently.

The sun attracts large bodies. That is why the biggest peaches always get on top of the basket.

An official despatch received in Rome says that 350 auxiliary troops, under the command of Italian officers, have been killed by the Abyssinians. The catastrophe was due to the treachery of native allies, who left the Italians and joined the enemy during the fighting.

SAVED BY A PANTHER.

A Pedlar's Thrilling Story.

It is nearly fifteen years ago that the adventure befell me which I am about to relate. It was before I gave up my pedlar's pack for a horse and cart, though I had already made up my mind that I could afford it.

One night I stopped at a tavern which stood in the midst of a little settlement of not more than a dozen log houses. In the evening there were assembled in the barroom all the male denizens of the place; and among them was one whom I at once set down as a villain. His looks plainly showed that there was little he would hesitate to do, if in the end there was anything to gain. Again and again I caught him looking towards my pack, which I had placed

IN ONE CORNER OF THE ROOM

near the bar; and once I felt sure he was looking at me as though calculating whether or no I should be a dangerous antagonist in case he should attempt to rob me of it.

I was up betimes next morning, and as soon as I had done my breakfast, I started. Once within the forest I hurried on, desiring to put as great a distance as I could between me and the settlement in as little time as possible.

As I had learned from the landlord that I should not be able to reach any habitation before nightfall, I had taken my dinner along with me; and after walking some hours, feeling the need of it, I sat down by the edge of a clear stream which crossed the road, and ate my noontide meal.

The extra exertion I had made, and the hearty meal of which I had partaken, rendered me sleepy; and placing my pack under my head, I closed my eyes, thinking I would take a few minutes rest before going onward. I did not mean to go to sleep; yet in less than five minutes I was unconscious of all that was going on around me. How long I slept I know not. It might have been a few minutes, or it might have been an hour, but I woke at last with a start, and a sense of some great danger hanging over me.

I opened my eyes and looked about me, but saw nothing, and I was just on the point of making a motion to get upon my feet, when I heard the slight cracking of a branch above my head. Looking up in the direction of the sound,

I BEHELD A SIGHT

which almost froze the marrow in my bones. A huge panther was crouching there, ready for a spring down upon me.

As motionless as one dead, I lay and gazed up at my terrible enemy. To stir as much as a hand, I knew would be the signal for the beast to spring upon me. Its fiery eyes were fixed upon my face, and its tail was gently waving too and fro like that of a cat. Hope of escape there seemed none. My doom was sealed. The panther had me as surely in his power as though his claws were already fastened in my flesh.

All at once the fiery eyes of the panther were turned from me, and fixed upon some object a little to the right. What could it mean? What new danger was approaching me from that direction? By turning my head a little, I was enabled to see what it was. A man was creeping towards me with a knife in his hand. He was not a dozen feet from where I lay and at the first glance I recognized him. It was the man whom I had made up my mind to be a villain in the tavern the night before.

Cautiously the villain crept towards me with a murderous look in his face. A glance showed me that one thing was evident. The villain, while he sought to murder me, was not aware of his own danger. For the panther no longer kept his eye fixed upon me. He was

WATCHING EVERY MOVEMENT

of the villain; and, each instant, I expected that he would leap down upon him. If he only would do so before he reached my side, it would prove my salvation!

Closer and closer the villain drew towards me. Only a moment more, and he would be so near that he could reach me with his outstretched hand. There was not an instant to be lost, and I was just on the point of springing to my feet, when, quick as a flash of lightning, the panther cleft the air, and landed full upon the shoulders of the villain, with its claws and fangs buried deep in his flesh. A terrible cry of terror and rage burst from his lips as he went down, with his blood dyeing the earth. At the same instant I was upon my feet; and drawing a pistol, I sent a bullet through the heart of the beast. It did its work well, though even in death the brute clung to its victim; and when at last its struggles were over, and I pulled it from the bleeding man, I saw that it had also done its work. The impress of death was on the villain's face, and in a few moments he was dead.

Not Philosophers.

Coleridge tells a story illustrative of the mental shock one is likely to receive who judges according to appearances. Dining at a village inn on market day, he noticed among the guests a man with a serious face and a large head, who said not a word, but quietly ate his dinner.

"He must be a philosopher, so intent upon his great thoughts as not to hear the gossip of the table," said Coleridge to himself.

Apple dumplings were brought in for the dessert, and as the silent philosopher saw them, he rubbed his hands, and exclaimed, with a chuckle of delight:

"Them's the jockies for me!"

The man turned out to be an honest drover.

A similar mental dislocation was experienced by the clerical guests who dined with Paley, shortly after he had been promoted to the archdeaconry. The famous writer on theology and moral philosophy, who had a rough humor and homely manners, remained silent, to the disappointment of the guests, eager to hear him talk, until dessert was served.

Then he spoke, and every ear was strained to hear the great man say:

"I don't think these *puddens* are much good unless the seeds are taken out of the raisins!"

"Is this the great Dr. Paley?" murmured several of the guests.

State Aid for Dairy Colleges.

LONDON, Aug. 20—The destruction of the crops by rain in many parts of the country has led to a renewed demand for a Government appropriation for dairy colleges. Meetings of landlords and tenants have been held for the purpose of considering the situation, and the general conclusion arrived at has been that English farmers must without further delay give up the cultivation of wheat altogether. The uncertain climate, coupled with foreign competition, renders it almost impossible to make wheat pay as a crop. State aid for dairy instruction is to be asked on a large scale, and it is understood Lord Salisbury is willing to give it. The subject will be discussed in the House at the autumn meeting.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—: AT :—

The Great Bankrupt Store

For the next 15 days all Summer Goods to be sold at about Half Price. Staples at very low prices. All these Goods must be sold to make room for incoming stock.

SUITS made to order a Specialty. A perfect fit always guaranteed.

Give us a call.

SMITH'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET, DESERONTO.

THE
DESERONTO NEWS CO'Y
(LIMITED)
OUR JOBBING DEPARTMENT

Is replete with an abundant supply of new type and printing material. We are therefore in a position to execute Fine Job printing in all its branches in first class style and at rates to suit the times. Sent or call and get prices. ☞Orders by mail will receive our prompt and careful attention.

The Tribune.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1888

ASK to see our black cashmere at twenty five cents per yard; plushes cheaper than any house in the trade. Kerr & Wims.

3 pair of boys' socks for 10c. at the Big Store.

ANOTHER new purifier has been added to the Deseronto Flour Mills.

THERE has been a rise in the price of hops, 20cts being freely offered.

THE lawn in front of the gas works has been enclosed with a handsome iron fence.

THERE was a great rush to The TRIBUNE office this week for school books, stationery, &c.

LEAVE your orders for peaches at The Big Store and get the best at the lowest possible price;

DUCK shooting commences to-morrow. You will hear the report of John Stewart's gun at day-light.

A THOUSAND bushels of good oats are now offered for sale at Bay View Ranche at lowest market rates.

MR. EDWARD MCGURN will again buy barley at the Deseronto Flour Mills elevator during the coming season.

THE corporation lamplighter is rather too dilatory in his operations to please the public these long evenings.

MR. JAMES WILSON found his pet parrot rather too loquacious and too communicative of secrets and accordingly poor Polly was returned to Napanee.

THE members of the Rathbun Company Band desire to thank these citizens who kindly extended their patronage and assistance last Tuesday evening.

THE legal expenses in connection with the settlement of the estate of L. Schultz & Son footed up the neat sum of $1422.82 That smacks of legalized robbery.

COMPLAINTS reach this office of the objectionable conduct of some business men who send around delivery vans with fruit and groceries on Sunday mornings.

MR. R. RAYBURN, superintendent of the Deseronto Flour Mills, left on Tuesday afternoon on a business trip to Manitoba and the Northwest Territories.

THERE will be a great rush next Tuesday evening, the occasion of the Methodist teameeting. Good music, eloquent addresses, &c., are among the attractions.

The man who says that advertising does not pay generally kicks hard when he is ordered to remove advertising obstructions from the sidewalk in front of his place of business.

To those who are contemplating going into housekeeping the Big Store offers special value in Irish, Scotch, and Barneley Table Linen all widths: sheetings and pillow casings, etc.

MR. THOMPSON, the Minister of Justice, has been made a K. C. M. G. as a reward for his services in negotiating the fisheries treaty recently rejected by the Senate of the United States.

MR. G. P. SILLS, wishing to enjoy a pleasant excursion, decided to row to Napanee and return the same day. On the return trip he encountered a sole leather head wind and was reluctantly compelled to take the great heel and toe line to Deseronto.

THE mason work on the walls of Mr. A. Knapp's new house on east Thomas street is much admired as an excellent piece of workmanship. The brick, a superior article, used in the building were manufactured at the Deseronto Terra Cotta Works. Mr. Fred Scriber is the builder.

Two young men who had been spending a day at Glenora on their way home essayed to may a short cut by sailing over Davey's Island. They knocked a great hole in the bottom of their boat, but by patching it with a turkish towel and constantly baling managed to reach home little the worse of their trip.

IN one respect President Cleveland's proposed retaliatory policy will prove a benefit to Canada. The great railway lines will then find it advantageous to nurse and improve the local traffic on these lines. As things are now the small towns and villages of Canada are the victims of discriminating rates and no attention whatever is paid to their wants or requirements.

Two papers of extra full count pins for 5 cts at the Big Store.

PIPES are being laid and stand erected for supplying water for the engine tenders from the tank at the Cedar Mill.

SIR Charles Tupper has been created a baronet for his distinguished services in connection with the late fishery treaty.

THE next meeting of the Bay of Quinte Clerical Union has been postponed to the first week in October. It will be held in Deseronto.

MR. THOS. FULLER, chief architect of the public works department, Ottawa, was in town on Wednesday visiting the Terra Cotta Works, &c.

NEW goods, new fall goods, have arrived at Kerr & Wims. Call and inspect these new importations. The choicest assortment ever brought into town.

THE Big Store offer this week 5 pair of grand value all wool socks for 90c. Do not miss this chance of buying fresh goods at less than the price of old.

MCAULEY BROS. threshed 700 bushels of barley in one snow and 300 in another for Michael Kennedy, 4th concession of Tyendinaga. Some grain in the country after all.

THE Rathbun Company have secured the contract for all the woodwork, etc., of the new post-office in Napanee. Terra cotta material will be used for partitions, roofing, etc.

MRS. F. H. SIMS, who had for the greater part of the past seven years been confined to her bed died on Wednesday night. She bore her long and painful illness with great fortitude and Christian submission. The funeral takes on Saturday afternoon to the Deseronto cemetery.

MR. H. E. BYWATER has opened out a tailoring establishment in the Indian Store, corner of Mill and Edmond streets. He is an excellent artist, guarantees a perfect fit, and is already filled with orders. As will be seen by advt. he wants some pants and vest makers immediately.

THE Misses Evans, St. George street, are showing a well selected stock of fancy goods of all descriptions, which have been selected with much care and which will be found marked at prices which cannot fail to please. The ladies of Deseronto and vicinity are cordially invited to call and inspect these goods.

READ the change of adv. for the new store in Smith's block. The great bankrupt sale of stock still continues, and people have found that this is a genuine sale, that the goods offered are superior in quality and that prices are far below anything ever heard of in the Bay district.

MORE than ever does it pay the reader to con the advertising columns of The TRIBUNE. This should be done every week. It is the only way to know what our business men are doing and where to find the best bargains. We have been exceedingly gratified the past week by expressions from business men of the benefits they have received from advertising in our columns.

Where Is He?

A week has elapsed since President Cleveland issued his retaliatory message, and Colonel Dennison, that great god of war, has not yet marched on Washington at the head of the gallant Toronto police force. Can it be, that when the smoke of battle rises in the air that the fire-eating Colonel is found to be only a capet knight and that he is hiding in the cellar like ordinary mortals?

Reconsider.

There is a very general desire that the Council should re-consider their action and lay down a good boardwalk on Centre street from Vallean's corner to the Band Stand. This piece of boardwalk is about the worst in town; it was built by private subscription; as it leads to the market and post-office it is very much used by about two-thirds of the residents of Deseronto; it is disagreeably rough to pedestrians and, but why say more, it should be replaced this fall.

Centreville Picnic

The Annual picnic of the Roman Catholic congregations of Centreville and Chippewa will be held at Varty Lake, on Tuesday, Sept. 4th. There is a lengthy programme of sports, large prizes being offered for successful competitors. Good music will be provided. Distinguished speakers will deliver addresses. The N. T. & Q. Ry. will carry passengers at greatly reduced rates, from Napanee, for example, 35 cts and return. Trains will leave Napanee at 9 a. m., and 1;00 and 6:15 p. m.

Quick Dispatch.

The yard department have been again covering themselves with glory. Commencing at 12 o'clock midnight of the 26th, Mr. M. Marrigan and 24 men commenced loading the Reliance and at 4:30 a.m. completed the work having handled 161,400 ft. of lumber. At 6 a. m. the same crew commenced loading the Resolute and had that vessel loaded at 3 p. m., with 264,000 ft. of lumber. Considering the number of shifts and the fact that it was green lumber, and that the same crew performed the work on both vessels, this feat beats all previous records.

Casualties.

Nelson Holcomb had a finger cut while working at a jointer in the Cedar Mill last Saturday. James Lyman and John Huff had each a thumb cut by a saw, necessitating Dr. Vandecook's attention. Paul Deans has returned to town having sustained some slight injuries by being struck by a Grand Trunk train near Kingston. Benjamin Howell, of the shingle mill, had his hand caught between the pulley on the arbor and the shingle frame, the top of his thumb being cut off in consequence.

Farmers More Cheerful.

The recent rains have greatly encouraged the farmers of this district, the pasturage now being excellent. The price of cattle and beef has advanced. One farmer not far from this refused to take less than 36 dollars each for 17 head of three year old steers. One butcher had to pay 22 dollars a head for six cattle and three dollars for lambs. Many farmers now regret having sold any of their cattle. Butter and cheese will both be abundant and prices are holding up well. Grain, though undoubtedly a light crop, is turning out better than was expected.

Baseball.

An exciting game of baseball was played between the "Alerts" of Belleville and the "Deserontos", of this place, yesterday afternoon. The game lasted three hours and was witnessed by a large number of spectators. It resulted in the defeat of the home team the score being 30 to 14. The only home run was made by Edward Gaulin of the Deserontos. Howe and McCoy were the batteries for the Alerts, and Conley and S. Loft for Deseronto. Mr. Holmes acted as umpire. Diamond of the Alerts made several splendid catches. Another game will be played at Belleville in a few days.

A Lumber Pile.

One of those lumber piles on the dock contains from 10,000 to 12,000 ft of lumber according to the size of the boards which it contains. If it is 10 in. stuff it will contain 1106 pieces; 1480 pieces if it is 9 in. or 8 in. stuff; 1650 pieces 7 in.; 1840 of 6 in.; 2020 of 5 in.; and 2,220 of 4 in.

Lawn Festival.

The Lawn Festival held under the auspices of the Rathbun Company Band on Tuesday evening afforded the people of Deseronto the best musical treat they have had for many a year. The attendance was not as large as it should have been under the circumstances, but every person present was happy and appreciated the efforts of the bandsmen. The Oddfellows' Band of Belleville came down on the *Annie Gilbert* and rendered invaluable assistance. The music of both bands was excellent, and was enjoyed by our whole population.

A Complaint.

Passengers complain of their inability of getting information concerning the precise hour at which the steamers Resolute and Reliance sail for Oswego. Frequently they go down to the dock and learn that the vessel leaves at 5:30 or 6 o'clock p. m., and then find after all that they have to wait around the dock from one to four hours. They must stay there afraid to leave the dock in case the steamer sails without them. This could be obviated by putting a bulletin up at the post-office giving the precise hour of sailing each day.

Pay Up.

THE weekly newspapers of the country are all turning over a new leaf this year and insisting on prompt payment of all subscriptions. All contain notices threatening legal process unless payments are made and it is evident that newspaper men have decided to act as other business men and insist on obligations being met. We notice that where prosecutions have been entered in division courts that the newspaper men have nearly always come off victorious notwithstanding the excuses urged, that they did not order the paper, they paid an agent, or the thousand and one devices which are resorted to in order to escape the payment of a paltry dollar.

Dedication of the Methodist Church.

All the arrangements are completed for the dedication of the new Methodist church, Deseronto, which will take place on Sunday, Sept. 2nd. At the morning service which will commence at 10:30 a. m. Rev. A. Carman, M. A., D. D., one of the general superintendents of the Methodist Church in Canada, will preach after which the solemn and impressive dedication service will be held. At 3 p. m. Dr. Carman will address the Sabbath school and a mass meeting. At 7 o'clock p. m. Rev. A. B. Chambers, L. L. B., Chairman of the Napanee District, will preach. A collection will be taken at the close of each service in aid of the building fund. In connection with the dedication of the church the ladies of the congregation will have a tea-meeting from 6 to 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, 4th Sept. All the delicacies of the season will be provided, tickets of admission being placed at 25 cts. W. R. Aylsworth, Esq., will preside on the occasion and addresses will be delivered by E. W. Rathbun, Esq., and clergymen of the town and district. The choir will also render a number of musical selections. Everything possible will be done to provide strangers and visitors with good sitting accommodation at the various services.

A Timely Rescue.

Three young men, who gave their names as Diamond, Vanalstine and Dainard, of Napanee, decided last Sunday to venture forth in a sail boat from the placid waters of the Creek, and test their nautical skill in Mohawk Bay. The wind blew a gale, with a heavy sea running, and the inexperienced crew soon came to grief. About half way between Grassy Point and Capt. John's Island the man at the tiller grew frightened and let go his grasp, and as a result the boat filled and went down. Fortunately the water was here comparatively shallow and the mast partly projected from the water. Had they been twenty feet farther out they would have been in very deep water and nothing more would have ever been heard of them. They clung to the mast the stormy waves dashing over them and rapidly exhausting their strength. They gave up all hope of rescue, and one of them afterwards admitted that so convinced was he of a watery grave that he threw away the beer bottle which he for some time tightly held. Fortunately they were observed by several members of the colony of campers at Grassy Point. At great risk and though they had nothing but small row boats, Messrs. D. Goodmurphy, W. Deans, John Stuart, Jr., and Patrick McCann set out from shore and reached the three young men. They were just in time for Diamond was completely exhausted, having been twice carried under water and being only saved by the greatest exertions on the part of his companions. The gallant rescuing party succeeded in getting them all safely to the fishing shanty of Garret Kimmerly on Capt. John's Island, where after some effort Diamond was restored to consciousness. They were afterwards brought to Deseronto and thence made their way to Napanee. During the long struggle for life one of the young men mechanically kept his teeth closed on his pipe which remained in his mouth until rescued.

Voters' List.

According to the Voters List for 1888, the total number of voters for municipal purposes in Deseronto is 567. There are 24 widows and 3 spinsters entitled to vote. Last year the total number was 523, with 24 widows and 1 spinster entitled to vote.

S. Mark's Church.

The work of completing the edifice of S. Mark's Church is rapidly progressing. Workmen are busy building the chancel and vestry which is 16x30 feet. The present tower will be raised about 30 feet and other improvements effected. The bell has been ordered and is now ready for shipment. The whole work will be done by the 15th of November. Mr. Joshua Lang, of Belleville, is the contractor for the masonry and plastering and Messrs. Robert and Andrew Magee, of Deseronto, have the contract for the carpentry, painting and glazing. The whole work will be under the supervision of the architect Mr. Thomas Hanley, of Belleville.

Police Court.

Chief Constable Gunyou arrested Louis Green and Seth Loft, for being drunk and having whiskey in their possession. Commissioner McCullough sentenced Green to $5.00 and costs, or $9.80 in all, with 10 days to pay or failing which jail for 20 days. The same fine was levied on Loft, or 30 days in jail. Henry Robertson, of Prince Edward, for furnishing liquor to Loft was fined $50 and costs, failing payment 30 days in jail. The Constable also arrested Chas. Cuttis, drunk with whiskey in possession and Thos. Moore for furnishing same and they come up for trial to-day.

Poplar Nook.

Mr. T. H. Nasmith and family are still camping out at Poplar Nook, a charming spot conveniently located near Huff's dock, on the Fredericksburg shore. Mr. Nasmith goes down by the steamer every evening and returns by the first boat next morning. We enjoyed his hospitality on Wednesday night and spent a most pleasant time, assisting our worthy host in the capture of several fine bass and pickerel. The season from the middle of August to the middle of September is the very best for camping out along the bay. Although a good start has been made this year we are surprised that more of the residents of Deseronto are not enjoying themselves like our friend Nasmith and family.

Fatal Accident.

On the afternoon of Saturday, 25th inst., Philip Gaylord, an employe of the Cedar Mill, was the victim of an unfortunate accident which was followed with fatal results. He was employed as a teamster and was engaged in hauling cars loaded with refuse from the mill to the yards. About the middle of the afternoon he left the mill with a loaded car and had almost reached its destination in the yard east of the Chemical works. It happened, however, that one of the pieces of stuff on the car projected too far from the load and as the car proceeded along the track between two piles of wood, this piece was caught and as the horses moved on it was swung about, throwing Gaylord from the load. He fell on the rails, and the loaded car passed over him, the wheels mutilating him in a dreadful manner. Mr. Donaldson, the foreman of the yard, witnessed the accident and ran immediately to his assistance. He was conveyed at once to Dr. Newton's surgery where it was found that his right arm was nearly cut off, the bones being shattered to the very shoulder, while the right leg was also fearfully mangled. Dr. Newton immediately amputated the arm at the shoulder joint, and the leg above the knee; he also amputated the great toe of the left foot which had also been crushed. The young man bore the operation well, but the terrible shock was too great and after midnight he began to sink rapidly and he expired at an early hour on Sunday morning. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon and was numerously attended. The deceased, who was 21 years of age, was the son of Levi Gaylord, of the township of Arden. He was a steady young man and had gained the good will and respect of his companions and fellow workmen. His sudden cutting off is rendered more sad by the fact that he was to have been married in the course of two or three months. His last words, somewhat indistinctly uttered, expressed a message which he wished to be conveyed to his betrothed

DESERONTO PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Subjects taught in the Fifth Class and text books required.

Arithmetic—Hamblin Smith's Arithmetic.
History—Public School History.
Literature and Reading—High School Reader.
Grammar—High School Grammar.
Algebra—High School Algebra.
Book-keeping, Precis-Writing and Indexing—High School Book-keeping.
Drawing—High School Drawing Course.
Practical English and Composition—High School Practical English.
Writing—Business Forms No. 2.
Physics—High School Physics.
Botany—High School Botany.
Geography—High School Geography, (any text will answer)
Mensuration, Orthoepy, Temperance, Hygiene—No text required by pupils.

EARLY FALL GOODS.

From this date forward we are making a specialty of

FANCY GOODS,

FELTS, PLUSHES, ARRASENES,

CHILDREN'S & LADIES' UNDERWEAR, & HOSIERY,

LADIES' WOOLEN SKIRTS, FANCY SHAWLS.

GENTS' UNDERWEAR,

Also a full line of SMALL WARES in General.

Thanking you for your kind patronage in the past, we solicit a call from you in the future.

MISSES EVANS,
ST. GEORGE ST., DESERONTO.

WORD HAS GONE FORTH

throughout these counties that for best qualities and best values you must go to

Robinson & Co.

Our stock is very large; our assortment is very large. We are doing our best to deserve your patronage. We are exercising extreme carefulness in buying the goods you want and we are selling them to you at right prices. All our customers receive the most courteous treatment. We could name scores of customers who were not buying a dollar's worth of goods from us last year and this year they are not buying a dollar's worth any place excepting here. We do our best to please all and are happy to know that we are succeeding so well.

DRESS GOODS.

As the fall season approaches we desire to call your attention particularly to this department. We want to sell you your next dress. We have the largest stock of dress goods and trimmings of every description for you to choose from and Miss Allison will gladly give you all the information you require regarding the styles, etc. You are sure to be pleased.

FANCY GOODS.

We take great pains in looking after our assortment in this department. Ladies collars, cuffs, gloves, hosiery, corsets, bustles, handkerchiefs, underwear. You are sure to find just the goods you want.

JACKETS & WRAPS.

On cool days and cool evenings, jackets and wraps are indispensible. We have made preparations for a large trade in this department. A great many of our new goods are to hand and are much admired. We make a specialty of the manufacture of these goods.

STAPLES.

It is surprising the amount of staple goods we are selling, but when you see our goods and prices the wonder ceases. Cotton, positively the best values in the market at 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 7c, 8c, 9c, 10c per yard; steam looms at 5c, 7c, 8c, 10c, 11, 12½c, 14c, 15c; shirtings at 7c, 8c, 10c, 11c, 12c, 14c, 15c. We can sell you staples as low as any house in the trade and a great deal lower than most of them. Try us and you will say so too.

GENT'S FURNISHINGS.

Gent's gloves in Kid, Lisle thread cotton and woolen. Gent's handkerchiefs in linen, lawn and cotton. Gent's underwear in Cashmere, Scotch lambs wool, natural wool balbriggan, merino and cotton. Gents' hats in hard and soft felts in all colors. Gent's umbrellas in silk, durable, lustre and alpaca. A splendid assortment of Gents' ties.

CLOTHING.

We do a very large clothing trade. We keep an assortment of ready-made clothing of every description and we make to order clothing of every description for men and boys. We can suit you in pattern, we can suit you in style, we can suit you in price. Mr. Walters, our cutter, is a first-class artist. We guarantee you a perfect fit and an article which will be entirely satisfactory throughout. Take a look through our stock before purchasing a suit or overcoat.

We make a specialty of boys' ready-made clothing.

New goods to hand this week in dress goods, dress trimmings, silks, kid gloves, mantlings, mantle ornaments, ribbons, tweeds.

ROBINSON & CO.

Successors to Downey & Co.

NAPANEE.

DESERONTO MARKET.

Deseronto August 30, 1888.

Barley, 55 to 75 cents per bushel.
Oats, 45 to 50 " "
Butter, 16 to 18 cents per pound.
Lamb, 7 to 8 " "
Beef, 4 to 5 " "
Lard, 11 to 12 " "
Eggs, 12 to 15 cents per dozen.
Potatoes, 80c. to $1.00 per bag.
Hay, 15 to 18 dollars per ton.
Chickens, 20 to 30 cents per pair.
Hides 3 to 3.50 dollars per cwt.
Pelts 25 cents each.
Tallow in rough 2 cents per lb.
Tallow rendered 3 " "
Hogs, live weight, $5.00 per cwt.
Hogs, dead, $6.50 to $7 per cwt.
Apples, 80 cents to $1.30 per bag.

BIRTHS.

Mountany.—At Tyendinaga, on the 28th inst., the wife of Mr. Albert Mountany, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Maracle—Powles.—On Wednesday, the 29th Aug., at Christ Church, Mohawk Reserve, by the Rev. G. A. Anderson, M. A., Incumbent, Mitchel Maracle, of Deseronto, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Chief Isaac Powles, of the Reserve.

DEATHS.

Sims:—At Deseronto, on the 29th inst., Sarah Ann, beloved wife of Mr. F. H. Sims, aged 38 years. Much and deeply regretted.

Sills:—At Tweed, on the 20th inst., Sarah Eliza, wife of Mr. John Sills, aged 60 years.

MOSS ON FRUIT TREES.

Moss is found most often on pear trees not in a vigorous growing condition or in moist, shady places. The moss is a sort of fungus growth, which is easily kept off by washing the trees with strong soap suds. This treatment promotes the growth of a smooth and healthy bark. If the trees are badly mossed over now, it will be best to take an old hoe and scrape off the thickest of the moss before washing the trees, and then wash them two or three times during the next two months. In the fall, after the leaves are off, spray the whole tree with the soap suds, repeating this again early in the spring; there is nothing like it to promote clean and thrifty-looking bark. At Elm Fruit Farm we make a lower wash for our peach and other trees, and it also answers the double purpose of keeping out the borer and keeping the bark clean and healthy. This wash is prepared by adding to a common bucketful of water two quarts of strong soft soap, half a pint of crude carbolic acid, two ounces of Paris green, with lime enough to make a thin paste that will adhere to the tree. If convenient, a little clay or fresh cow dung may be added to assist in making the wash stick. Apply it with a swab or brush about the base of the tree and in the crotches of the main branches. The rains will wash it down from time to time and the whole trunk will receive the benefit. In spraying the trees when not in leaf, I usually add a quarter of a pound or more of potash to each bucketful of soap suds, so as to make quite a strong lye. These washes cost but little and are of great value in the orchard. —*American Agriculturist for August.*

THE PROVINCIAL FAIR.

Special Exhibits to be Made—Arrangements in Regard to the Fares.

Hon. Charles Drury, minister of agriculture for Ontario, will attend the opening of the provincial exhibition.

A large and varied exhibit of the products of Manitoulin and Algoma will be brought to the provincial fair. The committee is asking for valuable space.

The Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific railways will issue single fare tickets to Kingston from 10th to 15th Sept., good to return to the 17th. There will also be special excursions run to the city.

Prof. Saunders, of the Central experimental farm, is preparing a collection of about 200 varieties of cereals, grown on the farm this season, for exhibition. As these were all grown as single plants, under similar and uniform condition, it ought to prove a very instructive exhibit. There will be besides, from 100 to 150 varieties of potatoes, and a few other miscellaneous products not entered for competition but for exhibition only.

WANTED.

Pants and Vest Makers immediately. Apply to H. E. Bywater at Kerr & Wims Store, St. George street, Deseronto.
Deseronto, Aug. 30th 1888.

PRIVATE TUITION.

Parents wishing to have their children given private instruction, at reasonable terms, apply to

MISSES EVANS,
St. George Street, Deseronto.

IMPORTANT TO ALL
Who are Bald, or have Thin, or Grey Hair, or who are troubled with
DANDRUFF
D. DORENWEND'S

"HAIR MAGIC"

Will be found invaluable for the hair and scalp. It cleanses the scalp of all Dandruff, invigorates the growth of the hair, and in cases of baldness where there are the slightest signs of roots left it will produce good crops of hair. It restores grey hair to its original color, and is an excellent dressing.

Do Not Delay, if your hair is in a weak condition get a bottle at once.

For sale by Geo. W. Egar, W. J. Malley, and all druggists.

A. DORENWEND, - - - - Sole Manfr.
Toronto, Canada.

A Dorenwend is the leading manufacturer of Hair Goods in Canada.

P. SLAVEN & CO.

Are now Opening NEW FALL GOODS every day.

We are tired marking the Remnants down every few days, and have adopted a new device this week that we hope will

WIPE THEM ALL OUT

IN A FEW DAYS.

Our Remnants are marked down to less than cost, and many of them to half what they cost.

We will give a Straight Discount of Five per cent. this week off any Remnants in the House. Next week we will give a Discount of Ten per cent., and if there are any left the following week we will give a Discount of Fifteen per cent., and so on, increasing the Discount at the rate of Five per cent. a week until every Remnant and all goods on the Bargain Tables are sold out.

Remember that these Discounts are given off the Lowest Reduced Prices, not the Regular Prices.

We mean business, they must go.

P. SLAVEN & CO.,

NAPANEE, ONT.

Protestant Association of Prentice Boys.

Victoria Lodge, No. 9, meet in their Hall, corner of St. George and Edmund Streets on the First and Third Tuesday in each Month.

J. D. Monaghan, W. M. H. Solmes, D. M. J. Gordon, Secretary.

BOARDERS WANTED

Suitable rooms and board for Gentlemen can be had at
MRS. R. B. OWENS,
Main Street, opposite Chemical Works.
Deseronto, Aug. 10th.

VOTERS' LIST, 1888.

Municipality of the Township of Tyendinaga, County of Hastings.

Notice is hereby given, that I have transmitted to the several persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted, of the said list made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the said revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at Elections for Members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up in my office at Shannonville, on the 24th day of August, 1888, and remains there for inspection according to law.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any errors or omissions are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have said errors or omissions corrected according to law.

A. B. RANDALL,
Clerk of the Municipality, Shannonville, P. O.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

NOTICE.

Voters' List, 1888, Municipality of the village of Deseronto, in the County of Hastings.

Notice is hereby given, that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 5 and 6 of The Voters' Lists' Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office at Deseronto, on the 22nd day of August, 1888, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and, if any omisions or other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

ROBERT N. IRVINE,
Clerk of the Village of Deseronto.

Dated at Deseronto, this 22nd day of August, 1888.

FOR SALE.

A second-hand fanning mill is offered for sale. For terms, etc., apply at

BAY VIEW RANCHE.
Deseronto, Aug. 15th, 1888.

DESERONTO.

We want to say a word to you this week about clothing. We are not strangers to you. Many of your most

STYLISH YOUNG MEN

have worn our Clothes for years, but there are others we want to know, and the sooner the better for both. Why not at once? You like

NICE FITTING GARMENTS.

You pay for them, why not have them? Our stock is large and our prices reasonable, We give you city goods and city cut at

COUNTRY FIGURES.

We look after the details. Nothing neglected to ensure satisfaction. You want the clothes, we want your orders. Why can't we deal?

We are to be found opposite The Beaver Office, Napanee.

McALISTER & CO.,
Popular Clothiers and Furnishers.

DONT NEGLECT THE COUGH

Cough, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis Whooping Cough Croup, Influenza Difficult Breathing and all Throat and Lung complaints. Pleasant to take; children are fond of it. Instant relief from first dose; heals and cures like magic. Prepared scientifically from the Pure Pine Tar.

Sold Everywhere at 25 cents a Bottle.

RECOMMENDED BY EVERYBODY.

I am acquainted with the composition of Perrin' Pine Tar Cordial, and can recommend it as being the most efficient Cough Remedy I know of.

F. PALMER BURROWS, M.D., C.M.
(Member of the American Public Health Association, and President of the Executive Association of Health Officers of Ontario.)

Perrin's Pine Tar Cordial Co.,
LINDSAY, ONT.

THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION

A successful medicine tested over 30 years in thousands of cases. Promptly cures *Nervous Prostration, Weakness of Brain, Spinal Cord,* and *Generative Organs* of either sex, *Emissions* and all ills and abuse caused by indiscretion or over-exertion. Six packages is *guaranteed* to effect a cure when all other medicines fail. One package $1, six packages $5, by mail. Sold by druggists. *Write for Pamphlet.* Eureka Chemical Co., *Detroit, Mich.*

Do you know Dalton is agent for The Dominion, The Karn and The Thomas Organs.

Do you know Dalton is agent for The White, The New Williams and Wanzer sewing machines.

A SPECIAL LINE OF
COUCHES
At Greatly Reduced Rates for the Next 30 Days
DALTON'S,
ST. GEORGE STREET, DESERONTO.

"In Union is Strength."

Particularly is this the case in the union or combination of the vegetable oils which blended together compose

SIMSON'S LINIMENT.

Its penetrating powers in Cases of Rheumatism, Lame Back, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, etc., have been thoroughly proven. Mr. James Avery, Mallorytown, Leeds Co., Ontario, writes: "Shortly after your agent was here last winter my son unfortunately strained the ocrds of his back and not paying attention to it at once caught cold which settled there. He was laid up for about a week and suffered considerably. I, as an experiment, gave your **Simpson's Liniment** a trial and it brought him around in twenty four hours. I heartily recommend it." Sold everywhere for 25c. Manufactured by

BROWN BROS. & CO.,
Chemists,
Halifax, N. S.

FIRE INSURANCE!

We beg to advise those desiring insurance that we are Agents for

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, OF ENGLAND;
THE COMMERCIAL UNION INSURANCE CO'Y. OF ENGLAND;
THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY OF TORONTO, ONT.;
THE BRITISH AMERICAN INSURANCE CO'Y, OF TORONTO ONT.,
THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y.

Who will write Policies as low as any other *Stock* Company in the Dominion.

The standing of these Companies is such that all may be satisfied that in case of loss the settlement will be prompt and equitable.

Farmers will find it to their interest to insure with us.

Record kept of all Policies and Notices sent insurers before expiration of same.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
Deseronto, Ont.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches; and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVean, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

1888. SPRING. 1888

New and Seasonable Goods

are being shown in every department at

THE : BIG : STORE.

We are now offering special inducements in

SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

Many lines which we are showing cannot be got elsewhere, as we have imported them direct and in advance of the Wholesale Dealers, upon whom most retail merchants depend for their stock.

Many novelties will be found in the

FANCY : GOODS : DEPARTMENT,

As everything new is added to our Stock. When you want anything in this line come direct to THE BIG STORE.

STAPLE DRY GOODS, SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, COTTONADES, WHITE AND GREY COTTONS, DUCKS, etc.

We are in a position to sell at a lower price than any other house in the trade.

THE TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

A very complete line of ENGLISH AND SCOTCH TWEEDS are kept, and being bought from manufacturers all middle handling is avoided, and the cost to our patrons largely diminished. All the operations of the work are conducted under MR. STODDART'S close and practical supervsion.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—It is almost marvelous to contemplate the magnitude which this branch of our Store has attained. All who buy their foot-wear from us can rely upon getting Boots, Shoes, &c., of the highest standard of excellence and at the lowest prices considering the quality.

Groceries and Provisions.—This Department is so well known that comment is unnecessary. A large section of the surrounding country as well as nearly all the inhabitants of the village seeks their supplies at The Big Store, and the demand though large, has been amply provided for. Our Stock was never so complete as it now is, and consumers who leave their orders with us may rely with certainty on their being promptly and satisfactorily filled.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE BIG STORE,
MAIN STREET, DESERONTO.

DISTRICT ITEMS.

Bush fires are raging near Frankford.

Albert College opens on Sept. 11th.

Napanee gaol contains eight prisoners.

Ameriorr's rate of taxation is 16½ mills on the dollar.

Belleville volunteers will erect a new armoury this fall.

The Roman Catholics of Peterboro will build a hospital.

Camden East is growing and the people are talking waterworks.

The Bay of Quinte Beekeepers' Association is in session at Belleville.

Belleville is annoyed by tavern-keepers selling liquor on Sundays.

Work has been commenced on the new Chalmer's church, Kingston.

The sea-serpent is making a great splash between Kingston and Clayton.

Mrs. Baxter, of Marvale, was seriously injured by a runaway accident.

A branch of a Montreal twine factory will be formed at Port Hope.

The Free Methodists are holding successful tent meetings in Belleville.

Leonard Palmer, of Canifton, had his arm broken by a threshing machine.

Jeremiah Kempt, of Consecon, had three of his ribs broken by the kick of a horse.

A branch of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association will be formed in Napanee.

The Canadian Lumber Cutting Company, of Belleville, employs twenty-five men.

Belleville will annex some portions of Thurlow and Sidney contiguous to the city.

Ralph Burton, Warkworth, was burned out recently. Loss $2,500; insurance $1,400.

The Gananoque field battery has won the Gzowski cup in the artillery competitions.

Revs. D. O. Crossley and Bates have commenced evangelistic services at Tamworth.

Mr. Gordon McWilliams, of Marmora, has completed a fine three story stone hotel.

Colborne is content with hens' eggs weighing one quarter of a lb. and measuring 8x9½ inches.

Hon. Chas. Drury, Minister of Agriculture, will attend the Ameliasburg Fair on October 13th and 13th.

A congregation of the Reformed Episcopal Church will be formed in Belleville on the 9th of September.

The Ameliasburgh council have passed the bridge by-law, having found their position legally untenable.

Three Cobourg boys are considered the best carvers in the famous Pullman car works near Chicago.

The Smead system of heating and ventilation has been introduced into the Picton public school buildings.

Wesley Cummings, of Belleville, was fearfully mutilated on Monday by a dump car passing over his leg and arm.

Cummings, a Trenton confectioner, is missing, and his creditors are preparing a warm reception for him on his return.

Henry M. Ami, of the geological survey, Ottawa, has been at Glenora examining into the sources of the Lake on the Mountain.

The Roman Catholic picnic at Tweed was a great success. The sum of $1,500 was netted and James Quinn won the buggy.

Three prominent citizens of Ogdensburg have been arrested charged with defrauding the customs revenue of the United States.

A distinguished gambler visited Port Hope and carried off three thousand dollars won at poker from the rustics of that town.

Levi McConnell, one of the oldest residents of Rawdon, dropped dead of apoplexy while attending the division court in Stirling.

The Belleville cemetery is once more in a good condition, the former superintendent having been discharged and the staff reorganized.

Lightning struck the barn of George Simpson, Springbrook, Rawdon, destroying it and season's crop just harvested. Loss, $2,000.

One of the Irish cricketers while in Kingston stated that Canadian youths were fully ten years ahead of old country boys of the same age.

The Belleville *Ontario* thinks that the Provincial exhibition should be abolished and considers Kingston the most suitable burying place.

A small bed of coal has been discovered in a limestone formation on Wolfe Island. The seam is four inches thick and seven feet below the surface.

The *Whig* thinks that the people who expect to see Napanee and Deseronto united by street cars will be very old when that act is consummated.

The Quinte district exhibition will be opened on Sept. 25th. A large number of distinguished gentlemen are expected to be present on the occasion.

The exodus of cattle to the United States this month has been enormous, over 600 head having been shipped from Kingston, The average price is $11 per head.

While some young men in Gananoque were playing base ball, Chas. Quinn one so their number was struck by the ball on the side of the head and died shortly after.

Milk inspectors continue to trap dishonest patrons of cheese factories. There is no doubt now but that all who have been prosecuted have been guilty of dishonest practices.

At the North Hastings Fair this fall there will be a new departure in the shape of a grand wedding, which will take place on a public platform on the second day. Anything to draw a crowd.

The pillars in front of the Belleville courthouse, which are thirty-five feet in length and over thirty-two inches in diameter at the small end, were made from pine trees which fifty years ago grew a few rods from the building.

DON'T

Let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and "know how it is themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

The Old, Old Story.

"Here are—are—are—your slippers all ready for you, George, dear."

"Oh, thank you. You've been forgetting them of late."

"I know I have, darling. It was careless and naughty of me, too, when I've the very best and dearest husband in the world."

"No, really, have you?"

"Yes, indeed. He's an old darling."

"Why, you don't always say so."

"Well, I always think so. Indeed I do; but sometimes I'm naughty and wicked and cross. I've made some of the nice biscuits you like so much for tea."

"Indeed! That was good of you."

"Oh, no, it wasn't half what I'd like to do for such a darling of a husband. George, you're positively getting handsome."

"No!"

"Indeed you are, you old darling; and, George, I—I—I m not so very extravagant, am I?"

"Why, no; who said you were?"

"Nobody—nobody at all, only—well, I was in town to day and I—I—. You won't think me so very extravagant, will you, dear? But I—I—really, George, it was a great bargain, and so very, very becoming that I—"

Poor George!

Sublime Jokes.

Jokes of humorists all remind us
That the gags the most sublime,
Are the ones that limp behind us
Covered with the moss of time.

Jokelets that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and half-wit brother,
Seeing, may re-vamp again.

Let us then be up and boozing
With a heart for any fate,
Still a-seizing, still a-choosing
Chestnuts that have learned to wait.

The Cucumber.

The cucumber graceth the festive board
Enshrouded in condiment rare.
And the epicure gleefully rubbeth his paunch
At the sight of the treasure there.

The doctor smileth a sad-like smile,
And giveth a crocodile groan,
And the marble man goeth out the while
And polisheth up a stone.

The undertaker mournfully asks
"What will his measure be?"
And the sexton marketh a spot "Reserved,"
All under the willow tree.

'Tis hard the times and 'tis scarce the cash—
And so with zestful joy
We welcome waft to the fitful fruit
That giveth the folk employ.

Serving An Old Friend.

Young Man (to editor); I sent a little poem here yesterday, sir; my name is Waffles.

Editor: Oh, yes. Are you a son of Mr. Montague H. Waffles?

Young Man: Yes, sir.

Editor: Well, I destroyed the poem myself—burned it up and buried the ashes ten feet deep. Your father, young man (with emotion), and I are old boyhood friends, and I love him as a brother. Bless the old boy! Tell him what I have done for him.

Deficient Mentally.

Dumley (whose credit is not first-class)—I say, Brown, can you lend me $10 for a few days?"

Brown (reluctantly pulling out a roll of bills)—I—er—s'pose I'll have to, Dumley.

Dumley—Thanks. You seem to have plenty of money, old fellow.

Brown—Yes, I seem to have more money than brains.

Will Soon Die Off.

Magistrate (sternly)—You are accused of bigamy, 'Dolphus, of having, three wives all living. What have you to say?

Prisoner—I pleads mitigatin' sarcumstances, yo' honah. Two ob dem wives ob mine am very sick, sah. 'Deed dey is.

A Clever Scheme.

Smith (to Brown, who is late in getting home)—What have you got there, Brown?

Brown—Thatsh new hat (hic) f' m' wife. I (hic) lef' m' night key at home, an' got t' have something t' (hic) open front door with.

Pretty Sharp Legerdemain.

A few months since, a man called in a tavern and asked the company if they would like to witness a conjuring trick. As the man looked cold and hungry the landlord gave consent, and stated that he knew a few tricks himself. The man placed three hats on the table, then asked the landlord for three pieces of bread. When these were given to him, he said he could not proceed till he got three pieces of cheese. When these were brought he placed one piece of bread and cheese in each hat. Now for the trick. The man rolled up his shirt sleeves, unbuttoned his collar, and stated that he would eat the three pieces of bread and cheese, then bring all under one hat. When he had eaten two pieces he declared he could not proceed unless he had a drink. A pint of ale was now brought him, and the other piece soon disappeared.

"Now, gentlemen, which hat must I bring it under?"

A hat was pointed to, and the fellow quickly placed the hat upon his head and left the astonished men.

A Happy Disposition.

"Father has such a happy disposition, Mr. Sampson," she said, as the front gate slammed and the old man came up the walk. "Do you hear him whistling?"

"Yes," responded Mr. Sampson, nervously, "and the chances are that he will arouse the dog."

Satisfactory to the Prosecution.

Prosecuting Attorney (selecting a jury)—"Isn't the prisoner a relative of yours?"

Juror—"No, sir; he is a relative of my wife's."

Prosecuting Attorney—"Your Honor, the prosecution accepts this gentleman."

A Professional Opinion.

Young Mother (whose baby has been weighed by the butcher)—And how much does the dear little fellow weigh, Mr. Bullwinkle?

Butcher—Twenty pounds, mum.

Young Mother—Isn't he a splendid specimen?

Butcher (dubiously)—Well, from my p'int of view, mum, he runs too much to suet.

Anecdotes of Jenny Lind.

One day, while staying at an hotel, she overheard a servant lamenting to another that none of them could "afford to hear Jenny Lind sing." The next afternoon all the servants of the hotel assembled, at her request, in one of the public parlours and listened to Jennie's singing Swedish, Scotch, English and German ballads. Her sympathy dictated the selections and they touched every heart. The listeners were so enthusiastic that Jenny was obliged to tear to pieces the laces and ribbons she was wearing, that each one might have a souvenir of the happy day.

One of the English princesses, herself known for willingness to promote by her presence a deserving object, remonstrated with Jenny Lind, after she had become Madam Goldschmidt, for her readiness to sing for every charity.

"Your Royal Highness," said Jenny, with a smile, "we must make use of our royalty however it is conferred, as much for the public good as possible. The fact of your royal birth enables you to do more for others than money could. My royalty comes with my voice, and I feel that I have no more right to withhold the exercise of it than you feel to refuse to grace a flower show, or open a school, or even stand by some hospital patient a few moments to give her the satisfaction of knowing that her Queen's daughter was at her side.

"No sermon," said the Princess, in telling the story, "ever meant more to me than the quiet argument of Jenny Lind's, that one's advantages or talents are so many moral responsibilities."

Only the Moustache to be Worn.

"All hair to be cut quite short" is the order issued by the Commandant and Adjutant of the Second Battalion of the Essex volunteers in view of the approaching encampment at Colchester, and so far no Essex man who has a spark of military ardour in him is likely to object, but the despotic decree goes on to say that "where possible the moustache is only to be worn," and it would be in vain to attempt to conceal that these words have spread consternation in the volunteer ranks in that county. The qualifying expression "when possible" is a little vague. Such is the pride of man in his whiskers that there are doubtless Essex volunteers who would regard the cutting off of those ornamental growths as absolutely impossible; but there can be little question that the saving clause means only that the moustacheless members of the corps will be excused for appearing with a smooth upper lip. In other words, the whiskers of the battalion are already as good as gone. It is a daring step. The first Napoleon was never so near his fall as when he one day decreed a wholesale sacrifice of the pigtails of his Cuirassiers. We presume that the Commandant and Adjutant are prepared to put down any attempt at revolt. They may probably count on the sympathy and support of the whiskerless members of the battalion.

Shooting the Eclipse.

A Gainesville, Texas, despatch says:—From a gentleman who has just returned from an extended business trip through the Indian Territory it is learned that on last Sunday night several thousand Indians were assembled at Anadarko Agency, collected there to get the rations and supplies furnished by the Government. As the eclipse of the moon began the Indians became much alarmed lest some great misfortune was going to appen the chiefs. On seeing the phenomenon the principal chief commanded the warriors to shoot at and drive away the evil thing that was obscuring the moon. The orders were immediately obeyed. The redskins continued to fire at the dark object until they exhausted all their ammunition. As the moon began to get out of the eclipse they were much elated, attributing it entirely to their efforts, and when the eclipse was finished they gave a loud shout of victory, and dispersed to their wigwams.

For Insect Enemies.

Very seasonable is this brief but comprehensive enumeration of remedies for injurious insects and the like: Tobacco smoke kills the green fly; water, the red spider; jarring, the curculio; Paris-green and water; the codling moth; water, soap and carbolic acid, the bark louse; white hellebore, the currant and gooseberry worm; spraying with Paris green and water, the canker wormo wire cloth tied around the base of the tree prevents borers; tobacco water kills plant lice; slug shot will keep off the turnip fly, cabbage worm and other garden pests; the strawberry leaf rollers must be picked off, or a new planting made; the tent caterpillar, by cutting off the leaves and branches and burning; cutting off all the infected limbs for blight and knot; sulphur is good for mildew.

Writing on the Ice.

Not many of you, my children, will care to write your letters on ice, even during the summer months. But I was rather struck with the novel idea, when a boy of the Red School-house told the dear little school-ma'am a bit of news that lately came to this country from Austria. It appears that Francis Joseph, The Emperor of Austria, has a country seat near Vienna and on this fine royal estate is a lake which in Winter is used as a skating pond. Well, during one of the latest Austrian "cold snaps," an expert Vienna gentleman went skating there, with a little reservoir of ink adjusted to the back of his skate in such a way as to allow the ink to flow out in a fine steady stream. Then off he started, and before he had skated long, there appeared to his rapid track the name of the Crown Princess, beautifully and plainly written upon the ice.

The ordinary Chinese girl's demeanor when among those not of her own race is proper to a preciseness. She holds a handkerchief to her face, never smiles, and under no circumstances expresses surprise.

"I don't see," said Mr. McGuire, as he sat in the stern of the vessel, "how the captain can find his way across the ocean. If he was going the other way all he'd have to do would be to follow that white streak behind there, but in front there's nothing to point that way."

An eccentric woman, named Bridget Shelly, who died in San Francisco recently, was known as "The North Star," on account of a huge red star of cloth which she wore sewn on her breast. She imagined that she was really the popular luminary, but in other respects was rational.

One of the most curious customs that attract the attention of strangers in Panama is to see the native women walking along the street smoking long, slender cigars in much the fashion that men do here. It is the custom of women there to gather in the public markets as early as sunrise, to gossip and talk over affairs while enjoying their morning smoke. As there are few newspapers in Panama, and a proportionately small number of readers, the market is the place where the news of the town is to be learned.

She Knew How.

One who is not accustomed to entertaining and not quick at observing the conduct of those who have learned the ways of society, is sometimes not a little embarrassed to know how to proceed when a new and difficult situation presents itself.

A very excellent lady, who had declined many invitations because she was so shy as to be ill at ease in society and had never invited company to her house because she was too shy to entertain a group of the friends, moved into a large new house.

She felt it to be her duty to ask some of her old friends and new neighbors to tea, and after postponing the dreaded occasion again and again, at last plucked up resolution enough to send out the invitations.

The evening came, and the company, too, and all went well until the hour approached for supper. The hostess had forgotten to give directions for her servant about this matter, and the more she thought about it, the more anxious she became. What was the correct way to announce supper to her guests?

At last she excused herself, and went out to the kitchen. She would consult Mary. Mary had lived in the city, and must frequently have had the duty of informing a company that supper served.

"I—I—that is, Mary I—well, you say you have lived in the city all your life, and I haven't, so perhaps you know more than I do about how to announce supper to the company. How shall I do it?"

"Pooh, that's easy enough!" said the girl, confidently. "I'll have them out here in less than no time," and before the mistress could offer any objection, Mary seized a hand bell, strode out into the hall, and cried, while she rang the bell in true boarding-house style:

"*Supper! supper! supper!*"

Pigeon Races.

The Belgians are, despite the efforts of the English fanciers, still the foremost in the sport of pigeon racing. At 5. a. m. on July 28 nearly 3,000 birds from Belgium were liberated in a gentle south-west wind at Dax, a town in the extreme south-west of France, a few miles from Bayonne. The distance to be flown was about 580 miles, and the first bird was announced at fourteen minutes past 7 p. m. on the same day, forty-one others following in rapid succession before dusk. Those that did not reach home on the same day began to arrive very rapidly on the following morning, so that before half-past eight the whole of the 320 prizes had been won. The total value of the prizes amounted to £2,000, the last, or 320th prize, being £11 2s. Mr. Barker, an English fancier resident in Brussels, secured four prizes with five birds. It will be seen that the velocity with which the first birds flew in this long race was over forty miles an hour, which was continued without intermission for fourteen hours, from 5 a. m. to 7.14 p. m. Such an example of long-continued endurance is worthy of note, and is a remarkable tribute to the stamina and intelligence of the Belgian homers.

The Raven.

In the Soudan the respect for the "Bird of the Shade" is unbounded; he is endearingly known to the Arabs as their "Uncle," and they are more exorbitant in exacting blood money for his chance slaughter by the hand of the stranger than if it were really the relative in question. Shoot their dove, their ostrich, their varied scavengers of the vulture kind, their once sacred ibis even, and they grin and bear it; but once aim a bolt at the "Noah Bird" and a hundred lean but muscular brown arms will be raised, and the bereaved white-teethed relatives will gesticulate and shout round you, while they explain how black-hued was your accidental crime. Apart from this, the raven, with his jetty plumage, will always be a point of interest in the Soudan from the strong contrast he presents to the ordinary "desert-colored" birds which preserve a neutral tint of grey or fawn, which, to the inexperienced eye, renders them almost invisible.

Cholley (whose legs are a trifle bowed, to the tailor)—Aw—I'm very particular, y' know, about the fit of my trousers. Tailor—The fit will be right, sir. I'll cut the cloth with a pair of bent shears.

It is reported in London, Eng., that some ladies, deploring the vast sums of money that are annually sent out of the country for poultry and eggs, have formed a scheme for a large poultry farm as a commercial enterprise.

Magistrate)to prisoner arrested for assault) — "You admit, then, that you pulled your landlord's nose?" Prisoner—"Yes." Magistrate—"Don't you know you had no right to do that?" Prisoner—"No, Sir; if I had no right to pull his nose he would have had it down in the lease."

"Papa," said a beautiful girl, "young Mr. Thistle has written me a note in which he asks me to be his wife." "Written you a note? Why in thunder didn't he come himself?" "It would have been pleasanter that way no doubt, papa, but I suppose he feels a little timid, and besides, papa, think how much more binding the note is."

President Cleveland was one day seated at his desk writing, when Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild was announced. When Mr. Fairchild entered the President looked up and said:—"Mr. Secretary, I am now writing sometning which will prevent my renomination and my re-election if anything will. But I write it because I feel that it is the right thing to do." It was his Tariff Message to Congress.

One of the largest horse farms in the world is located thirteen miles north-east of Cheyenne, where the stockholders of the Post Percheron horse ranch have invested some $1,225,000 in 120,000 acres of land and the improvements and stock thereon. It takes over 220 miles of barb wire fence to enclose this land, and the services of sixty-five men are required to take care of the 5,000 head of horses now on the ranch. Another equally large, if not larger, breeding establishment is located in Colorado. It is that of the Percheron Norman Company, of which E. Louis Kuns, of Denver, is manager.

We in Ontario have with some show of reason done considerable grumbling against the backwardness of the season and the chilliness of the atmosphere, but our grievances will not for an instant stand comparison with those of our kinsmen over the seas. In Great Britain, not only was July cold and harsh, but the country was deluged with rain and in some sections snow actually fell, while everywhere except in the extremely southern counties nightly frosts were reported. Of course the crops are terrible damaged, hay being entirely ruined by rotting in the fields. It is selfish comfort perhaps that is derived from the reflection that others are worse off than ourselves, but it is human philosophy nevertheless.

PUTTING ONE'S FOOT IN IT.

Remarks Which on Second Thoughts Would Have Been Left Unsaid.

"I never open my mouth but I put my foot in it," was the curious complaint of some unlucky wight, who might have received consolation had he reflected on the number of offenders that daily keep him company. The Guardsman's remark to the English nobleman who was in the habit of affably conversing with soldiers, "I like you, my lord; there's nothing of the gentleman about you," offers an example of the kind.—"How many deaths?" asked a hospital physician. "Nine." "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes: but one would not take it," was the startling reply.—"Hillo! where are you going at this time of night?" said a gentleman to his servant "You are after no good, I'll warrant." "Please, sir, mistress sent me for you, sir," was the response.—A gentleman said to the waiter of his club: "Michael, if I should die, would you attend my funeral?" "Willingly, sir," was the hasty answer. "Well Michael, that isn't very complimentary." "No, sir: I didn't mane that, sir: I wouldn't be seen there, sir," was the waiter's consolatory reply.

A child may often be expected to put his or her heedless little foot in it, as the phrase goes. For instance, a youngster one day begged an invitation to dinner at the house of a little friend with whom he had been playing. At the table, his hostess anxiously inquired: "Charley, can you cut your own meat?" "Hump!" said the youngster, who was sawing away; "Can't I? I've cut up quite as tough meat as this at home." People who are destitute of tact might take warning from such juvenile malaprops, but such does not often appear to be the case, judging by numerous examples to the contrary.

A millionaire railway-king has a brother who is hard of hearing, while he himself is remarkable as having a very prominent nose. Once this railway-king dined at a friend's house where he sat between two young ladies, who talked to him very loudly, rather to his annoyance, but he said nothing. Finally, one of them shouted a commonplace remark, and then said in an ordinary tone to the other: "Did you ever see such a nose in all your life?" "Pardon me, ladies," said the millionaire; "it is my brother who is deaf!" We can imagine the horror of the lady who indulged in such personal remarks, yet she was no more awkwardly placed than the hero of the following. When dining at a certain castle a Mr. T——, after the ladies retired, remarked to a gentleman present that the lady who had sat on his right was the ugliest woman he had ever seen. "I am sorry to hear," said the gentleman, "that you think my wife so ill-looking." "O no, sir; I meant the lady who sat on my left; I made a mistake." "Well, sir, she is my sister."

Alluding to newspapers, it may be remarked that advertisers and unpractised writers therein, through ambiguity of words and phrases often commit absurdities that may be touched on as further illustrating our subject. A country paper once related how "during the celebration a child was run over wearing a short red dress, which never spoke afterwards."—In the description of the doings of a mad dog, it is said that "he bit a horse on the leg which has since died."—An account of a funeral says: "The remains were committed to that bourne from which no traveller returns attended by his friends."

It is not surprising that foreigners sometimes fail to catch all the shades of meaning belonging to our words. A Frenchman translated Shakespeare's line, "Out, brief candle," by, "Get out, you short candle." And the expression, "With my sword I will carve my way to fortune," was rendered, "With my sword I will make my fortune cutting meat."

Advertisers often give us amusing specimens of composition, of which this is an example: "Lost by a poor lad tied up in a brown paper with a white string a German flute with an overcoat on and several other articles of wearing apparel."—A miller attempted to testify to the merits of a powder for destroying vermin by saying, "A fortnight ago I was full of rats, and now I don't think I have one."

Examples more of the "bull" genus also come under the title of this paper as cases in point. For instance, a newspaper was running a serial story "The Truth." One week, so much space being devoted to other matters, the editor was unable to continue the story, so made the following announcement, containing perhaps more truth than any other item in the paper: '"The Truth" was crowded out of this issue on account of the press of more important matter."

A bashful gentleman who visited a school kept by a young lady was asked by the teacher to say a few words to the pupils. This was his speech: "Scholars, I hope you will always love your school and your teacher as much as I do." A tableau of giggling pupils and a blushing teacher attested the effectiveness of his words.

The lecturer put his foot in it as thoroughly when he prefaced his discourse upon the rhinoceros with, "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention; indeed, it is absolutely impossible that you could form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."—A certain preacher discoursing upon Bunyan and his works, caused a titter among his hearers by exclaiming, "In these days, my brethren, we want more Bunyans." — Another clergyman pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish asked them to consider the "deplorable condition of thirty thousand Christian Englishmen living without Christian burial."—Still more curious was the clerical slip with which we conclude. A gentleman said to the minister, "When do you expect to see Deacon S—— again?" "Never," said the reverend gentleman solemnly; "the deacon is in heaven."

For hoarseness, beat a fresh egg, and thicken it with fine white sugar. Eat of it freely and the hoarseness will soon be relieved.

Perhaps the most persistent baccarat player in the world has just died in Paris in the person of Baron de Bastart. He was 60, and had spent most of his life in gambling, never being known to win. His extraordinary bad luck made the fortune of his club and of several of its members. He began play regularly at 4 in the afternoon and continued, with intermission for dinner and supper, until 6 in the morning. His fortune came from lucky mining speculations.

Madam Carnot, wife of the French President, is assuming youthful airs and graces, which have awakened a strong spirit of ridicule in the French capital. At a recent open-air fete she wore a dress of white nun's veiling, a gray jacket and a white straw bonnet trimmed with pink roses, a toilet that was altogether too simple and too light of hue for her age and thinness and shallowness. She parts her hair on one side in an unbecoming manner.

CEILING WALKING.

How The Startling Feat is Performed By Trapeze Artists.

There are to-day fifteen persons who perform the novel feat of walking head down along the full length of a big board, and who are known as ceiling walkers, says the Cincinnati *Inquirer*. There are lady and gentlemen performers, their performances being confined almost entirely to the variety stage. The effect is startling as one of them moves along underneath the board, far above the floor of the stage, their full form extending downward. Until recently the manner of performing the feat was a guarded secret. While there is a general difference as to details, the principal involved in keeping the walker suspended is practically the same. It is the secret of the ability of the fly

TO WALK OVER A CEILING.

The board used is a heavy plank about fifteen feet long and three feet wide. This is rendered almost perfectly smooth by being rubbed down with pumicestone. Near each end of the board is suspended a trapeze, to which the performer hangs, head down, as he presses his feet to the board above him when starting upon his walk. Underneath is stretched a large net. An ordinary pair of stage shoes will answer the purpose. To the bottom of these are fastened circular, concave arrangements of gum, a sort of bowl shaped shoes, about six and one-half inches in diameter, and it is these, pressed against the board above, that hold the walker suspended.

The material of which these bowl shaped shoes is made is of the same thickness and appearance as that used in heavy firemen's hose. In the centre, on the concave side of these shoes, is a thick piece of steel, circular in form. To this plate is riveted on the convex side of the shoes a small iron framework. From this frame-work extends two iron-rods, shaped like

THE HANDLE OF AN INSTRUMENT

used in toasting or broiling. By the framework the bowl-shaped shoes are fastened to the regular walking shoes. The rods referred to extend towards the toe, resting underneath the ball of the foot. A pressure exerted upon that portion of the foot will press out the rods to permit the air to rush into the concave gum shoes just at their centre.

Everything in readiness, the performer sits upon the trapeze and adjusts the concave arrangements to his shoes. Then he swings round, head down, holding on to the trapeze, and presses the bowl shaped arrangements on his shoes to the board above. As he presses, the air is driven out of the bowl. A vacuum is created as the gum is pressed all the tighter against the board, becoming flattened out. The atmospheric pressure on each one of the shoes used will exert a power to carry a weight of about fifteen pounds to the square inch. Then the trapeze is let go off. The performer hangs suspended. A pressure upon the ball of the left foot operates the iron rod which opens a small arrangement at the convex centre of the concave shoes. Air rushes in and the shoe becomes loosened. Hanging by the right foot, the one loosened is thrown further along on the board. Tightly it is pressed to the board until it fastens. Then the left is operated in the same manner, and so it continues until the stage is crossed.

Prejevalsky on His Travels.

Russia's most brilliant explorer, Gen. Prejevalsky, will start this month in quest of new discoveries in Central Asia. He takes with him a fine equipment and a force of forty men, expects to be gone two years, and hopes to do for the geography of western Thibet what he has already accomplished during his four previous journeys in eastern Thibet, and in a great region north and northeast of that country. He will try once more to reach Llasa, but it will not be surprising if he fails. He has already been twice repelled on his way to the holy city of the Buddhists, whose approaches are now mere jealously guarded than ever.

Gen. Prejevalsky has done far more than any other explorer to open the sealed book of Central Asia. The man who has given to the maps the great mountain range of the Altyn-tagh, which buttresses on the north the lofty Thibetan plateau, and who was the first to trace the sources of the Hoang-ho and Yangste-kiang as they spring from the Kuen Lun Mountains, deserves to rank among the first explorers of his time. He was the first traveller in modern times to to visit Lake Lob, described by ancient writers, and he made the surprising discovery that at the west end of this salt lake its waters are sweet and potable where it receives the Tarim affluent. He was the first traveller since Marco Polo, six centuries ago, to see the wild camel of the Lob desert, and he has enriched the museums of his own country with thousands of specimens of the imperfectly known flora and fauna of the lofty plateaus and immense deserts of Central Asia.

But the greatest of Prejevalsky's discoveries, and one that deserves to rank with the most notable achievements of Speke and Stanley, is the fact he made known that an uninterrupted, gigantic mountain wall stretches from the Hoang-ho to the Pamir, dividing the lolftiest plain of the earth into two parts—the Mongolian desert on the north and the Thibetan plateau on the south, regions that are as perfectly distinct in their geology, flora, fauna, and inhabitants as though many hundreds of miles stretched between them.

There is no explorer whose new ventures would be followed with greater interest than those of this famous traveller, who passed all the years of his youth fitting himself for the career whose brilliant success has made Russia so justly proud of him.

A Hen Swiming Contest.

A most novel and exciting swimming race took place on Lake Couchiching, August 8th. Several young citizens of Orillia made a bet as to whether a hen could swim or not. To prove this they started for the lake with one of the feathered tribe. It being proven that the hen could swim, it resulted in their getting up a matched race of 100 yards for small purses, which resulted as follows:

Wm. Collins' red head, first.
Geo. Walker's black, second.
Neil Johnston's feather top, third.
W. McLeod's baldie, fourth.
Jap Jenkin's Plymouth, fifth.
C. Crocket's dandy, sixth.

The last three were distanced and could not claim prizes.

There was considerable sport when the prizes were being distributed, this being the first heard of a swimming hen.

Mr. Samson (to Bobby at the front gate)—Is your sister in, Bobby? Bobby—Yes, she's in the parlor with Mr. Featherly. They've been singing together. Mr. Sampson—Ah, and what have they been singing? Bobby—"We're going to be married, ha, ha, mammy."

PERSONAL.

The Empress of Brazil made a pilgrimage to Lourdes because of the Emperor's recovery.

Queen Victoria and Kaiser William are to meet at Baden Baden at the end of September.

Minister Gennadius, of Greece, asserts that the Greeks of to-day are as strong physically as their famous ancestors.

The Duchess of Montrose was married to her first husband in 1836, exactly twenty-six years before her present husband was born.

Clark Russell is a martyr to rheumatism and gout, it is said, so that he cannot write his own manuscripts. His son is his amanuensis.

Madam Boulanger is said to be very pious and melancholy, and does not enjoy her husband's popularity, or the feminine admiration which he commands.

The Princes of Thurn and Taxis have to pay a fine on the death of a King of Prussia of a million of marks. A check for two millions has just been forwarded to Berlin.

The King of Denmark will celebrate the twenty-fifth year of his reign on the 15th of November next. A subscription was being raised to purchase for him an estate in Jutland, but he declined to receive any gift in the present poor state of the country.

The Countess Marie de Munster, the daughter of the German Ambassador to France, has taken with her to Paris two spaniels, descendants of the famous dogs of Frederick the Great. It is said that they were bequeathed to her by the late Emperor Frederick III. with these words: "I leave my favorite dogs to the Countess Marie de Munster, hoping that they will cure her aversion for the canine race."

A French journal published for the purpose of giving curious information has been investigating the story that during the Reign of Terror Mlle. de Sombreuil was made to drink a glass of human blood as the price of her life, and asserts that this honored legend is untrue. All the foundation there could be for it, the paper says, is that she probably was asked to drink a glass of wine to the health of the republic, and the hand of the man who gave it to her might have been dripping with blood.

A peer who had always ordered his coats through his valet stepped into his tailor's on Piccadilly, London, to order one himself. When he gave the address, the tailor, supposing him to be a new valet, slipped a little packet into his hand, with "Here's your commission, and it's your own fault if you don't earn more. Just you take this brush and give the old man's clothes a good wipe down with it every morning. He doesn't wear half as many coats as he should." It was a steel-wire brush. The peer took the money and his custom with him.

Don Alphonso, brother of Don Carlos of Spain, travelling as "Don Juan de Huelva, Count de Bourbon," is in Turkeystan and is astonished at the progress made there along the Transcaspian Railway. At Merve, which five years ago was a crowd of felt tents and mud huts, he found brick houses and macadamized and paved streets, and at the railway station at Bokhara was a luxuriously fitted up buffet with a young and pretty Russian bar-maid speaking French and German as fluently as her native language. Twenty years ago no Christian would have been safe in Bokhara.

If Gen. Lew Wallace writes his "Life of Candidate Harrison" with the same care with which he wrote his famous "Ben Hur" it won't be done in time to do the most good. It is said that he first wrote "Ben Hur" on a slate that he might "rub out easily;" then on soft paper with a pencil. He went over and over his pages with great care, and finally sent the book to the Harpers written on large unruled paper, in violet ink, so well done that the reader who went over it for the publishers said it was the finest manuscript ever offered to him.

In an article on courage in the *Fortnightly Review* Lord Wolseley contradicts the idea that little men are braver than big men. One of the very bravest he ever knew was 6 feet 4 inches. Among the nations he singles out Turkey with special praise for her fighting qualities: "Among all the great armies of the world, none is composed of a finer or braver fighting material than that of Turkey. The early life, the training, laws, manners, customs, and, above all, the religion of the Turk combine to make him the most formidable of soldiers."

Gone!

Lonely the twilight seemed,
Tho' o'er the sky
Touches of sunset gleamed,
And with a sigh
Gently I called her name,
Called—but she never came.

Softly the starshine fell,
Trembled each leaf,
Whispered the lily bell
"What is thy grief?"
Sadly with heart aflame,
Breathed I my darling's name.

Flowers, she loved you all;
Where e'er she be
She may attend your call—
Bid her to me."
Swaetly they called her name,
Called—but she never came.

Never, ah, never more,
Heart against mine,
Leaning close as of yore,
Dear heart of thine.
Weeping, "I love the same,
Come"—but she never came.

Coldly the wind swept on—
Fate, cruel fate,
Whispered "Thy love is gone,
Love comes too late."
Flowers will bloom the same,
Marble-stone holds her name.

ADALENA WESTNEY.

A Novel Way to Train a Trotter.

Oliver K. is called the King of 1886, for in that year he beat every horse on the turf, and was beaten but once, then by Harry Wilkes at Chicago, when he was not fit. He afterwards beat Harry at St. Louis. He also made the fastest fifth heat and trotted five different heats up to his record of 2.16¼. His great performance in winning the $10,000 stake race at Hartford is still fresh in the memories of the people. Doble introduces a new feature in Oliver's work by giving him his exercise in water instead of on the track. At Detroit, for instance, Oliver was taken to the river and given three swimming heats out nearly to the island and return. This is to strengthen him, as in swimming a horse uses every muscle in his body. It also saves its feet, which is Oliver K.'s care are a little tender. After the swim the horse is jogged a couple of miles on the track and rubbed out. Oliver K. is not only a great trotter, but a splendid looking animal, and as kind and gentle as a kitten.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Man is not a circle with a single centre; he is a ellipse with a double focus. Facts form one of these, and ideas the other.

Before we can have any progress, we must have faith in the possibility of progress, we must believe in the capacity and destiny of man.

Faith abides; and so, also, hope abides. And if so, there is something to hope for; that is, there is progress hereafter as well as here.

True patience is not passive, but active. It is holding on. It is to be not weary in well-doing, though there seems to be no success.

He who seeks truth for its own sake never becomes a skeptic. And if he carries into life the truth which he sees, then it grows more and more real.

Soon shall heaven be found to be, not a place only, but a state of mind; seen to consist in knowing God and man, in loving God and man, in serving God and man.

Early impressions are not so easily erased; the virgin wax is faithful to the signet. Give me the children till they are fourteen, and who will may have them then.—*Bishop Colenso.*

There is a peace which comes from all honest, faithful work; from all work done in a simple sense of duty. The great content of the mass of men is in the necessity of daily work.

It pleaseth men to hear of speculative doctrines and to be entertained with a luscious preaching of the gospel, made up of all promises and these wholly unconditional. —[Worthington.

The teaching of Jesus carried morality to the sublimest point attained, or even attainable by humanity. The influence of his spiritual religion has been rendered doubly great by the unparalleled purity and elevation of his own character.—*Anon.*

Where is Stanley.

Any one who has kept track of the European rumors about Stanley has a very diversified assortment of information. The "Journal des De'bats" of Paris massacred the explorer and his entire expedition before he had hardly reached the Aruwimi River. Then another Paris journal double leaded a despatch from Zanzibar giving graphic details of a bloody combat Stanley had had with the natives. Fast on heels of this gruesome news came a cheerful Brussels newspaper with despatches from the expedition itself to the effect that Stanley had completed three-fourths of his land march, and that everything was serene. The writer of this despatch described the course of the upper Nepoko River, and made a noble effort to enlighten the world upon the geography of this unknown region. Then on June 18 last the Paris "Gaulois" popped into view with the news that "all hope is lost," that "Stanley is decidedly dead" and that official news to this affect had arrived at Brussels. The next day the "Journal des De'bats confirmed this intelligence and announced that "letters we have received from Zanzibar leave us no ground for hope." Meanwhile the Brussels "Temps" had announced Stanley's safe arrival at Wadelai, but the Brussels "Gazette" cruelly knocked out the underpinning of the hopes thus raised by giving harrowing details of Stanley's fights with the natives, and left him surrounded by enemies, with no food supplies and unable to move in any direction.

Then "Gil Blas" of Paris announced that the King of Belgium had gone to London to confer with the Emin Pasha committee about sending an expedition to rescue Stanley. The German press now took a hand, and late in June the Berlin "Tageblatt" announced that if Stanley was not dead he was at least in the gravest peril, his mission had been defeated, and his caravan dispersed. These facts had been known by the Congo State Government for a month, but had been carefully suppressed. Then Suakin loomed into view as an important centre of news, with its stories published in installments about the White Pasha. Finally some native messengers from the big lakes turn up in Zanzibar with no message whatever, except some word-of-mouth rumors, half of which relate to affairs on the Congo of which they could have not a particle of information.

Whatever may have been the fate of Stanley, these reports and many others have been simply the wild imaginings of African and European gossip mongers. Meanwhile the men whose comments are worth hearing still take a hopeful view of things, and are waiting anxiously for the next letters from Emin Pasha.

The Struggles of Three Musicians.

In the cemetery of Wahring, a suburb of Vienna, three tombs have long lain close together, inscribed with the names of Beethoven, Schubert and Mozart. The cemetery is now to be destroyed, and last week the remains of Beethoven were removed and reinterred with all suitable honor in the central cemetery of the city. The same will be done with Schubert's remains, and his native country will strive by manifestations of its reverence to wipe out the memory of his neglected life and unhonored death. With Mozart, it is too late even for this tardy reparation, for his monument covers no tomb, and his body can never be rescued from the pauper's grave in which, to the disgrace of civilization, it was laid. The lives of musicians are, for the most part, sad reading; and the last days of Beethoven, Schubert and Mozart may divide the palm for pathos. All three composers were harassed on their death-beds with money difficulties. Schubert's whole stock of musical manuscripts was valued at 8s. 6d., and Beethoven was constrained to beg a complimentary concert from the English Philharmonic Society. The hundred pounds, which was the prompt response to his appeal, helped to quicken his end by the grateful emotion it caused. Beethoven's stormy life had a striking close, as roused by a sudden clap of thunder, with his last strength he opened his eyes and shook his clenched hand at the elements. Schubert, who had the greatest reverence for Beethoven, visited his death-bed, and left, say the historians, deeply moved. In another year he too had given up the struggle, and was lying peacefully in the ground. Beethoven's image haunted his dying visions and he begged to be buried by the master's side. The story of Mozart's death, rendered almost tragic by the incident of the half-finished requiem, is familiar to all. Three men of supreme poetical endowments were thus suffered to die in poverty, and in the case of two at least, to pass the greater part of their lives in a vain struggle to keep the wolf from the door.

"You are charged," said the magistrate to the prisoner, "with having five wives all living." "The charge is atrocious, and the man who makes it is unworthy of respect," declared the prisoner, his eyes blazing with righteous indignation. "I do not deny that I have had five wives, but two of them are dead."

The Baby's Drawer.

There's a little drawer in my chamber,
Guarded with tend'rest care,
Where the dainty clothes are lying
That my darling shall never wear.
And there while the hours are waning,
Till the house is all at rest,
I sit and fancy a baby
Close to my aching breast.

My darling's pretty garments,
I wrought them sitting apart
While my mystic life was throbbing
Under my throbbing heart.
And often my happy dreaming
Breaks in a little song,
Like the murmur of birds at brooding
When the days are warm and long.

I finished the dainty wardrobe,
And the drawer was almost full,
With the robes of the finest muslin
And robes of the finest wool,
I folded them all together,
With a rose for every pair,
Smiling and saying, "Gem fragrant,
Fit for my prince to wear!"

Ah! the radiant summer morning,
So full of mother's joy!
Thank God he is fair and perfect,
My beautiful new born boy!
Let him wear the pretty white garments
I wrought while sitting apart,
Lay him, so sweet and so helpless,
Here, close to my throbbing heart.

Many a morning and evening,
I sit, since my baby came,
Saying, "What do the angels call him!"
For he died without a name,
Sit while the hours are waning,
And the house is all at rest,
And fancy a baby nest ing,
Close to my aching breast,

Our Baby.

BY WILLIAM BALL.

Who wakes us in the dead of night,
Makes us get up and strike a light
And dose him till he feels all right?
Our baby!

Who makes his papa walk the floor—
In scanty night dress—o'er and o'er,
And all the while is in a roar?
Our baby!

Who wakes just as the table's set,
And not a mouthful has been ate,
And till the food gets cold doth fret?
Our baby!

Who fills our cozy home with joy,
Who gives us bliss, with some alloy,
And stifles many a weary sigh?
Our baby?

Who brightens every passing day,
Who drives the clouds of care away.
And loving care doth us repay?
Our baby!

With cooing voice and winning smile
Who doth the weary hours beguile
And sweeten many an hour of toil?
Our baby!

Who is our "darling," "pet" and "love,"
Who comes to bless us from above,
With influence gentle as a dove?
Our baby!

Happy Dreams of Home.

Whene'er I sleep and dream of home,
O, then my heart is pining,
Its happy vales again to roam,
And view its waters shining:
I sleep and dream of home!

I wander through each pleasant grove,
And hear the wild birds singing,
Where oft the witching smiles of love
A spell was round me flinging:
O, bliss to dream of home!

I seek the well known trysting tree,
That dear old place of meeting,
Where oft I sat, till o'er the lea
The evening shades were fleeting:
O, happy dreams of home!

Thus, when I sleep, and dream of home,
Its light again I borrow;
And, though I wake, afar to roam,
It lightens half my sorrow
To sleep and dream of home!

The Price of a Drink.

"Five cents a glass!" Does anyone think
That that is really the price of a drink?
"Five cents a glass." I heard you say,
"Why, that isn't very much to pay."
Ah, no, indeed, 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb;
And if that were all that you gave away,
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink! Let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride;
And lies a grovelling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast to-day.

The price of a drink! Let that one tell
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the fires of hell.
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth
Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame,
High endeavor and noble aim.
These are the treasures thrown away
At the price of a drink from day to day.

"Five cents a glass?" How Satan laughed,
As over the air the young man quaffed
The beaded liquor, for the demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do!
And before morning the victim lay
With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away;
And that was the price he paid, alas!
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink! If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through that wretched tenament over there,
With dingy windows and broken stair,
Where foul disease, like a vampire crawls
With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls.

There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food;
There shame, in a corner crouched low;
There violence deals its cruel blow;
The innocent ones are thus accursed
To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" O, if that were all,
The sacrifice would, indeed, be small!
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay; and whoever will keep account
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follows the ruinous appetite.
"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
That is really the price of a drink?

Retreat of Niagara Falls.

Although the retreat of the fall is slow, it will in a very brief time, in the geological sense of that word, lead to momentous consequences. When the hard layer of Niagara limestone passes below the bed of the river, the stream will then cut upon rocks of another constitution, making for a time certain small falls at a higher geological level; but in the course of ages, much less long than those which have elapsed since the birth of the waterfall, the gorge of the river will extend up into the basin of Lake Erie, draining away a considerable portion of that fresh-water sea. We shall then if the continent retains its present height above the level of the sea, have another system of cataracts, in the passage between Lake Erie and Lake Huron, which will also in time be worn away. Other cataracts will then form at the exit of Lake Michigan; and thus the lower lakes of our great American system would be diminished in area, or perhaps even disappear. At a yet later stage, we may look for diminution in the size of Lake Superior, though that basin, owing to the strong wall which separates it from the lower lakes, is destined to endure long after the last-named basins have been diminished or entirely drained away.—[Scribner's Magazine.

One of Travers' bon mots was inspired by the sight of the Siamese twins. After carefully examining the mysterious ligiaure that had bound them together from birth he looked blankly at them and said, "B-b-br-brothers, I presume."

Mr. Edison's Latest Triumph.

Jesse H. Lippincott, of New York, has recently purchased all the rights of the phonograph for a million dollars. It will now be controlled by the same company, that owns the graphophone, a similar invention. A writer in the "Waverly Magazine" thus describes it:

The perfected phonograph is now ready for general introduction. It is a machine of admirable performance, whose utility is so wide and various that it is hard to determine just which work will give it the largest fields of employment. And then, too, aside from the practical use, is the wonder—for wonder it is—that not only can the human voice be registered, but it can be duplicated, in countless electrotypes. A musician gives thus his experience of the instrument: It was proposed by Mr. Edison that I should play some of my own composition and have them recorded by the phonograph. A funnel-shaped piece of tin, which resembled an exaggerated fish-horn, connected the phonograph and the piano. When I began to play the sound waves entered the mouth of the big fish horn, and by a curious mechanical contrivance made a little needle-pointed instrument press down upon a wax cylinder, from which it cut a thread of wax finer than sewing silk. After playing for four minutes the music was inscribed upon the wax cylinder in lines so fine that they were hardly perceptible to the naked eye, and a few moments later the delighted listeners were applauding a perfect reproduction of the composition I had played as it came from the phonograph. Then Mr. Edison laughingly said that he had made another one of his discoveries. This was to the effect that with the phonograph he could play a musical composition backward. In this connection he had found that the harmony of the composition was not destroyed, and that it retained enough of its individuality to be recognized. It was impossible to do this with any other instrument than the phonograph.

On a piano an attempt to play a piece backward would result in discord. After this a wax cylinder was adjusted to the phonograph upon which was inscribed the music of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," which had been taken from the mouth of a New York baritone. The song, words and music came from the instrument exactly as the singer had rendered it. All his peculiarities of intonation had been recorded, all the grace notes interpolated were reproduced with exact truthfulness. So natural, indeed, was it that the singer, in evening dress, seemed in fancy to be in the room, and going down his musical stairs into the caves of the ocean. Surely this century must ever be memorable above all others, because it is that which first preserved articulate speech for after time. All poetry, of every age, is full of the yearning, one of the deepest in human nature, for the voice whose gentle greeting could be heard no more; and yet this tender sentiment will be gratified, and each illusive tone and accent now has conferred upon it a perpetuity that is not an attribute of even the graven stone or brass.

Norwegian Ponies.

"Pendragon," who has been travelling in Norway, writes: "The ponies are never more than fourteen hands high, and often are less; the road is one of the worst I have ever seen, heavy sand and loose stones, and is on the outward journey pretty constantly on the ascent; the distance out and home is 80 kilometres, Government measure, or, as near as makes no matter, 50 miles English, and on the day of our visit the heat was blistering. Yet these little creatures jogged along, and, assisted by an occasional rest and a drink every six or seven miles at a wayside, watertrough, not only got to the big waterfall which ended the outward journey, but in due course reached home again, none the worse for what, all things considered, would have killed half our big English carriage horses. It may interest those who own horses in England to know that in Norway, with ponies that average between 35 and 40 miles a day one day with another, a set of shoes is expected to last two months. What makes this the more remarkable is that the roads appear as though specially arranged for wearing adamant to pieces in the shortest time on record. The shoes are bought in specified sizes at about half a crown a set, and are put on cold. It is doubtless the superiority of the metal employed which make, them last as long. They are likely enough hardened after manufacture, a plan which is not possible under the English process. Our driver was in wonder while I endeavored to describe to him our system of shoeing, and seemed to think it no end cruel which reminds me that in Norway all animals are very kindly treated. You might manage to kill a fly with the severest horsewhip I have seen while on this journey, but you couldn't do so unless you made very desperate exertions."

Crops in the Northwestern States.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 11.—Crop reports to the Pioneer Press agree that the cold wet weather in the Northwest during the past week has retarded the growth of wheat and will delay harvesting, already a fortnight late. While some wheat has been cut in Southern Minnesota and Dakota the general harvest along the Manitoba and Nothern Pacific roads will not be under way before the 20th or 25th, and in places a week later. In the Devil's Lake reigon wheat will not be harvested before September 1. Reports of frost in this reigon have been much exaggerated, and any damage yet done is trifling. Damage by wind and hail has been local and limited in area. The crop in Goodhouse County has been ruined by chinch bugs and these pests have done slight damage in a few other places. While it is yet too early to estimate the crop, it is thought that it will at least be an average one. Hay has suffered from beating rains, but all correspondents report corn in fine condition. A chilling rain has been falling hear all day, but the Signal Service reports fair and warmer weather north and west.

Ready for Business.

They were going to Murray Bay the next day, and she donned her new suit to show her papa how sweet she looked in it.

The old man was enthusiastic.

"Beautiful my dear, beautiful. Now, what kind of a suit do you call that?"

"Papa," she said, as she shyly fingered a button on his coat, "that's a business suit."

Have you Neuralgia!

If you are suffering the agonies of neuralgia, and have failed to get a remedy that will afford relief, we want you to try Polson's Nerviline. No remedy in the market has given any thing like the same degree of satisfaction. Its action on nerve painy is simpl marvellous, and as it is put up in 10 cent sample bottles no great expense is involved in giving it a trial. Polson's Nerviline is the most pleasant, powerful, and certain pain remedy in the world. Sold by all dealers in medicine, 10 and 25 cents a bottle.

"The tetter-board of life goes up
The tetter board of life goes down."

Up and down, up and down—one day a millionaire, next day "dead broke"—one day buoyant in spirits, next day gloomy as a fog—one day in seeming perfect health, next day "laid out" with a bilious attack or your stomach "on a strike." This is the way the world wags now-a-days. If you are bilious, melancholic, dizzy headed, dyspeptic, want appetite or have torpid action of liver, kidneys or bowels, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—purely vegetable, perfectly harmless; one a dose.

Papa to Johnny (4years old)—"Won't you have another piece of duck. Johnny?" Johnny—"Yeth, thir, I believe I will. Duck'th my favorite chicken, 'cept turkey."

Nasal Catarrh.

is a dangerous disease. From its tendency to extend to the throat, bronchial tubes, and finally to involve the lungs in consumptive disease, it should be promptly cured, that these grave dangers may be averted. So confident are the manufacturers of Dr. sage's Catarrh Ramedy of their ability to cope sucessfully with this very prevalent disease, that they have for years offered, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of catarrh, no matter how bad or of how many years' standing, which they cannot cure. Remedy only 50 cents, by druggists.

Method is the very hinge of business, and there is no method without punctuality.

Tell the good news to the suffering—
At last is a remedy found,
Which might have saved, had they known it,
Many who're under the ground.
Tell of the "Favorite Prescription,"
Bid hopeless women be glad—
Bear the good news to poor creatures,
Heart-sick, discouraged and sad.

"Female diseases," so terrible in their effects, and so prevalent among all classes, can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

A contented mind never worries, it being unable to comprehend its own contentment even.

Alma Ladies' College,

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

This institution, which had last year the largest enrolment of all the Canadian Colleges for women, is offering superior advantages to young women in Literary Course, Fine Arts, Commercial Science and Music at the very lowest rates. Address Principal Austin, B. D.

A matrimonial club—the broomstick.

A Cure for Drunkenness

The opium habit, depsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobbaco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause *not mentioned above*, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man.* Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington street East. Toronto, Ont.

Every generous action, every honest thought, every sincere effort to do right, is really a part of the worship of God.

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER restores grey and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out

Nature inflicts upon man great calamities, to wake up his sluggish energies.

Some of the brightest lights go out, in consequence of using borrowed oil.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture: intense itching and stinging most at night: worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumours. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

It is restraint that often causes the very end it endeavors to restrain.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Billousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine All Druggists, 50 cents.

Animals' heads in hammered silver are the latest fancy in parasol handles.

HUB COUGH CURE cures in one minute.

Mary—"The butcher is here, ma'am, what shall I order?" Mrs. Morris Parke—"Dear me I haven't thought. What can we have far dinner, Mary (thoughtfully—"I don't know, ma'am." Mrs. Morris Parke—"Oh, can't you make a suggestion?" Mary (cheerfully)—"I can try. What do you make it of?"

People who ar subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

A. P. 412

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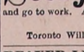

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ANY FARMER WHO DRAGS HIS WIFE out to the barn to hold bags must be too mean to buy the "Dandy" Patent Bag Holder, which will last a lifetime, and costs only 75c. Sold by agents. Territory still open. C. W. ALLEN & CO., "World" Building, Toronto.

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OUR BIG OFFER:

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President Cleveland's Prize for the three best babies at the Aurora County Fair, in 1887, was given to these triplets, Mollie, Ida and Ray, children of Mrs. A. K. Dart, Hamburgh, N. Y. She writes: "Last August the little ones became very sick, and as I could get no other food that would agree with them, I commenced the use of Lactated Food. It helped them immediately, and they were soon as well as ever, and I consider it very largely due to the Food that they are now so well."

Cabinet photo. of these triplets sent free to the mother of any baby born this year

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THE MOST PALATABLE, NUTRITIOUS, and DIGESTIBLE FOOD. EASILY PREPARED.

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CANCER, TUMORS, ULCERS, SCROFULA, etc., cured permanently without the knife. Apply to DR. W. L. SMITH, 124 Queen .. Toronto.

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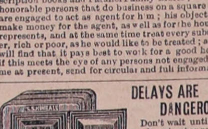

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SUFFERING from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and read M. V. Lubon's Treatise on the Diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address, M. V. LUBON, Wellington St. E., Toronto, Ont.

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For freight, passage or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co. Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, Nfld.; Wm. Thompson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allen & Co., Chicago Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brookie, Philadelphia; H. A. Allen, Portland Boston, Montreal.

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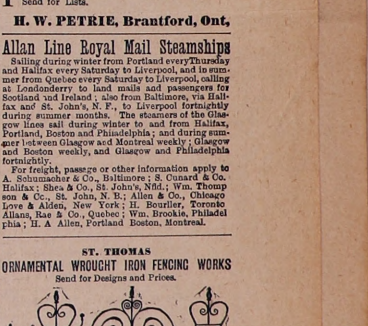

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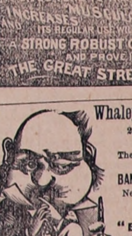

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CATALOGUES FREE.

THE BARNUM WIRE AND IRON WORKS, WINDSOR, ONT.

The Tribune

FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1888.

PERSONAL.

Miss Daisy Pringle is visiting friends in Belleville.

Mr. Wm. Mitchell spent last Friday in the City of the Bay.

Mr. Chas. Anderson, Melrose, paid us a visit on Tuesday.

Mrs. Samuel Booth has been visiting friends in Picton.

Mr. A. S. Valleau spent last Sunday and Monday in Belleville.

Mr. G. W. Scarth, of Oshawa, has been in town this week on business.

Mrs. Wm. Irvine has returned home from a visit to friends in Thurlow.

Miss Mary Field is spending a week or two among friends in Thurlow.

Misses Katie and Maggie Stokes have been visiting friends in Kingston.

Mrs. H. Hoppins and Master Herbert Hoppins have returned to Kingston.

Mr. McGraw, of Toronto, is the guest of the Misses Hunt of the Oriental House.

Mrs. E. C. French arrived home from Old Orchard Beach last Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Hannah Barrow, of Flinton, is visiting her son, Mr. Joseph Barrow, of this place.

Miss Florence Blaikie, of Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. W. C. Rathbun, Bay View Ranche.

Misses Hattie and Jennie Bowen have been visiting friends in Belleville and vicinity.

Mrs. E. W. Rathbun and family returned home from Old Orchard Beach last Friday afternoon.

Miss Annie Dubois and Miss Mary Stokes enjoyed a trip to Alexandria Bay last Saturday.

Miss Simmons, of Frankford, has been the guest of Mrs. E. R. Chapman during the past week.

Mr. S. G. Chamberlain, of the Canadian Life Assurance Company, has been in town this week.

Miss Louisa Morden, of Chicago, has been visiting Deseronto as the guest of Mrs. A. S. Valleau.

Mrs. John McMurrich, of Toronto, arrived here on Saturday and is the guest of Mrs. F. S. Rathbun.

Miss Laura Burgess, who had been spending a few weeks in Deseronto, returned to Oswego last week.

Mr. A. E. Banyard made a business trip last week to Midland, Penetanguishene, and other points west.

Mr. E. W. Rathbun spent a day or two at Wellington this week as the guest of J. Bell, Esq., Q. C.

Miss Mary Mulholland, of the O'Connor House, is enjoying a few weeks visiting friends in Sheffield.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Vandervoort and Morley Vandervoort, of Toronto, are the guests of Dr. Vandervoort.

Mr. E. Walter Rathbun has been in Toronto this week on business connected with the Terra Cotta Works.

Mrs. George Bretherton, Butte City, Montana, is visiting her brother, Mr. Joseph Barrow, Thomas street.

Miss Bothwick and the Misses Stoddart enjoyed the trip to Alexandria Bay by the stmr. Quinte on Wednesday.

Miss Wartman, of Kingston, and Miss Zelda Wartman, of Tamworth, are visiting at Mr. D. G. Wartman's.

Messrs. F. S. Rathbun, and C. A. Millener went down on the Ripple to Prinyer's Cove on Saturday and remained until Monday.

The Misses Davern and Henning, of Napanee, have been the guests of Miss O'Connor, of the O'Connor House, during the past week.

Mrs. H. G. Gutchell and Miss Emma Lanou, of Burlington, Vt., have been the guests of Mrs. J. M. Poitras during the past few weeks.

Mr. A. R. Weese, the dentist, who has been seriously ill, is now at home near Shannonville, and is, we are glad to learn, now recovering.

Miss Lake, of Mrs. Dalton's millinery rooms, is visiting Toronto this week attending the millinery openings and selecting al the latest novelties and styles, etc.

Mr. & Mrs. W. B. McMurrich and family, who have just returned from Europe, arrived here last Friday and spent a few days in town before proceeding home to Toronto.

Messrs. McMullen, of Picton, and Mr. Miller, of New Haven, with several friends spent Wednesday in town visiting the various establishments of the Rathbun Company.

Mr. W. C. B. Rathbun, in accordance with medical advice, will start in the course of a week or two for California where he will spend the winter. Mrs. Rathbun will also accompany him, and it is not improbable that he will make the Pacific coast his permanent home.

LOCAL ITEMS.

A Busy Sight.

The Chemical Works and vicinity now present a busy spectacle. A legion of masons are there at work plying their trowels most rapidly rushing up the walls of the new building, and also hastening the erection of the five new charcoal kilns.

Thompson's Benefit Excursion.

On the evening of Monday, Sept. 10th, the good steamer Quinte will carry an excursion to Picton and return. It will be remembered that Ira Thompson was so unfortunate as to lose all the fingers of one hand. With great pluck he has chartered the Quinte for the evening above mentioned in order to raise some funds. He will thus give an evening of healthy amusement to the public who no doubt, will in return respond by a generous patronage on the occasion. Tickets are pleced at 25 cts, and we are glad to learn that already a large sale has been effected. No person can well refuse to buy in a case of this kind.

Retaliation.

The great surprise of the past week was President Cleveland's message to Congress urging the adoption of a retaliatory policy towards Canada. The general opinion seems to be that this action on the part of the President is only a political expedient by which he throws all the responsibility of the rejection of the treaty on the Republican senate. It is supposed that after the presidential election nothing more will be heard of the matter. We fear that this is too rosy a view of the question; and that it will be found that both political parties in the United States will be urged in spite of themselves to carry out and enforce retaliatory legislation. The outcome of the whole matter will be the establishment of better and closer relations between both countries.

New Shops.

A locomotive repairing shop will be erected by the Rathbun Company on Mill street opposite the Machine shops. The dimensions of the new building will be about 60 feet square.

Terra Cotta Works.

The work of extending the mammoth buildings of the Terra Cotta Works never ceases. Mr. N. T. Lowe having completed his contract on the dry kilns connected with the sash factory, is now putting a building 60 ft. square over the new burning kilns at the Terra Cotta Works, together with two wings each measuring 40x15 ft. It looks as if in the near future the old Hospital field will all be roofed in by these works.

Quinte's Excursions.

On Tuesday the Quinte carried the Foxboro Sabbath school from Belleville to Trenton. On Wednesday she carried a large and successful excursion from Napanee to Wells Island. Yesterday she carried an excursion from Belleville to Picton to give people an opportunity of hearing Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, the distinguished revivalists. To-day she carries an excursion from Napanee to Massassaga Point and Belleville. On Saturday, Sept. 1st, the Quinte carries an excursion from Belleville to Napanee; fare 25 cts.

White Church To-night.

Mr. Malcheff, a native of Bulgaria, but who has passed a great part of his life in Macedonia, will deliver a lecture in the White Church this evening at 7:30 o'clock. Mr Malcheff, who will appear in his native costume, will deliver a lecture on "The Customs and Habits of the People of Macedonia and the Mission Work there." He comes to Deseronto highly recommended and he will, we trust, be greeted by a full house. He has been for the past three years educating himself for the missionary work. Admission free.

Off for England.

Chief Annosothkah, who has been engaged by the Colonial and Continental Church Society of England to act as their agent for a year, will leave next Tuesday for Montreal where he takes the steamer for Liverpool. The Chief will address meetings in all parts of the United Kingdom giving information concerning the work of the Church among the Indians of Canada. The Society were well pleased with the Chief's successful work in England a few years since and hence his re-engagement for another term.

Insure.

Notwithstanding the large number of accidents which are continually occurring very few workmen are found holding policies in any of the insurance companies. Only a comparatively few are connected with the benefit societies. As a result when an accident occurs only too many are placed on the charity of their neighbors and fellow workmen. The benefit societies offer undoubted advantages at low fees. There are several accident assurance companies and workmen would find it to their advantage to take out policies. Any in Deseronto desiring to do so will find it to their advantage to call for information, etc., in reference to premiums, etc., on the Rathbun Company, or Mr. L. Hoppins.

Tyendinaga Agricultural Society.

The Annual Exhibition of the Tyendinaga Agricultural Society will be held on the new grounds of the Society at Shannonville, on Saturday, Oct. 6th, 1888. The premium list has been revised and several changes made which will be found advantageous to exhibitors. The directors have been greatly encouraged this season in many ways and the membership of the society has been increased so that an excellent exhibition may be expected. The fair will this year be open to the residents of the townships of Tyendinaga and Thurlow. The Secretary, Mr. Chas. Anderson, will be at home in Melrose, on Thursday, Oct. 4th, and in Shannonville on Friday, Oct. 5th, to receive entries. Members sending a bill of articles for entry through the post-office to the Secretary's address, Melrose, P. O., will receive their tickets free on the morning of the exhibition. The sum of 10 cents will be charged for every entry made on the day of the show. The prospects are unusually good for a most successful fair this year.

The Public Schools.

The public schools reopened on Monday with a very large attendance of pupils. Mever has there been such a great turn-out of scholars on the opening day of a term in Deseronto. There were 104 pupils in Miss Clark's department, which will give some idea of the rush of young people. All the teachers were present with the exception of Miss Solmes, who had not yet sufficiently recovered from her recent severe illness to undertake duties this week; it is thought, however, that on Monday she will be able to enter upon the charge of her department. Miss Ida Craig, of Belleville, takes the department formerly taught by Miss Jessie Porter now attending the Ottawa Normal school. This is the only change in the staff. The work of the term has now regularly commenced under exceedingly favourable auspices and with teachers and parents in full accord on the question of prompt and regular attendance, there is no reason why good work should not be accomplished. The great drawback at present is the antique system of heating and ventilation, defects which the Board will probably remedy before the advent of winter.

The Coming Resort.

We are more than ever convinced that the long reach of the Bay of Quinte between Deseronto and Glenora is a coming resort for thousands of tourists and visitors from all parts of Canada and the United States. Can a prettier bay or a more healthful district be selected for such a purpose? It is easy of access by steamer and rail, with famous fishing and shooting grounds within easy reach and charming trips to be had in every direction. The high banks afford hundreds of pretty little nooks and commanding eminences in which to erect cottages, and we believe that the day is not far distant when the tourist, as he sails down the bay on the future Heroes, Quintes and other floating palaces, will witness a succession of pretty cottages such as are now seen on the American channel of the Thousand Islands. Thompson's Point is the natural site for a great hotel. These future visitors will every summer season spend thousands of dollars, affording good markets for farmers and others. It would pay farmers along the shores of the bay to run up scores of cottages in the water front. We fear however that they lack the necessary enterprise. This matter must be taken up by business men of Napanee, Picton and Deseronto, all of whom will gain by it. The steamboat and railway companies should give assistance. A few hundred dollars spent in judicious advertising in the great dailies of the Dominion and the United States would effect wonders in drawing and retaining a rush of visitors to the shores of the picturesque bay of Quinte.

NEW GOODS.

Our FALL GOODS are arriving daily. All our Goods will be found New and Fashionable, as we keep no old, grey-headed, or shop worn goods on our shelves or counters.

KERR & WIMS.

ST. GEORGE STREET, DESERONTO.

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: **"I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills.** They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."

Here is an instance of

A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.—J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:

"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. They are **the best cathartic** and aperient within the reach of the profession."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

FOR SALE.

GOOD second hand Pork Barrels suitable to put pork in for home use. Also a number of Iron Bedsteads which can be seen at The Big Store or our office, Deseronto.

THE RATHBUN CO.

43rd PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Agriculture and Arts Association of Ontario

WILL BE HELD IN THE

CITY OF KINGSTON

FROM SEPT. 10TH TO 15TH.

Entries close on Aug. 13th. For Prize Lists and all other information apply to the Secretary.

IRA MORGAN, Metcalfe, President. HENRY WADE, Toronto, Secretary.

EXHIBITION AT KINGSTON.

IN ADDITION to the general attractions of the Provincial Exhibition, held at Kingston, SEPT. 10th to 15th, there will be, under the auspices of the Midland Agricultural Association,

SPEEDING IN THE HORSE RING

—ON—

Thursday and Friday, SEPT. 13th & 14th.

Five events, as follows: Farmers' Trotting Trial, $25, $15 and $10; Farmers' Racing Test, $25, $15, and $10; Exhibition of Walking, Trotting and Running, to saddle, $35; Lady Riding, Gold and Silver Medals and Silver Mounted Whip; and Matched Team test of speed, $30 and $20. Entrance Free.

Entries to close with the undersigned on SATURDAY, SEPT. 8th.

Kingston, Aug. 8th. R. MEEK, Secretary.

FOR -:- SALE OR TO LET.

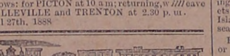
THAT desirable property just opposite Deseronto, lately occupied by Mrs. Walmsley. Fine Garden; excellent Orchard; beautiful view. A grand opportunity for some one to open a general store.

Apply to
J. E. WALMSLEY, Belleville.
or to
W. H. VANBLARICOM, Deseronto.
May 25, 1888.

THE FAVORITE

STMR. "VARUNA,"

Will, on and after APRIL 29TH, leave DESERONTO as follows: for PICTON at 10 a m; returning, will leave BELLEVILLE and TRENTON at 2.30 p. m.
April 27th, 1888.



BAY OF QUINTE.

Railway & Navigation Company.

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE TRAINS on this road make sure connection with all G. T. R. trains both East and West, and with Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company or all Bay and River ports.

1888. TIME TABLE. 1883.

DESERONTO & GRAND TRUNK LINE.

BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

TATIONS	EXP. WEST.	MIXED EAST.	MIXED WEST.	MINT. EAST.	EXP. WEST	MIXED M.&W.	EXP. EAST
	NO.1	NO.3	NO.5	NO.7	NO.9	NO.11	
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Des. lve ..	2:45	7:45	9:15	11:10	4:45	8:55	12:45
E End, " ..	2:50	7:50	9:20	11:15	4:50	9:00	12:50
Des. Ju. ar.	3:05	8:05	9:35	11:30	5:05	9:15	10:05

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS	EXC. EAST.	MIXED WEST.	MIXED. EAST.	EXP. WEST.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED K.& W	EXP. WEST.
	NO 2	NO.4	NO. 6	NO.8	NO.10	NO.12	NO 14
	A.M.	A.M	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Des. J. lve.	3:20	8:20	9:45	11:40	5:20	10:05	12:00
East End ..	3:45	8:35	10:00	11.55	5:35	10:20	1:35
Des. arrive.	3:50	8:40	10:05	12:00	5:40	10:25	1:40

Trains Nos. 1 and 13 run daily, (Sundays included.)
Sure connections to and from Bay of Quinte Ports
Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

This Time-Table shows the times at which the Trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations; but, as the regularity of Trains depends on connection with other lines, the Arrivals and Departure at the time stated are not guaranteed, nor will the Company hold itself responsible for delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER,
Deseronto, Ont. Gen. Manager.

SALT,

BY Car Load, Barrel or in Bulk, American or Canadian, at lowest market prices. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

ECAR'S DRUG STORE

—FOR PURE—

Drugs, Chemicals and medicines of all kinds.

Horse, Cattle and Patent Medicines.

WALL PAPER AND STATIONERY.

EVERYTHING AT ECARS'.

DR. NEWTON'S OFFICE.

Canada Life Assurance Co'y.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

A. G. RAMSAY, PRESIDENT. R. HILLS, Secy. ALEX. RAMSEY, Supt.

THIS is the leading Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Assets over 9,000,000 dollars.

Annual Income for year ending April 30th, $1,600,000.

Applications made before April 30th, 1888, will participate in the division of profits in April 1890. For information apply to

S. G. CHAMBERLAIN, Special Agent, Toronto
THE RATHBUN COMPANY, Agents, Deseronto.

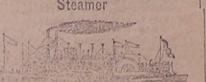
THE BAY OF QUINTE

STEAMBOAT ROUTE.

CHANGE OF TIME. NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

Daily to Kingston and 1000 Islands.

The Fast and Elegantly Furnished Steamer



"HERO,"

CAPT. C. H. NICHOLSION,

Will on and after Monday, July 30th, sail as follows:

	Mon, Wed. & Friday.	Tues, Thur. & Saturday.
Leave Belleville, ...	6.00 a.m.	3.30 a. m.
" Deseronto, ...	7.30 a.m.	5.00 "
" Picton, ...	9.00 a.m.	6.30 "
Arrive Kingston, ...	1.30 p.m.	11.00 "

Returning leaves Kingston at 3:30 p.m., Deseronto 9 p.m. daily, (Saturday excepted) for Belleville.

Connecting every day at Kingston with

STEAMER PRINCESS LOUISE

—FOR—

GANANOQUE, CLAYTON, 1000 ISLAND PARK AND ALEXANDRIA BAY.

Through ticket arrangement complete. Sure connections and Best Route.

Passengers and Baggage transferred at Kingston free of charge.

CONNECTIONS.–The "Hero" at Kingston with Cape Vincent, Rideau Canal and Lake Steamers; "Princess Louise" at Clayton with R.W. & O. Ry. and Steamers for Alexandria Bay.

On Saturdays the "Hero" will make a Grand Cheap Excursion from all Bay Ports to 1000 Islands on regular time and leaving Kingston at 1:45 p.m.; returning leaves Kingston for Bay Ports at 8:00 p.m. Tickets from Deseronto $1.00, good to return from 1000 Island Park, not Kingston, any Saturday during season.

For information apply to Capt. Nicholsion on board or

THE RATHBUN CO., Agents.

DESERONTO

Navigation -:- Company,

(LIMITED.)

RUNNING in connection with the Grand Trunk and Bay of Quinte Railways, for Picton and all Bay of Quinte Ports.

SURE CONNECTION WITH ALL TRAINS.

STR. "QUINTE"

Will, until further notice sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Picton....	6:00 a.m.	Leave Trenton..	1:00 p.m.
" Deseronto,	7:15 "	" Bellevillle,	3:00 "
" Northport,	8:10 "	" Northport,	4:30 "
" Belleville,	10:00 "	" Deseronto,	5:30 "
Arrive Trenton,	11:30 "	Arrive Picton..	6:15 "

STR. "DESERONTO"

Will sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Napanee,	6:00 a.m.	Leave Picton...	3:00 p.m.
" Deseronto,	7:00 "	" Deseronto,	5:00 "
Arrive Picton,..	8:30 "	Arrive Napanee,	6:00 "

This Steamer makes one extra trip between Picton and Deseronto with Mails and Passengers for G.T.R. going East as follows:—

Leave Picton...	9:30 a m.	Lev. Deseronto,	1:00 p.m.
Arr. Deseronto,	11:00 "	Arrive Picton,	2:30 "

DESERONTO : TO : OSWEGO

—AND—

ALL U. S. POINTS.

THE comfortable and fast sailing Steamers will sail as follows (weather permitting.)

"RESOLUTE."	"RELIANCE."
TUESDAY.	MONDAY.
THURSDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
SATURDAY.	FRIDAY.

Parties for New York and other U. S. points will find it to their advantage to travel by this line.

CHEAP RATES FOR FREIGHT.

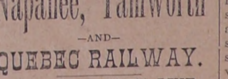
FARES MODERATE.

Purchase your Tickets Reading via. Deseronto Junction.

The Steamers are open for engagements for Excursions at all times. For further particulars apply to

THE RATHBUN COMPANY.

May 2nd, 1888.



Napanee, Tamworth

—AND—

QUEBEC RAILWAY.

NAPANEE VALLEY LINE.

TIME TABLE No. 13.

IN EFFECT NOV 28TH 1887.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 2. A.M.	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee..............	Leave	11 50	5 10
Napanee Mills.........	"	12 05	5 25
Newburgh..............	"	12 15	5 30
Thomson's Mills*, ...	"	12 20	5 38
Camden East..........	"	12 25	5 43
Yarker................	"	12 40	6 00
Colebrooke*	"	12 43	6 02
Galbraith Road*.......	"	12 45	6 05
Varty Lake, (Excursion Ground)		12 50	6 10
Moscow................	"	12 55	6 15
Mudlake Bridge*......	"	1 03	6 25
Enterprise............	"	1 10	6 30
Wilson's Crossing*.....	"	1 18	6 28
Tamworth..............	Arrive	1 30	6 50

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1. A.M.	No. 3 P.M.
Tamworth	Leave	6 40	30
Wilson's Crossing*	"	6 55	40
Enterprise.........	"	7 00	
Mudlake Bridge*......	"	7 07	3 00
Moscow...............	"	7 15	3 05
Varty Lake, (Excursion Ground)			
Galbraith Road*.......	"	7 25	3 15
Colebrooke*	"	7 28	3 17
Yarker................	"	7 30	3 20
Camden East..........	"	7 45	3 35
Thomson's Mills*	"	7 50	3 42
Newburgh............	"	7 55	3 50
Napanee Mills.........	"	8 05	4 00
Napanee..............	Arrive	8 20	4 15

*Stop only when Passengers at or for.

R. C. CARTER, Gen. Mgr. H. B. SHERWOOD, Superintendent. E. W. RATHBUN, Gen Manager

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the

Municipal Council

—OF THE—

VILLAGE

—OF—

DESERONTO

In the County of Hastings, after the expiration of three months from the publication of this notice in THE TRIBUNE, of Deseronto, intend to apply for the erection of the Village of Deseronto and a part of the Township of Tyendinaga, adjoining the village on the north side, into a town

——TO BE CALLED——

THE

Town of Deseronto

With boundaries as follows, that is to say:—

Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte at the western limit of township lot number thirty-six (36) in the Third Concession, south of the slash road, of the Township of Tyendinaga, and running thence northerly along the said western limit of said lot thirty-six, and along the western limit of township lot thirty-six (36) in the Second Concession south of the slash road of the Township of Tyendinaga aforesaid, eighty-five chains, thence easterly at right angles to the said western limit of said lot thirty-six in the said Second Concession of Tyendinaga, one hundred and four chains, more or less, to the western limit of the boundary road between the Township of Richmond in the County of Lennox and Addington and the said Township of Tyendinaga; thence southerly along the western limit of said boundary road sixty-five chains, more or less, to the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte; and thence, following the said water's edge westerly to the place of beginning, containing 859 acres, more or less, and including the water frontage in front thereof.

And that the said Town of Deseronto shall be divided into three wards to be called the "Centre Ward," the "East Ward," and the "West Ward," and that the said Wards be constituted as follows, that is to say:—

THE "CENTRE WARD"

shall comprise that part of said town embraced within these boundaries, namely:—Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte, at the western limit of Fourth street, thence northerly along said limit to the north side of Main street, thence westerly along the north side of Main street to the west side of Prince street, thence northerly along the west side of Prince street to Dundas street, and then across Dundas street and northerly along the centre line of township lot thirty-nine to the northern boundary of the town; thence westerly along the north boundary line of the town to the centre line of east half of township lot thirty eight, thence southerly along the last mentioned centre line, and through St. George street to Main street; thence westerly along Main street to Mill street, and thence southerly along Mill street to the water's edge, and thence along the water's edge easterly to the place of beginning, together with the water front in front thereof.

THE "EAST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of the said town which lies east of the Centre Ward, and

THE "WEST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of said town which lies west of Centre Ward.

By order of the Council,

ROBERT N. IRVINE,
Village Clerk.

Deseronto, May 28th, 1888.

June 1st—3mos.